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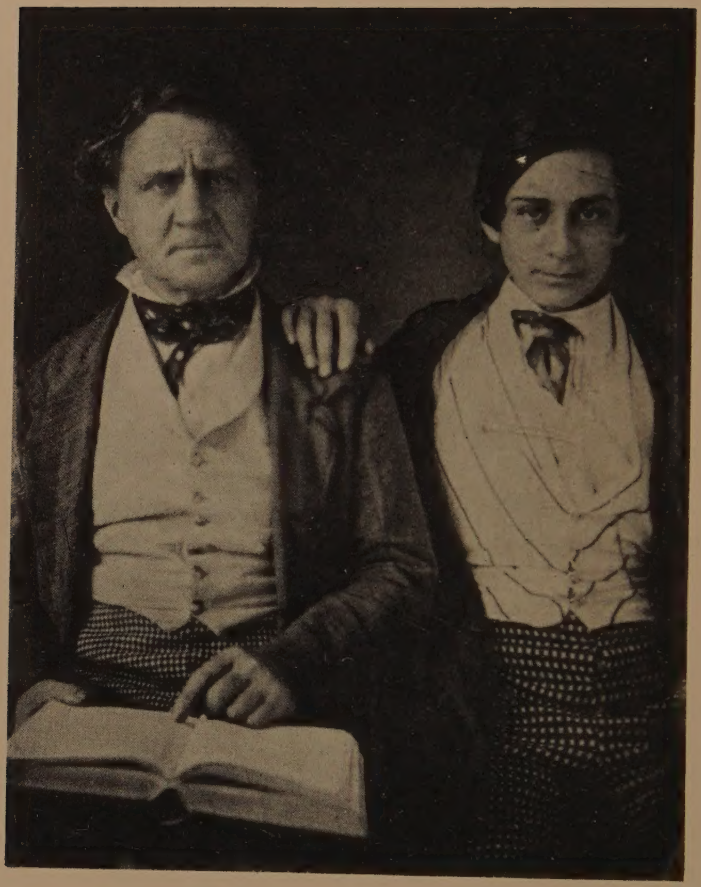

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH THE ELDER, AND EDWIN BOOTH, 1850.

EDWIN BOOTH

RECOLLECTIONS BY HIS
DAUGHTER

EDWINA BOOTH GROSSMANN

AND LETTERS TO HER AND
TO HIS FRIENDS

BENJAMIN BLOM
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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FATHER

In a letter written about the time of my mother's death, to his friend, the Rev. Samuel Osgood, by whom my father was married to my mother on July 7, 1860, my father said:

> You have been pleased to mention my art, and to express the hope that I may be spared to serve it long and faithfully; if it be His will, I bow before it meekly, as I now bear the terrible affliction He has seen fit to lay upon me; but I cannot repress an inward hope that I may soon rejoin her who, next to God, was the object of my devotion. Your sympathy has awakened in my heart the firmness of my resolve to live for the dear innocent whose goodness shall be my guide to her so loved and mourned.

So it happens that my earliest recollections are associated with the saddest years of my dear and honored father's life, and in him was centered all that was most sacred to a lonely, motherless child. For him, therefore, I entertained a more than filial affection, and I think, indeed, that his own sorrows made him cling more closely to the child who had been left so suddenly in his care.

One of my first recollections is that of feeling myself tenderly placed in my little crib by my father, on his returning late at night from the play, and finding, as he afterward related, "his baby lying asleep on the floor." Vividly I recall one Christmas morning, when, on awakening, full of joyful anticipations, I crept out of bed to find my stockings generously filled with toys, and, hanging near by, my father's socks containing only his razors, shaving-brushes, and other small accessories of his toilet. I was disappointed almost to tears by Santa Claus's neglect of so good a father, but my father kissed away the "water-drops," with a merry laugh, which I can hear to this day. He had been quietly watching me, enjoying his little Christmas deception.

Although his natural melancholy undoubtedly had its effect upon my early years, yet he always endeavored to throw aside the gloom which had settled upon his life, and would assume a gentle gaiety,—never boisterous,—in order to amuse and divert my solitary hours. In him I felt such close companionship that, although without brothers and sisters, a sense of my own loneliness did not oppress me so much as the solitude of my father, which to my childish imagination seemed strange and unnatural. I recall his moving me to tears by quoting to me Tennyson's verses, "What does little birdie say?"—the first poetry I ever heard him recite.

It was long before I could thoroughly disassociate him from the character of *Hamlet*, it

seemed so entirely a part of himself. Indeed, in that impersonation, I think, his confined nature and pent-up sorrows found vent. He told me that the philosophy of *Hamlet* had taught him to bear life's vicissitudes. He inspired me with a reverence which grew with my years, and, later on, when fresh sorrows overtook him (which I was then able to share with him), I assumed an almost maternal attitude toward him, which he unconsciously developed and encouraged.

His nature was childlike, trustful, and dependent, yet he was always my wise and loving counselor. How often would he quote the following adage to me! —

> If your lips you 'd keep from slips,
> Of these five things beware:
> Of whom you speak,
> To whom you speak,
> And how, and when, and where.

He was essentially paternal and purely domestic, and these qualities were never tarnished by public favor or worldly praise. In the home he was at his best among his favorite pipes and books, and surrounded by his Lares and Penates. He loved personally to arrange the furnishings of his home, and carefully studied its merest details. He had a woman's taste, and his artistic touch was everywhere evident. His delight in adorning the home never led him into extravagant display, for his tastes were always simple, and he had no care for ostentation.

With boyish enthusiasm he enjoyed every detail of farm life, and loved nothing better than to watch the growth of the trees he himself had planted. His love of animals amounted at one time almost to a passion. He felt keenly their ill-treatment, and he once told me of his own experience with a pet lamb, which used to follow him everywhere. One day, when deep in the study of a new part, the lamb endeavored to engage his attention by constantly pushing its nose against the book. My father playfully rapped his pet on the nose with the cover of the book, when the lamb turned away sadly, never to come near its master again. My father spoke of this incident with sincere regret and self-reproach.

He was greatly attached to his horses, and skilful in the management of them. He had several narrow escapes while driving, one of which I witnessed as a child. It occurred at Long Branch, behind his favorite horse Nellie, when his buggy was overturned, and he was thrown beneath his horse's feet. With remarkable agility and presence of mind, he picked himself up, quieted his horse, and then, hastening to me, tenderly soothed my alarm, and jokingly remarked that his spotless suit of white flannels was hopelessly ruined. Years afterward his life was again endangered. He was driving with a friend near his home at Cos Cob, Connecticut, when, upon reaching the brow of a steep hill, his horses ran away, and he was thrown violently out, striking a telegraph-pole by the wayside. As he lay partly unconscious, suffering great

physical pain, and with the noonday's sun pouring down upon him, he saw the friend with whom he had been riding approach, holding a portion of the broken reins in his hand. My father's sense of the ludicrous overcame him, and, though suffering, he could not restrain an impulse to laugh outright at what appeared to him a comical situation. I recall how he was brought home to me on a litter furnished by kind neighbors, and how, after the surgeon had bandaged his broken arm and ribs, he asked with a faint smile for his favorite smoke. He had a severe illness from internal injuries at this time, when his life was despaired of.

He bore with cheerfulness the frequent discomforts he encountered in his travels, both at hotels and in the provincial theaters, where frequently a temporary dressing-room was all that could be had. So far as I know, only once in all his varied experiences did his theatrical wardrobe fail to arrive in time for the performance. This occurred in the town of Waterbury, Connecticut. I was present at the performance, and I wondered at his ability to render the part so gracefully in citizen's attire, for he had always contended that he could act only "in costume." Annoying as this incident was, he enjoyed the novelty of the experience, and frequently referred to it in later years.

His loyalty to his friends, his reverence and consideration for the old, no matter in what station of life, and his manifold charities to the poor and needy, were not the least among his many virtues. His modesty in bestowing favors ex-

tended itself even to the members of his family, and his beautiful gifts to me were offered with a tender, shy reserve. His unselfish devotion to his mother and invalid sister were conspicuous among his domestic traits. In order to spare his aged mother the painful knowledge of a serious accident which had rendered her helpless, he forbade any one telling her the nature of it, dreading to add one more drop of bitterness to her cup of sorrow; and she died unaware of what had befallen her, save to wonder at her utter helplessness. When his leisure permitted, he never failed to pass an hour or two daily with his mother, cheering her lonely hours with humorous anecdotes, and with reminiscences of his boyhood. Never spoiled by the adulations of women, he ever held the sex in high respect. He was a loyal and devoted husband, and on many occasions, after the play, I have seen him tenderly nurse his invalid wife (to whom he was married in 1869), thus often losing his much-needed rest.

When scandalous tongues attacked the privacy of his home, he refused to contradict the false reports circulated, and invariably replied to my earnest protestations, "My daughter, all will yet be well." His dignity of demeanor toward his detractors won for him a host of defenders. My intimate knowledge of his heroic sacrifices, his early struggles and privations, his crushing sorrows and bitter disappointments, had made of my father a hero in my eyes, and I admired his noble manhood even more ardently than I cherished his

genius. The public little knows of his struggles against physical pain when rendering his difficult rôles. How I loved to wait upon him, to rouse him from his customary nap before the performance, to brew his favorite cup of tea, his only repast before starting for the theater! He rarely allowed me to peep behind the scenes, but, as an occasional treat, I was permitted in his dressing-room to see him "paint his face" for his various characters. His method in this was artistic and painstaking to a degree. He never exaggerated the natural lineaments of his face, but followed them out to suit the age and expression of the character he was about to represent. He has told me how, in originating a "make-up" for *Richard II.*, he clothed the character in his mind with the features of the accepted portraits of Christ, and finally concluded to adopt them as being best suited to the person of the unhappy king.

In spite of his long-accustomed visits to the theater, he was scrupulously punctual, and rarely kept his audience waiting. So remarkable was his memory, that I cannot recall ever having seen him study from the book even such plays as he had not acted in many years. Upon my asking him if he did not find it necessary to refer to the text, he replied that it never occurred to him to do so, as the lines returned to him as clearly as though he had recited them but yesterday. I think it is well known to all that he spared neither trouble nor expense in enhancing the beauty of the Shaksperian productions at his

own (Booth's) theater, which he personally superintended. His knowledge of costuming was very accurate, and his powers of observation at all times were very keen. His eye instantly detected the merest detail in decoration or costume.

It is needless for me to speak here of what he achieved for the profession which he helped to elevate; that will be told at some future time in his biography.[1] His powers he was ever striving to perfect, and his *Hamlet* undoubtedly mellowed with his years; indeed, all his characters seemed to grow in strength and beauty.

Among his varied gifts, his literary ability, both for prose and verse, were considerable. Unfortunately, he declined to write much for publication. He also had a decided taste and talent for sculpture, and in the studio of his friend Launt Thompson modeled a miniature bust in clay which was pronounced excellent. But he never cultivated these natural gifts.

He was exceedingly careful that I should witness only such plays as were not too advanced for my years in childhood. To visit the theater was a rare pleasure; indeed, I ever regarded it as such, but during my earlier years I was permitted to indulge in theater-going only as an occasional "treat."

I have often been asked what was his favorite character. This was a difficult question for him to answer himself. He was undoubtedly more

[1] These reminiscences were written some months prior to the publication of Mr. William Winter's life of my father.

EDWIN BOOTH AND GRANCHILD, 1887.

in sympathy with the character of *Hamlet*, which was generally accepted as his masterpiece, but I have heard him say that it was not the character he most enjoyed acting. *Hamlet* being largely in monotone, I think he found a certain relief in more robust parts. In Germany I have heard competent critics place his *Lear*, *Iago*, and *Othello* first among his representations. In Berlin, Professor Werder, an ardent admirer of his, and a "learned judge" of dramatic art, shared with me my private box on the occasion of his performance of the rôle of *Othello*. His enthusiasm was indeed gratifying, and he told me afterward that my father's conception of *Othello's* character was more poetic than he had ever imagined it could be. He awarded to my father a place as a Shaksperian actor even above the renowned Gustav Emil Devrient. The impartial approbation of his German critics was especially valued by my father, and often in later years he reverted to the appreciation of his audiences in Germany as one of the crowning records of his professional career.

In spite of frequent entreaties to return to Germany, he preferred to pass his remaining years among his countrymen, whose fidelity to him never failed to inspire him. His temperament was one of the most equable I have ever known, and his sense of justice was an overruling virtue. Generous almost to a fault, he never spoke of his many charities, and only now that he has passed away forever do I learn of his numerous good deeds.

Every one who came into his presence felt the charm and the lovable qualities of his nature. His pleasures he took more soberly than his associates, although his enjoyment was equally as keen. Hearty laughter he seldom indulged in, as it gave him physical pain, often producing severe asthma. For this reason he sometimes conquered an irresistible desire to laugh, though I have seen him affected almost to hysterics by some humorous incident or anecdote.

His absolute worship of our children, and his evident pride in them, completed the happiness of our home life. He never wearied of their frolics, and he often crept about the floor, romping with them in boyish glee. He allowed them unusual liberties, and pulling his hair was a daily pastime with them. Even during the last summer of his life (1892), which he passed entirely in our home at Narragansett Pier, he never complained of the children's noisy prattle, and their wise sayings and childish play always amused and diverted him.

During meal-time he would gently reprove our noisy little ones, whose voices often grew too loud, by quoting in his exquisite and inimitable way the words of *Lear:*

> Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

It was during the last summer of his life that my father had an illness in our home, during which I nursed him. It tore my heart-strings to have him take my hand and say, "Daughter, you

make me like to be sick." For, alas! I realized that even then it might be but the beginning of the sad end so soon to follow; and I sometimes wonder now if, in his growing helplessness, he too did not think so. Feeble as he had become, he steadily refused all offers of assistance in his toilet or daily occupations. His giant will outlived his declining physical powers, and up to the very end he remained firm in his heroic efforts not to yield.

It is not generally known that he possessed a natural love and ear for music, though he did little to cultivate his taste for it, and that he had in his boyhood studied the violin, and could then play upon that instrument with some skill. He always enjoyed hearing music, especially the simpler melodies, and all ballads of a national character. I recall one old ballad in particular which pleased him, called "Fair Zurich's Waters," the refrain of which contained a curious yodel, which he delighted in imitating, much to my amusement. He indulged in this "vocal aria" during our tour in Switzerland, and I can picture him now, upon our reaching Zurich, yodeling forth the refrain.

In those days of our foreign travels he was almost boyish in animal spirits, his keen sense of the ridiculous affording us both many hours of pleasure. The ocean-voyages seemed to give him renewed vigor, and his striking face and figure always attracted much attention as he paced the deck. Although he had grown accustomed to public recognition, yet I think he scarcely realized

how much he was the central figure wherever he appeared.

His self-possession in moments of danger, as in the instance when he barely escaped a madman's bullet, was striking. This occurred many years ago, while he was fulfilling an engagement in Chicago. During the prison-scene in "Richard II." the report of a pistol rang out from the theater gallery, and in the excitement my father stepped to the foot-lights and quietly pointed out a man who, with pistol aimed, was about to fire again directly at the stage. My father had heard, or rather *felt*, the first bullet whiz above his head, and instinctively knew it was intended for himself; but with undaunted courage he continued his part, after first withdrawing behind the scenes for a moment to soothe his anxious wife. I saw him on the following day, and he appeared perfectly calm and even, and defended from all blame the poor lunatic who had so nearly ended his career. The bullet was found lodged in the canvas of a scene only a few inches above my father's head. This ghastly souvenir he had mounted in a gold cartridge, and had engraved thereon his own humorous thought, "To Edwin Booth from Mark Gray" (the name of the would-be assassin). This memento is now in my possession.

I have often regretted that I did not jot down the many amusing anecdotes, witty sayings, and "hairbreadth 'scapes" that were related to me by him. Among the latter, he told me how he and his old-time comrade, Mr. David Anderson,

when together in Australia, often in the heat of noon took their *dolce far niente* beneath the shade of cocoanut-trees. While musing thus one day, my father remarked to his friend, as he gazed at the huge cocoanuts above them, "What if one should fall, and strike us on the head, and kill us?" His friend, undisturbed, laughingly replied that such a fate was not likely, as the fruit was yet green; but father instantly changed his position, and no sooner had he done so than a large nut fell exactly over the spot where he had previously been sitting. Throughout his life he had many similar strange premonitions of danger, and, like Napoleon, he had faith in his "star."

I have referred already to his modest acceptance of the many public favors and honors showered upon him; and his retiring nature would not permit him to speak freely of his artistic triumphs abroad, especially during his tour in Germany. Of his great success there, and of the many plaudits received from people in every station of life, the world already knows; but few witnessed, as I did, the enthusiasm of the actors of the various supporting companies, when, upon the fall of the curtain, they one and all surrounded him, embracing him, and in foreign style kissing him, and addressing him as "*Meister!*"

I recall how, at the conclusion of his farewell performance of "King Lear" in Bremen, as he turned to leave the stage, the entire company of players surrounded him, men and women weeping and embracing him, while the directors read a compli-

mentary address, presenting him at the same time with a silver laurel wreath inscribed with the names of the donors, the actors of the company. What a picture it was! *Lear*, standing timidly to receive this unexpected tribute of his genius, almost ready to shed a few tears himself, in grateful acknowledgment of such a genuine outburst.

I have witnessed similar scenes in nearly every German theater. So heartfelt and genuine were the expressions of sentiment on the part of the actors, who followed him in many instances to the railway stations, cheering and waving their adieus, that he spoke of these experiences as unequaled by any in his long career upon the stage.

In Vienna the same enthusiasm prevailed, and he bore thence his handsomest trophy, a laurel wreath of silver and gold, each leaf bearing the name of the actor that supported him. He was good enough to present this to me on our return to America. This, and the "Hamlet" medal presented to him upon the conclusion of his famous "one-hundred-nights" performance of that character, I hold among my choicest treasures.

Of his stay abroad he liked to recall a morning at the residence of Lady Theodore Martin (formerly Helen Faucit, the celebrated actress), where he was invited to hear the charming hostess read the part of *Beatrice* to Mr. Henry Irving's *Benedict*, before a distinguished company of friends. A visit from Lord Tennyson and a luncheon at Tennyson's house in London, where the poet praised, above all else, his performance of *Lear*, which he had wit-

nessed the previous night, also gave him great pleasure, for he had grown so accustomed to having his *Hamlet* discussed and lauded, that it was a pleasure and relief to him when his other characters were approved by competent critics.

He always recalled with great pleasure an excursion that he arranged for me and the members of his company along the beach at Galveston, Texas, in which city he was acting at the time. After many hundreds of miles of rough and dusty travel, through districts flooded in parts to the axles of our car-wheels, it was a boon indeed to escape into the open country, and to breathe pure air once more.

On another occasion during the same trip we drove through an old cotton-plantation in Alabama, and were followed by some dozen piccaninnies, barefooted and ragged, whom father showered with pennies, and whom he further delighted, I believe, by giving passes to the theater in Montgomery, where he was to act that night. His youth seemed to return during these outings, and he joined in the general merrymaking with boyish enthusiasm. After the continued strain, mental and physical, of his professional labors, he was inclined to seek his amusement where one would least expect to find him—at some good minstrel-show, a circus, or a burlesque performance. His enjoyment of Fox's burlesque of himself as *Hamlet* and *Richelieu* was great. Although a mere child at the time, I accompanied him to those clever performances, and remember his laughing himself to tears, and say-

ing of the famous clown-comedian, "He looks just like me!"

He held in great esteem his brother-artist and friend, Tommaso Salvini, with whom he had acted, and whose farewell speech to the senate, in "Othello," he thought unequaled in poetic beauty and musical cadence, and whose scene with *Iago* in the third act he considered the most powerful piece of acting on our modern stage. His own scrupulous attention to the details of stage business, and every significant look and gesture necessary to the better comprehension of the character impersonated, he saw repeated in the acting of this genius from across the seas, for whom his artistic sympathies and admiration were alike manifest.

It has often been related with what patience and kindly courteousness he ever treated his associates on the stage, and I have never heard him criticize harshly the petty annoyances of theatrical life.

His veneration for all religious subjects, his belief in the immortal life, his practical uses of the teachings of Jesus, and his conviction that God's will is best, never forsook him even in the midst of his severest trials; and though often the victim of the basest deception from so-called friends, who, in not a few instances, cruelly imposed upon his trustful, generous nature, he remained almost childlike in his belief in the integrity of others. Later in life he assured me that he bore no malice toward his would-be detractors; he had forgiven his enemies. So I have come to revere the glory of my father's name more for his conquests over the temptations

which assailed him than for the well-merited success and many triumphs of his artistic career.

His constant travel and fatigue never prevented his writing to me, a girl plodding away at her lessons, letters full of interest and instruction. This devotion and tender remembrance of me, certainly most rare in a parent so absorbed in his profession as he was, affects me now almost to tears. He was in the habit of sending me photographic views of the many historically interesting places he visited, and upon each of these he wrote a pleasing description invaluable to me now, and an education to me then. He spared himself no pains to help broaden and develop my ideas when absent from him, and to stimulate my interest in my routine of study.

Little credit was ever given to him for knowledge of business matters, and many doubtless supposed that he lacked system; but his systematic habits about many things, the final arrangement of all his private papers and documents, and his careful preservation of all that would be of value to me hereafter, have proved to me how truly he valued the maxim that "order is God's first law."

In speaking of his travels abroad, I have omitted to mention the trip to Oberammergau during the Passion Play, whither I accompanied him in 1880. He had looked forward to the Passion Play with mingled curiosity and interest, but he found it artificial and, as he termed it, "too theatrical," and greatly bereft of its former simplicity. In wander-

ing through the little village on the eve of the performance, he was impressed by the businesslike air of the principal actors, whose photographs were on sale. He thought it savored too strongly of "the profession," and he regretted that things were not a little more crude. His artistic sense was gratified, however, by the correct and graceful costuming, and by the stage pictures, with the sky, mountains, and open fields as accessories. Our quarters at Oberammergau were not fine, owing to some blunder on the part of our courier, who lodged us in a peasant's hut. At night we slept in a loft, and reposed in straw, to reach which we had to mount a step-ladder. Uncomfortable as this experience proved, he saw only the humorous side of it, and frequently laughed over it in after years.

When visiting our Boston home, his sleeping-apartment overlooked the Charles River, and he used to sit by the window, watching the fine sunset effects upon the water, and making friends with a white pigeon that daily perched upon his window-sill. He always desired that our children, then small infants, be brought to his room each morning, and before he had risen he would playfully fondle "his babies," as he lovingly called them. Later, at our home in New York, he enjoyed almost daily the growth and development of his grandchildren. To give me pleasure, also, he sometimes visited the theaters with my husband and me. His last attendance at any play was at the Lyceum Theater on April 11, 1893, a

week before his last illness. The piece performed was "The Guardsman," and in company with us and a few friends he occupied a private box.

Although I noted with a pained heart how great an effort it cost him to sit through a performance, however enjoyable, yet he never complained of fatigue, and seemed all unconscious that he was the central figure upon whom the audience admiringly gazed between the acts.

The greatness and depth of his nature, its tenderness and simplicity, were lost to the merely casual observer who met my father socially; for though society, in its conventional sense, was to him a bore and a waste of valuable time and energy, there were a dozen houses where he was a welcome guest, and which he loved to visit. There, in the company of congenial spirits, he came out of his "shell." How full of quaint and original humor he was, those who pictured him only as *Hamlet* could never realize.

It had long been his dream to make a pilgrimage to the grave of his beloved bard, and during his holiday trip to England and the Continent in 1880 and 1881 he passed a few days at Stratford in contemplation of all that was holy ground to him. But, alas! he was disappointed to find himself surrounded by curious sight-seers where he had hoped to be alone—patriotic worshipers at his own shrine, who in the home of Shakspere petitioned for the autograph of Booth!

> I essentially am not in madness,
> But mad in craft.

Herein is expressed my father's solution of the "Hamlet mystery," and I cannot understand how any one who has witnessed his performances of that character could question for a moment his true intention in portraying the rôle. Yet the question as to *Hamlet's* real or assumed madness he had to answer many times.

I discovered the above quotation written by my father beneath an etching of himself in the character with which he has become so widely and closely identified. Many have supposed that because of his admirable fitness for the part of *Hamlet* that it was the one he most enjoyed acting. By force of his own introspective and melancholy temperament he was undoubtedly more in sympathy with *Hamlet* than with any other character in his large and varied repertoire, but I have heard him tell of the great relief it gave him after a long-continued run of that play to change the bill to another. He wished to forget his own identity, as it were. In *Hamlet* he was less able to achieve this, so closely was it allied with his own temperament and mood.

He was ever ready to explain to me the subtleties of Shaksperian verse, as interpreted by himself, and although I am aware that others are far richer than I in the possession of his thoughts relating to the drama, yet I am tempted to relate one or two of his original conceptions.

I recall asking him to explain the line which *Hamlet* speaks to the King upon his being sent into England. The King says (Act IV, scene

III), "So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes," and *Hamlet* replies, "I see a cherub that sees them," looking intently meanwhile into the King's eye. Therein *Hamlet* sees his own face reflected in miniature, and my father, by pointing upward, with special stress upon the word "cherub," merely indicated *Hamlet's* preconceived idea of playing upon the King's superstitious fancies, and thus still more deeply convincing him of his own madness.

My father had expressed his belief that he was physically unfitted for the more robust heroes of Shaksperian drama; yet his *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth* must ever remain among his finest and most poetic impersonations. It seemed to him extraordinary that those three characters were specially admired and applauded by his critics in Germany during his engagements in that country. He was agreeably surprised to receive the approbation of a nation accustomed to actors of large physique, whose rendering of these parts was necessarily opposed to his.

He was particularly struck with the versatility of his foreign colleagues in Germany, who did not hesitate to step from an important rôle into a lesser one, a custom in the stock companies of Germany. He believed this to be the true artistic principle of acting, and modestly assured me that he would have made a "dreadful mess" of *Horatio* or of the *Ghost* if cast for those parts, after having become so identified with that of *Hamlet*.

He considered every character in Shakspere worthy of an artist, and of his best efforts. I think

his delineation of *Othello's* jealous and suspicious nature raised it above the low level, and at one time commonly accepted idea, of the brutal blackamoor, which my father never believed to be Shakspere's motive. To comprehend his conception of the Moor, one need only study his *Iago*, that "fiend in human shape."

I have seen him alternate these characters successively during a long run of the piece, and I have thus received a curiously confused impression of his power to embody both rôles at one and the same time. The effect produced by his acting of each was harmonious and consistent, and yet in each he appeared a being exactly the opposite of the other — a peculiar proof of his marvelous versatility and wide range of power.

I cannot speak without tears of the declining weeks of his beautiful life — of his gentle patience during his last illness (of seven weeks' duration), and of the childlike beauty of his countenance when all furrows of care and sorrow were smoothed away, and "nothing could touch him further." His last coherent words were addressed to our little children, whom we had taken to his bedside two days before he died. My boy called gently, "How are you, dear grandpa?" and the answer came loud and clear, in the familiar, boyish way, "How are you yourself, old fellow?"

As he lay dying, unconscious even of my presence, or of the fearful electric storm which was raging without, on that sad afternoon of the sixth of June, a glory seemed to rest upon his

loved features, and I felt, in spite of heart-breaking grief, that he was at peace. And when the dark curtain of night had fallen, and the storm had ceased without, and we sat watching and waiting for what we knew had to come, we were startled by the sudden going out of all the electric lights in the chamber and in the street beneath. Was such darkness ever felt before? Alas! not for me.

My father's earlier letters to me, covering a period of some seven years, were written chiefly during my absence at a convent school. Written, as they were, during his long professional tours throughout the country, these letters helped to lift me out of my narrow sphere, and took me into a new and broader field, where my father was for me always the chief actor, whether they breathed of his professional life, of his domestic or social experiences, or of loving advice, paternal care, and solicitude. No matter how weary, how irritated by conditions then unknown to me, he was sure to send me weekly missives. Though frequently expressed in a humorous vein, in order to entertain and divert me, I can now read between the lines, and appreciate the noble effort he made to throw off the burdens which during those years must have bowed him down. Under the weight of financial difficulties, the result of misplaced confidence and childlike trust in others, he rallied when his paternal duty and love reminded him of me.

I have abstained from publishing more than a

small fraction of his entire correspondence, and offer only such as will prove of special interest and value in the public eye. It appears to me, on re-reading many of these letters after a lapse of years, that they present a side of my father's temperament and disposition hitherto concealed from his friends, as well as from the general public. They reveal a depth of soul, a firmness of purpose, a high resolve to battle against life's struggles, which make it incumbent upon me to publish them. They constitute, indeed, a better and more complete autobiography than that which I have in the past so often urged upon him to write. I fear his innate modesty and reluctance to speak of his own triumphs and misfortunes would have severely handicapped him in such an undertaking. But his letters to me, and to his many friends, speak of him as he was, without reserve, or fear of harsh criticism.

To these same valued friends I am greatly indebted for a large part of this correspondence, which is published not only for the benefit of the many who have known and revered him as the artist and interpreter of Shaksperian drama, but as a tribute of filial respect and love.

MY MOTHER

As a necessary accompaniment to these few reminiscences of my father, I will quote some extracts from letters written by my mother (Mary Devlin) prior to their marriage. They prove an

MRS. MARY DEVLIN BOOTH.

essential chapter in the life of a man then stepping into fame and greatness, and make more clearly manifest the spiritual union of two sympathetic souls so soon to be parted by death.

My father has confided to me the gentle yet powerful influence exerted over his artistic career by my young mother, herself an actress of no mean capacity. Her whole being became so centered in her lover and husband, her "Hamlet," as she so often called him, that my father felt the reflex of her refined intellectuality, both in his art and in his attitude toward her in whom he found his purest and highest ideals sweetly embodied. Though it is my misfortune never to have known my mother, her letters, and the recollections of her many friends, place her before me in the sanctified light of noble womanhood — a faithful wife, a blessed mother.

In the year 1860 she writes:

We must ever dwell "above the thunder," treading beneath our feet the black clouds of dissension. You are too great ever to descend to discord; I have too high an appreciation of the divine spark God has gifted you with, and which you intrust to my care, ever to cause you to seek another sphere than your natural one.

The above extract is from a letter written during my mother's betrothal to my father, and while she herself was yet upon the stage. I find in another letter, dated the same year, the following:

Last night I sat by the window thinking of you, and disturbed only by the mournful sighing of the wind. I wondered in "this

stillness of the world without, and of the soul within," what our lives in the future would be; and I looked to see if upon the clouds I could trace any semblance of it. This led me into an odd train of thought, in which I recalled a susceptibility of yours you once told me of. You remember, 't was that a passing wind sometimes suggested to you the past, and, carrying you years back, set you dreaming. It is not wonderful that *you* should have such emotions — sensitive natures are prone to them; then why, I ask myself, should my eyes have filled with tears, and trembled lest *you* should experience them again? Ah, dear Edwin, 't was a fear that they would lead you from my side and leave me once more alone. I am very wrong, doubtless, to have allowed so simple a fact to impress me, and am still more to blame to repeat it here; for have you not "died into life," as Keats says — and I should wean you from all remembrance of the tomb; and so I promise to do.

These letters were written by my mother when scarcely twenty years of age. Her death occurred three years afterward. She constantly refers, as in the following passage, to the sacred mission she is about to fulfil as fiancée and wife:

This morning, in my walk, I was thinking of the being God had given me to influence and cherish. For *you* have ever seemed to me like what Shelley says of himself — "a phantom among men" — "companionless as the last fading storm," and yet my spirit ever seems lighter and more joyous when with you. This I can account for only by believing that a mission has been given me to fulfil, and that I shall be rewarded by seeing you rise to be great and happy.

Ah! the angels surely will rejoice in heaven when that is achieved. Edwin, I have never told you yet, have I, of all the odd thoughts I have had, and do have, about you? Well, on some of the days to come, when I am influenced by your loved presence, and after the singing of some pretty song, perhaps I will tell you.

My mother's love of music, and her naturally beautiful voice, ever proved a delight to my father, and he continued in later years to love the old melodies she used to sing to him in the early days of their courtship and marriage.

The purely unselfish love which my mother bore for my father is manifested in her earliest letters to him. His art was ever the absorbing theme, and although so young herself, she was capable of giving him wise counsel in all things. She says again:

If my love is selfish, you will never be great: part of you belongs to the world. I *must* remember this, and assist in its "blossoming," if I would taste of the ripe fruit. That will prove a rich reward.

The following extract, written about 1860, shows how closely my mother observed the slightest changes in my father's performances. He has told me that she was always his severest, and, therefore, his kindest critic.

The improvement you have made in the "Cardinal" charmed me. You must not forget to tell me of your studies; they interest me alike with the movements of your heart — *my heart;* for 't is mine. Did you not tell me so?

The conversational, colloquial school you desire to adopt is the only true one, Edwin, for the present day; but, as you reasonably add, "too much is dangerous." For example, Miss Heron in the beginning of her career was praised for her "naturalness," and deservedly so; and while she used it in moderation was successful. But *now* could you see her! She gives you too much of "Mrs. John Smith," and endeavors, or labors rather, to be so very commonplace that it is simply ridiculous, and even her

greatest admirers see no mind in her now. Acting is an imitation of nature, is it not? Then 't is art; and the art must be seen, too, for nature upon the stage would be most ridiculous.

My future ambition will be to see you great and good, and if devotion of mind and intellect (but what is still more influential, an absorbing affection) can accomplish it, you shall be everything that the world has predicted.

In referring to some emotional immoral play then in vogue, she says:

Is it not outrageous to see an art so holy as the drama thus desecrated and perverted? How glad I am that the branch you were fitted for has not been disgraced, for though unappreciated now, the day will come when "gorgeous tragedy" will have its sway. You are held as its only true representative in this day, and you can, if you will, change the perverted taste of the public by your truth and sublimity, and you must study for this. Dear Edwin, I will never allow you to droop for a single moment; for I know the power that dwells within your eye, and my ambition is to see you surrounded by greatness — is it not a laudable one? Ah, you do not know how close a critic I will be of your genius — a child who requires more nursing than the helpless babe at the mother's breast.

It is a source of regret to me that I do not possess a single letter from my father to my mother. These he himself must have thought best to destroy. In reading these letters from my young mother, I realize more fully how true were the words of her poet friend and admirer, the late Dr. T. W. Parsons:

She was a maiden for a man to love;
  She was a woman for a husband's life;
One that has learned to value, far above
  The name of Love, the sacred name of Wife.

LETTERS TO HIS DAUGHTER

LETTERS TO HIS DAUGHTER

TOLEDO, Sept. 28, 1869.

MY OWN DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER:

It made me very happy to receive your letter, which grandma forwarded to me — it reached me the day before yesterday, also the good report of you which your kind teacher sent me. I shall be very happy to see my darling again, and to find her so much improved, as I know she will be, if she is dutiful in all things. . . . I am going to Detroit in the morning, to remain there five days, and then I take a long journey — to Boston, where I shall stay four weeks, after which I hope to see my dear little daughter. You must write to me very often, and give me good long letters, for it pleases me very much to get your little notes, all of which I keep, to show you some day (if the good Lord wills) when you are a woman. I hope you take care of yourself, not to take cold. . . . I am glad your cough is cured — be careful. . . . I 'll write you very often. Bless you, my own darling! Give my love to dear grandma when you see her.

Y'r loving papa.

PHILADELPHIA, October 24, 1869.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER:

I 'll try my best to write plain for your special benefit. But you see old pop is so very nervous and full of busi-

ness that he can't hold the pen steady enough to form the letters correctly. You see that little picture in the corner at the top? That is styled a *monogram*, which y'r teacher will describe to you, if you ask her the meaning thereof, better than I can do in the course of a letter of so much importance as the present one. It is a combination of my two initials, E. & B.—I dare say you can guess what they stand for. 'T would serve for your letters likewise, would it not? . . . In three weeks we will be in New York — that will be near Christmas too — at which time I suppose Edwina will be coming home for a holiday to eat plum-pudding with her little pa n'est pas? That 's a French pun, which your French teacher must explain —it 's too hard for me. . . . I am afraid that I will not have time to see my daughter as I pass through New York this time — I have so many things to attend to; but I 'll soon be back, and then for a kiss. . . . Write good long letters, and try to write them without the help of your teacher or any one; you must learn to compose as well as write your letters, and you can do it very nicely. God bless you, my darling!

Your loving papa.

BOSTON, November 14, 1869.

MY OWN GIRL:

Your dear letter with the pretty book-mark ("I love you") came safely last night, *just in time.* It seems there is some doubt as to the exact date of my arrival here. Grandma says I was born on the night of the great "star shower" in 1833, and insists that it was November 15; but Uncle June says he remembers well — both my birth and the "star Shower" occurred on November 13, 1833. So you see, I do not know which is the day — for, although I was there, I was too young to pay attention to

such weighty matters, and can't remember much about it. However, your little present, which I shall always cherish, my darling, came in good season for either day. . . . I start at six o'clock this evening for New Haven (that 's very near New York), where we shall stay two days; then we visit Worcester, Hartford, Springfield, and other towns, before we return home. I hope to be in New York this day two weeks. It is snowing here to-day, and it is very cold. . . . I am afraid my writing is very cramped to-day, as the pen seems like a stick and my hand is tired. God bless you, darling!

Your loving papa.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

NEW YORK, November 15, 1871.

MY OWN DEAR DAUGHTER:

I arrived here last night and found your pretty gift awaiting me. Your letter pleased me very, very much in every respect, and your little souvenir gave me far more delight than if it were of real gold. When you are older you will understand how precious little things — seemingly of no value in themselves — can be loved and prized above all price when they convey the love and thoughtfulness of a good heart. This little token of your desire to please me, my darling, is therefore very dear to me, and I will cherish it as long as I live. If God grants me so many years I will show it you when you are a woman, and *then* you will appreciate my preference for so little a thing, made by you, to anything money might have bought. God bless you, my darling!

I am going to see grandma to-day as soon as I get through my letters.

Uncle Joe went on to Baltimore the other day to see

about selling grandma's farm[1] (the place where your old pap was born). . . .

God bless you again and again!

Your loving father.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

NEW YORK, February 5, 1872.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

. . . I have been learning to skate, but I make a poor "foot" at it. When I was a little boy I had no opportunity to learn the different games and sports of childhood, for I was traveling most of the time, spending my winters in the South, where they have no sleighing or skating. *You* must learn — for the exercise is very healthful, and a great many ladies and little girls skate here on the Park lake every day in winter.

I am very anxious that you should improve and become a good scholar, and to make me happy you must bear this in mind and not waste a moment of the time which is now so precious to you. See if you cannot astonish me when I see you next month. . . .

Your affectionate father.

CEDAR CLIFF, COS COB, December 8, 1872.

MY DEAR ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD DARLING:

I arrived here yesterday — went to the city to attend to business and returned last night. In the morning (your birthday) we start for Trenton, half-way to Philadelphia, where I act two nights, and shall be traveling about until the day you come to us for the holidays. While in town yesterday I left to be engraved and to be sent by express to you a birthday gift — a ruby ring. Now that

[1] Belair, Maryland.

you are nearing your *teens* and getting fast on towards *young*-ladyism — quite out of the range of *dolls* and toys, we must begin to replenish your stock of jewelry, I suppose, and this ring must begin it. Accept it as my dear love-greeting, with the heartfelt prayers and wishes for many, many happy returns of — to-morrow. Your pocket-money will commence also. God grant, my darling child, that your life may be good and happy, and that as you grow in years your determination to do right will increase in strength. I have promised that we will dine with the Thompsons on Christmas eve, and with grandma on Christmas day. We shall pass some of the time here in packing trunks for our trip to the West. Joe has just telegraphed me that one of my actors, named Pike, died yesterday — he acted and I shook hands with him at four o'clock. Think how near the other world we tread! We are always walking along the narrow edge that divides ours from it. I have written very badly, and I ought to be made to rewrite it, but as my fingers are very stiff, I 'll send it as it is. Love and kisses, with birthday wishes, Your papa.

CHICAGO, March 2, 1873.

MY DEAR *big* DAUGHTER:

Your last letter was very jolly, and made me most happy. Pip (the dog) is yelping to write to you, and so is your little brother, St. Valentine, the bird; but I greatly fear they will have to wait another week, for, you know, I have to hold the pen for them, and I have written so many letters, and to-day my hand is tired.

Don't you think it jollier to receive silly letters sometimes than to get a repetition of sermons on good behavior? It is because I desire to encourage in you a vein of pleasantry, which is most desirable in one's corre-

spondence, as well as in conversation, that I put aside the stern old *father*, and play *papa* now and then.

When I was learning to act tragedy, I had frequently to perform comic parts, in order to acquire a certain ease of manner that my serious parts might not appear too stilted; so you must endeavor in your letters, in your conversation, and your general deportment, to be easy and natural, graceful and dignified. But remember that dignity does not consist of overbecoming pride and haughtiness; self-respect, politeness, and gentleness in all things and to all persons will give you sufficient dignity. Well, I declare, I 've dropped into a sermon, after all, have n't I? I 'm afraid I 'll have to let Pip and the bird have a chance, or else I 'll go on preaching till the end of my letter. You must tell me what you are reading now, and how you progress in your studies, and how good you are trying to be. Of that I have no fear. I doubt if I shall get to Philadelphia in June; so do not expect me until school breaks up, and then — "hey for Cos Cob" and the fish-poles! When I was last there the snow was high above our knees, and it was very cold; but still I liked it better than the city. Poor Mr. Joyce died soon after Mr. Fenno's death. Nearly all my company have been ill this season.

Love and kisses from Y'r grim old father.

[*At the top of original letter my father drew a small figure of a canary bird.*]

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, Feb. 14, 1874.

Tweet, tweet, how d' ye do? Maybe you don't know me — I 'm Val: papa calls me Tiny, for short, 'cause I 'm short. I 'm a bir-r-r-r-d — a *Ka-noory bir-r-r-d;* and I 'm *yaller*, with dark spots here and there; I forget just where, 'cause I ain't got no looking-glass, but I 've heard 'em say I 've got dark spots, and

so, I 've heard too, has the *sun*, and the sun 's *yaller* too, ain't it? I have the nicest *seed* you ever seed! Papa whistles to me. Tweet, tweet, I 'm a jolly little yaller boy, and my name 's St. Valentine. Perhaps you don't know I 'm your brother? Yes, I am, and Pip is my other sister — so are you — my otherest one. I don't like Pip. She 's a *dorg*, and she snarls, and wakes me up, and sits on her hind legs, and thinks she looks like me, 'cause she 's got a dark spot all over her body, and has a few dirty kind of yallerish spots on her feet and things; but she ain't — she 's a *dorg*, and I 'm a bir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rud! tweet, tweet, tweet!

Good-bye!

"Bow! yow! now! don't! Papa is pinching my unfortunate tail! I *do* lead the life of a *dorg*. What with papa's pinching and M—'s pianering and singing (and you know that *almost* gives me hydrophobia!), to say nothing of that ugly, little, yaller, two-legged chicken in the cage— I mean St. Valentine — I don't get a moment's sleep! But you just wait till papa takes off his boots — then won't I go for his toes! Oh, no! only wait! Ain't it jolly not to go to school! My! don't you wish you was a — *purp?* Then *you 'd* be punished, and would n't go to school, too. Papa says my letter ain't half as good as Val's — I *hate Val!* I hate birds and chickens, anyhow — 'cept when they 're cooked — then yow! yow! don't I loves 'em! When I was at Long Branch I used to sneak behind the barn and chew 'em; killed several, and then got licked! Yow! did n't it make my fur fly! But I yelped a good deal more 'n it hurt, just to skeer M—, who begged pop not to whack me any more. Now, whenever dad takes me up by the tail and lathers me for being naughty, I just yelp and yow! wow! till the fire-bells ring, and that skeers 'em; then I 'm let off till next time. How

does you get it? So? If you do, just yelp. I know I 'm going to ketch it for not writing a better letter, but my nose is out of joint now, and that yaller-backed bird gets all the sugar. I can't do anything right any more, while Master Val chirps and tweet, tweets without a scold. I 'm getting orful tired of playin' dorg; 't ain't funny any more. I don't like sitting on two legs, and made to shut up every time I want to express my feelings. Sometimes I think I 'll stop drinking water, and 'make believe' I 've got the 'phoby,' and bite the bird; then they 'll kill it, and *I 'll* eat it — and then come to, and larf at 'em! Sometimes they has br'iled birds for dinner — then I gets the bones; but they takes all the bird off though — 'fore *I* gets 'em! Outch! Yow! Here comes daddy's boot! Good night. Ki-i-ki-i-ki-yow! ! ! ! !

[*Picture of dog.*]

This is me.

PIP.

CINCINNATI, April 28, 1874.

. . . Are you aware that this is your "salary-day"? The "ever-welcome" is herein conveyed to you, with many blessings and lots of love from "da-da." Not hearing anything to the contrary, I take it for granted that the good Lord has restored my darling's health, and that she is "Richard 's himself again," and ready, not for a *fray*, but for a laugh. I forgot to tell you of our visit while in Louisville to the orphan asylum; it was very agreeable, but rather comical. You know I don't like to make speeches; President Grant and I are much alike in that particular, as we are likewise in the matter of smoking. Well, when we arrived at the asylum we were ushered into the school-room, where several gentlemen and as many matrons and other ladies were assembled, while a

crowd of about one hundred and eighty children — girls and boys — many with extremely untidy noses and quizzical faces, set up a yell of "Walecoom! Weelcoom! Weelcum!" to a lively air, and about eighteen hundred and seventy-four verses. Then they "spoke" speeches of *welcome* in all its varied varieties of intonation; then they sang again, and after all presented your "poor-old-half-scared-out-of-his-wits" papa with bouquets of flowers, and a picture of the asylum — from the children, and so forth. All this was very jolly, *but* afterward *I* had to respond, of course; and there I stood on a platform, making vain attempts to talk "goody" to the poor little creatures, who did n't pay the least attention to my eloquent remarks, but gaped, and showed unmistakable signs of "wishing dinner was ready," while several little tots fell fast asleep. This description is of course not half so entertaining as were the noses and the queer eyes and the general "make-up" of the precious "cherubs," and the vocal displays in honor of your dad's arrival. Now, my little girl, I have nearly finished my letter with chat — hoping you will enjoy it, and send me in return a good long letter written in French, as of old, to "mon cher papa," assuring me that you are well and good and happy. The weeks are swiftly passing into the "long ago," and I will soon, God willing, be with you. I send a heart full of love and tenderness for my "little girlie."

Your loving father.

CEDAR CLIFF, COS COB, November 15, 1874.

. . . The slipper-case is lovely, and you calculated perfectly the length of my "footsy-tootsy." Many thanks, my darling; but "ou" is the French letter I am looking eagerly for. . . . Grandma insists that to-day (15th)

is my birthday, in spite of all authority which places the "star shower" November 13, 1833; consequently she celebrates to-day in my honor. I am a year older than when I wrote you last, and yet it seems but a week ago. How Tempus does fugit!

God bless, you darling! Be good and diligent.

Your papa.

BALTIMORE, February 14, 1875.

Dearest little daughter mine,
This being the silly rhymsters' season,
So, I think, a sufficient reason
For me to jingle you a line;
Nor can "Superior" think it treason —
Surely, 't is no fault of thine
If papa plays "Sir Valentine."

I won't run into rhapsody,
Setting your noddle in a whirl
By styling you my "precious pearl,"
But like a plain "old nobody,"
Just say, "I love my little girl,"
Without regard to prosody,
And thus defy all parody.

For none can find in such a line
(Although my jingles are so crude),
For ridicule one grain of food,
Tho' they may laugh at my poor rhyme.
Well, let them laugh; while she is good
My little daughter shall be mine —
And I 'll be her "old Valentine."

BOSTON, March 28, 1875.

MY DEAR "EASTER EGG":

Did you get it?

Let me tell you, miss, that your *sarcasmly* remarks about my little pipe have had a very terrible effect on your antique parent; I really believe I have not smoked more than once since—dinner, and all because you complained of my fragrant epistle.

The dates, figs, and oranges were ordered to be delivered to you not by "that dear good man who smokes so much"; so you see that H— put the shoe on the wrong foot: in other words, he did "fig-et" he was out of "date." We have got some wee little squabby pigeons. What a pie there 'll be some day, somewhere!

God bless you, darling! Love and kisses from

Pop.

COS COB, May 30, 1875.

MY DEARLY BELOVED LITTLE "RAG":

You say in your last that you have been *feeling* so like one that I presume it is but fair to humor your feelings in your (then) present distress. If your climate becomes much more sultry we must wring you out. . . . Apropos of your "Spelling Bee" and the prize, you say you do not like suspense. No more, my child, does a man while hanging; but patience is necessary, my dear, to success in everything. We can't jump into glory with a skipping-rope; we must walk very slowly and carefully, too, else we 'll "stump our toeses": therefore be patient, and endure suspense heroically, and if the prize is not won, endure the disappointment with patience still. It will surely be yours some day—after the Lord has proved you worthy through these little trials. I am glad you feel so much

interest in these competitions; it stirs up your energy and ambition. Never let them flag, but keep straight on and upward, just as your dear mother did.

To change the theme—you say you played three times, and that there were four pianos! Did *you* play on all four (I don't mean "all fours") at the same time, three times? Whew! Golly, what a girl! You must certainly be a female Briareus. . . . Much of my life's struggle has been with myself, and the pain I have endured in overcoming and correcting the evils of my untrained disposition has been very great; . . . Bear charity in your thoughts, love in your heart for all.

> "Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
> To silence envious tongues,"

says Shakspere, who says scarcely anything that is not true and good. . . .

It 's difficult for me to keep my wits "on edge"; they 're very blunt. When your heart jumped into your throat, and you heard it beat, and saw the paper shake, you had what actors call "stage fright." It 's very terrible, but after a little experience it will not come again. I always have it, though, when I sing. By the by, I have seen silver threads among the *black*, but have not heard the song you mention.

Good night, darling. God bless you!

Papa.

Cos Cob, June 2, 1875.

Beloved Chicken:

That is what you prefer, it seems. Pardonnez papa, pour oublier les . . . dollairs. I have been so long a bankrupt that I really forgot that I had any assets or "cash on hand," and your "pin-money" quite "dis-

solved" from my "intellex." If you 'll forgive the poor, forgetful old gentleman this time, he won't do so not no more. Is my grammar quite correct? Speaking of grammar, this is *gra'ma's* birthday—seventy-one! I sent her a very pretty little straw basket filled with lovely roses (very tiny—a French rose); we have some white ones under our parlor window. The basket also contained pansies, smilax, lilies of the valley, and so forth. It was very pretty, and pleased grandma very much. She looked and felt in good health and spirits. . . . You say I have not written to you lately. Goody! Gracious me! Oh, my! I 've been doing nothing elser these parst several weeks! One of us has been dreaming, maybe. This is merely a scratch of the pen to keep the . . . dollars company, and to say God bless my daughter.

Papa.

Nov. 7, 1875.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

It is now nearly midnight,—"when half the world is in a solemn darkness hung," as *King Dick* says when the ghosts come after him at Bosworth Field. . . . The separation from you is necessarily hard, but I solace myself that the time will soon slip by, and we shall be looking back at "now" as only a little while ago, and that then, if we are good, or strive to be so, we shall enjoy a good long holiday trip together. This is the way we must look at all our crosses and disappointments; this is the secret of my being able to withstand the many misfortunes I have had. Then these mishaps become real helps to us when good fortune comes: they strengthen us to bear becomingly and with grateful hearts that which might make us selfishly forgetful of Him from whom all

blessings come. So, "be a man," and sing instead of crying. Be careful of your health, and cultivate all that is bright and joyous in your nature, so that we may chirp all the way to California, like little chippy-birds—especially *me*.

. . . Gifts are valued (or should be) for the givers' sake, not for their own, and a simple flower often conveys more pleasure to the recipient than a costly present, if given with feeling and at the proper time.

. . . . . .

Since my tobacco-scented letters brings me so near to you, this is a strong argument in favor of my naughty habit of smoking, so I 'll stick to pipe and "baccy." My engagement begins to-morrow in *Richard II.*

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1875.

. . . My forty-second birthday (yesterday) was passed (day and evening) in the theatre, with *Richelieu* and *Shylock*, two weary old boys. I hoped to have photos taken in *Richard II.*, the costumes are so beautiful, and your pop appears as a blond in that character; I will give it in Phil[a], so that you shall have a chance to behold my flaxen curls. You must read that portion of English history, so as to be a little familiar with the tragedy. My friends are enthusiastic over my performance of it. My engagement is very fine, and could be extended here, did I not wish to be with you as soon as possible. . . .

RICHMOND, VA., Jan., 1876.

'T was in this city, darling, just twenty years ago, that I first met your angel mother, who now watches

over and prays for us in heaven. Twenty years make a large gap in one's lifetime, yet they slip away very quickly, and when gone we wonder how little we have accomplished in so long a time. Be sure that you do not waste a day, that you may, twenty years hence, feel the gratification of having accomplished much good since now. My last visit here was seventeen years ago (before *you* knew me), and the people are greatly excited over my coming. Your grandfather Booth was much beloved here, and made his first appearance (in 1821) before an American audience in this city. You see, I have cause to feel much interest in Richmond. . . . Thoughtfulness is a virtue you must strive to cultivate; an anxious care for the feelings of others is productive of much happiness to ourselves as well as to those for whom we make the trifling sacrifice of a moment's comfort. Tom Hood says:

> There 's much harm wrought
> By want of thought
> As there is by want of heart,

or something to this effect; my memory retains merely the idea and jingle of the rhyme; the words may be differently set. It is surprising how happy we feel when we have caused ever so little happiness in others. "Love thyself last," Shakspere says, and what he says is about as full of solid sense as any advice which man can give.

NASHVILLE, Feb. 27, 1876.

Yesterday I climbed to the top of Lookout Mountain, and had magnificent views, far and wide, of miles of surrounding country. Much of my trip has

been through battle-fields, where are still to be seen the remnants of earth-works, etc., thrown up by the Confederates. The country all about us shows the sad effects of war, altho' ten years have passed in peace since then. You should see the crowds of idle gapers that throng the depots at my arrival, and the swarms of females (they can't be called "ladies") that crowd the hotel halls and parlors in every place. It is unpleasant for me, who hate notoriety and publicity. They point at and touch me, exclaiming to one another, "That 's him!" "That 's Booth!" To-day they tried to get on the carriage that brought me to the hotel. Policemen had to keep the crowds back for me to pass through. I suppose they mean it all in kindness, but it is very disagreeable. The night I arrived in Chattanooga I was surrounded by a "scheechy" band. I tell you, I was frightened! I should have made a speech and asked them to take a glass of wine, but I did n't; I made the hotel proprietor thank them for me. . . .

LOUISVILLE, March 12, 1876.

. . . I must tell you of our ride from Mammoth Cave, that "big hole in the ground." I shall try to relate the wonders I heard in the cavern, and describe our jog over the stones through the forest. Our guide was a bright young colored chap, who produced by his imitations of dogs, cows, etc., some fine effects of ventriloquism on our way through the cave. In pointing out to us a huge stone shaped like a coffin he would remark: "Dis is de giant's coff-in"; then, taking us to the other dilapidated side of it: "Dis is what he coughed out." Then we reached what they call down there "The Altar," where some foolish folk were married

once upon a time. "De young lady swore she nebber would marry any man on the face ob the earth, so she came down yer and got married under de face ob de earth. 'Spec' she wanted materomony inter de groun'." Then he would cry out, "Hi! John!" and we could hear the echo, as we thought, far away; then he would strike the ground with his staff, and we could hear a loud, reverberating sound, as tho' all beneath were hollow, though when any of *us* tried it, no sound would come. He had finally to own up that *he* was both cause and effect.

Frequently we found in different chambers in the cave crystallizations hanging from the rocky ceilings called "stalactites," and others rising from the ground directly beneath them, reaching up and often joining the ones from above, and forming a solid pillar from floor to roof; these latter are called "stalagmites." William, our guide (very serious all the time), remarked that "De upper ones was called stalac-*tite* 'cause dey stuck *tight* to de roof, and de odder ones stalag-*mite* — cause *dey might* reach the upper ones, and den again dey *might n't.*" A facetious and comical darky, truly! One of these columns, or pillars, had a sort of knob on it shaped like a fat dumpling face, which is named here "Lot's Wife." William said, "And she has n't done poutin' about it yet." So we went laughing at his weak jokes; for it was funny to us actors to see this fellow throwing his wit at us, and our appreciation of *his* acting made him very happy. I think I have already written about the pretty little bats that hang about the walls and roof of the cave in clusters, with heads down and mouths wide open, as if laughing in childish glee at the fun they are having in playing "upside down." As the road from the cave to the station was too rough and shaky for a carriage, I ordered two horses, the pokiest old pacers that could be obtained. . . . Away we went (M— and I) at

the rate of at least an inch a minute, through the forest, towards the station, as we supposed. Being told there were no other roads, and to leave the choice to our horses if we became confused, we felt secure. We had ridden about two miles when we concluded there were a great many *wide paths* resembling *roads* so closely that it would be well to leave the choice of one to our nags, who were traveling it daily. We did so, and of course the brutes took us far out of the way, into the forest. Going to the *right*, of course they went *wrong;* the road we *left* was *right:* so we got mixed.

Three miles farther the road disappeared, so we went back to the fork where we first diverged, and followed the original path. Finally we smelt supper afar off, just as the war-horse sniffs the battle, so our "make-believe" chargers sniffed their oats. We arrived at supper-time, and when I was asked how I felt after my "ride a slow horse to Cranberry Cross," I remarked, in mournful numbers, "I feel *sore*-ly for it." We had ridden about fourteen miles over the roughest, hardest stones, up hill and down dale. . . .

Do not be discouraged because you find your knowledge less as you grow older; it will be so until you give up the great riddle of life, and cease to guess at it, tho' you live to the age of Methuselah. I have only just discovered that I know infinitely less than nothing. So do all at forty, unless they are fools. We *all* must live and learn or *loaf* and *lose* (that word "loaf," however, is a vulgarism, used here only for the sake of alliteration; do not use it). You know I have acted *Hamlet* for many years, and many hundred times. Well, I am just learning many things that were hidden all this while in the obscurity of its wonderful depths of thought; so, when you are *365* years old, you will give up guessing "what it 's all about, anyhow." . . . As for what you say about

EDWIN BOOTH IN 1852.

your not being patient when sick, why are not all *patients sick*, and all sick people *patients?*

SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHDAY, April 23, 1876.

MY DARLINGABUS DAUGHTERIUS:

Meus am not muchabus in Latin, butere ego amo to scribet in lingo classical, ergc ego scribbleus thisabus replicationem in Latinibus exempli gratia, which, the malum inse, is a very magnum opus for tuum Pop. Yuum mustus ergo beum semper paratus tomeum encourageum in scribet verbatim et literatim, in lingo Latinum et Frenchium. Oh! Jam satis.

And therefore I will descend to vulgar Saxon. I dare say, between us, we could jabber in hog-Latin, pigeon-English, and fishy French, to the utter confusion of all the savans and linguists of the schools; but it 's jolly hard work, this brushing up of one's buried and moldy accomplishments.

When I was at Eton (I don't refer now to the dinner-table) my Greek and Latin were of such a superior quality that had it not been for an unforeseen accident I would have carried off all the honors. The accident lay in this: I never went to school there except in dreams. "How often, oh! how often" have I imagined the delights of a collegiate education! What a world of never-ending interest lies open to the master of languages!

The best translations cannot convey to us the strength and exquisite delicacy of thought in its native garb, and he to whom such books are shut flounders about in outer darkness. I have suffered so much from the lack of that which my father could easily have given me in youth, and which he himself possessed, that I am all the more anxious you shall escape my punishment in that respect; that you may not, like me, dream of those advantages which

others enjoy through any lack of opportunity or neglect of mine. Therefore, learn to love your Latin, your French, and your English grammar; standing firmly and securely on them, you have a solid foothold in the field of literature. . . .

Think how interesting it will be hereafter to refer to your journal, and see the rapid development, not only of your mind, but of your moral growth; only do not fail to record all your shortcomings; they will not stand as reproaches, but as mere snags in the tortuous river of your life, to be avoided in succeeding trips farther down the stream. They beset us all along the route, from the cradle to the grave, and if we can only see them we can avoid many rough bumps.

God bless my darling! Papa.

Dec. 9, 1879.

O MY EIGHTEENTH DAUGHTER!

How old you make your daddy feel! You see I've had to purloin some of your paper (mine 's "done gone") on which to write my congratulations, my loving hopes and "blessful" wishes for your future.

Deeming it most appropriate on your birthdays to give you (what really is your own) a memento of your mother, it was my intention to mark each year with some one little relic; but, alas! the annuals come so quickly that, few as the treasures are, you 'd be a Mrs. Methuselah (according to my count, at least) before you 'd get them all. Therefore I concluded to let you have the lot at once to-day, being now old and large enough to wear what you may consider appropriate, and to put by, as dear souvenirs, such as may be of no use or too old-fashioned for the present time. Association makes them

dearer than any I could buy for such an occasion, and the poetry of the notion pleases me better; I am sure you will appreciate the sentiment. . . .

God bless you, my daughter, and grant you very many and very, very happy returns of this day!

Your loving father.

NEW YORK, June 4, 1880.

. . . You 've been so long away that I 'm tired of writing *funny*. . . . Grandma got your letter on her birthday; I wish I had told you of the event. She was much pleased, of course, and says she will write you from the Branch, whither she goes on Wednesday. . . . It now seems years ago since I saw you, and I long to see "my old girl" again. I doubt if I shall recognize you. The thought that the change has done you good, and that you have had a jolly time, compensates me for the separation. Strange, I did not miss you much at first, but as the days passed on, I began to fidget, and wonder where you were, and so forth. Now, is n't it queer that such an old pump as I should be worrying about a mere girl? I ought to be ashamed of *your*self! Nothing has yet been done towards getting ready for our departure. I hope that nothing will prevent it. My wits have been worried over the breakfast,[1] and the speech I must make. It is probable that McEntee's pictures of me will be hung about the walls during the feast. I hope so. Mr. Bispham spoke of them to-night. . . . I felt like letting you know that you also had an old pop that sometimes thinks of his darlin' darter. . . . Bless you! From papa.

1 This referred to a farewell breakfast which was given to my father at Delmonico's prior to his sailing for Europe.

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HARTFORD, CONN., Feb'y 17, 1885.

DARLING DAUGHTER:

I have this moment arrived from New Haven — telegraphed you from there this morning; a pleasant ride. Prof. Weir was with me at the theatre all evening, and he promised to breakfast with me at ten this morning. . . . We went to his studio, thence to his house, where I stayed till one o'clock with his family. . . . Hoped to see you, and all sent lots of loving messages to you. The plays went finely, and the house was full in spite of the terrific storm. I get a certainty, so do not know the amount of money taken. The legislature is in session, and the good rooms of this hotel are filled: the one prepared for me was worn and shabby, and so I asked for a larger one, and here I am writing you while the fire is being made and my dinner prepared. My hands are a little stiff with cold, and my desk is the bureau for the nonce. . . . Here is my dinner, so I 'll stop awhile. Bye-bye!

After dinner.

Field came as I was "topping off" with cold mince-pie, and talked business for two hours; now he is gone, and H— is setting out my toilet articles. It is four o'clock, and after I finish this I 'll nap it till cup o' tea time. So much for pop; now for my girl. How are she? I hoped to find a letter here, but p'raps 't is yet too previous, as the classicists say. Remember, you must send your letters ahead, calculating by the list of dates and places that you have. I hope, my darling, that you are well, and not worrying about me. My time is whirled away by travel and acting, you know, and you must occupy yours by attention to your health and daily exercise. . . . Before I nap I want to scribble a few lines to mother, dear old soul; I intended to do so before I left. The brick-dark

head waiter here welcomed me with a hearty shake of the hand, and kind enquiries after you. Fraternal fiend! Being alone here takes me back twenty-five years, when I was your mother's sweetheart, and used to sit thus scribbling to her. I can't write so many letters now, however, as I then did. I 'll write as often as my nerves will let me, but will wire you every day.

God bless my girl!

Papa.

PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1885.

O MY DAUGHTER!

Your dear letter was on my table with the "radicks" and eggs this morning, and, having played upon my morning pipe, I now sit to answer it. Darling, I do not, I cannot, allow my mind to dwell on the fact that we must be parted.[1] The pain of it will be enough when it comes, yet I am confident — like a bitter draught — it will have a wholesome effect. . . . I feel a strengthening faith in Ignatius's ability to make your life what I would have it — a sunny, cheerful, homely contentment. God bless you both!

I am in a delightful, cozy room in a small hotel, very "uppy," and yet modest. The walls have fine pictures on them; the mantel is bric-a-brac'd, and the "toot and tumble" is very homelike, and the food is good.

I opened to a very large and enthusiastic house, and acted well. Am rather tired this morning, but well.

My sole caller was young Furness, yesterday, who goes back to Boston to-day. His father will see me this afternoon, and coax me to dine with him Sunday. He says most affectionately that we *must* see something of each other during this brief visit. Now, what am I to do? I

[1] This refers to my approaching marriage.

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find that the only Sunday train that I can take for New York leaves at eight o'clock, which would necessitate rising at six, and after the double performance of Saturday I would be loathe to leave my bed so early. Still, it won't kill me much; I 'll make up my mind in a day or two. I 'm glad you went to Johnson, and I do hope he will succeed in satisfying me with the portrait. . . . I must go out while here, for the chambermaid can't have the rooms otherwise, curtains being the dividing partition of my bedroom and parlor. So, as the day is bright, and 't is growing late, I 'll go, and let her come.

My love to Ignatius, with a thousand blessings from your loving Pop.

PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1885.

DARLING:

I rec'd your second letter at breakfast-time: it is full of goodness; I do not think that I can answer it to-day, but while dinner is preparing I scribble a very brief acknowledgment. If Ignatius and I were both absent from you at the same time it might tax you sorely to provide us both with love-letters. Perhaps he 'd be jealous if he read mine. Bless you!

Last night the house was again crowded, and audience very demonstrative, and I think I acted even better than the first night. The people seemed to be far more demonstrative than any that I 've acted to elsewhere. . . . Have just returned from a visit to Furness, who was out; but by agreement I sat in his library and smoked his pipe. His father[1] (whom I never met before) came in and chatted awhile, and then the eldest son. While I was there Furness called *here* and left his skull,[2] which I shall use to-

[1] The Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness, the Unitarian divine, who is still preaching at the advanced age of ninety-two.

[2] A skull in the possession of Mr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia.

night. This skull has been used by all the great actors since Kean. There being some doubt as to my having ever used it, we will make it sure to-night.

It is now raining very hard, and 't is very warm. The "Clover Club," which meets in this hotel, invites me to appear at their board to-morrow at five; but I cannot accept, of course, but may drop in on them after the play. Furness also begs me to visit the "Penn Club" with him some night after the play; he wants me to pass Sunday with him, but spoke of the morning, not evening. God bless you! I hope all goes well at the house. Love to all, from your dear old Pop.

PHILADELPHIA, April 14, 1885.

MY DARLING INFANT:

I rec'd both yours and Ignatius's pleasant letters. Tell him that this must serve as his answer, or rather acknowledgment, as well as yours, for I really grow more incapable of the task. I should *labor*, for such indeed has writing become. His letter is full of a true, manly, loving sentiment that I would have my daughter's husband feel for her and for her father, and I am happy in the conviction that it is the sincere and genuine expression of a sacred love. May God bless it. May he strengthen and preserve it through a long and happy life—through all eternity.

Now, granny, I am not going to spend much time with you to-day, for I arose very late, having sat up with *Othello* till nearly daylight, it being my moody time for keeping faith with Furness on the Shakspere subject, and at such times, when I begin, I can't stop till I have had my say. . . . At Furness's Sunday there came a marvelous man, Keller, the magician, who yesterday gave Furness and me a private exhibition of his exposé of spiritualism, the

most astounding performance I ever beheld. Had he not assured us that 't was all a trick, both Furness and I could not but have believed it supernatural. Furness is one of a committee formed for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of "spiritualism," with more than half a hope to prove its truth, and I want him to see Mrs. Thaxter's friend in Boston. Keller, however,—so far as physical manifestations go,—has settled the question, unless he, as spiritualists declare, is a medium, and calls his "wonders" tricks for mere money-making. I don't believe it; I think he is honest, and yet I 've had such strange experiences in that direction that I 'm inclined to accept almost everything that savors of mystery as supernatural.

I am to speak a speech 4th of May at the Art Museum about Poe — no escape for me! Pity and pray for me! Bye-bye; love to all. God bless you! Papa.

HOME, BOSTON, Friday, April 15, 1885.

DARLING:

I went to Haverhill at five o'clock. Acted there in a very large, very fine, and very crowded theatre. . . . Everywhere thus far the houses are large and filled to overflowing. I get a certainty, so do not know what the receipts are, . . . but I am satisfied, although I do all the work. . . .

The hotel at Haverhill is the worst this side of the Rocky Mountains. Dirt and food unfit for hyenas. This is no mawkish, fussy, old womanish complaint; the dirt was *real* this time. No carpets were on the halls and stairs, and the noise all night and early morning was jolly. When I saw my clothes this morning I understood why the halls and stairs were bare; the carpets had *crawled away!* And I 've no doubt that my clothes

would have disappeared if I had not secured them in the dawning of this blessed day. All the companies stopped at the same house, and they agreed that the food was uneatable and the accommodations beastly. However, I am cozily fixed before our Franklin, writing of past horrors with perfect peace at heart. . . .

Before I leave Haverhill—forever, I hope!—I must tell you of a curious little incident that occurred this morning. The porter came for my trunk, and while my back was toward him he exclaimed: "My! How fat ye 've got since I see yer last! An' how 's Miss Edwina? Have n't seen her since I held her in my arrums; and ah, but she had a nice gurrel for a nurse!" I looked at the party, but could not recognize him. . . .

I got your letters late last night, but fearing that my answer may not reach New York before you leave tomorrow, I shall not mail it, but leave it here for you. I start for Providence at 3:30, and will leave there Sunday morning about eight, getting here to breakfast about ten o'clock. . . . I would not have had you on the tour with me for worlds, and I am told that the next week's tour is worse, so far as theatres and hotels are concerned. I 've known much rougher work, but of late years I 've been too comfortable to appreciate this sort of thing. . . .

My theory of marriage is mental affinity: hearts may be joined, *truly so*, but if the intellectual sympathy is not perfect, no real happiness can result. The *Friar* says to *Romeo* and *Juliet:* "These violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumphs die." Be sure that "the marriage of true minds" only is the perfect marriage. Between you two I have every reason to believe that mind, and not heart alone, has influenced you, and I look forward with confidence to a blessed partnership of life's joys and sorrows. . . . Goodness, gentleness, protection,

will satisfy the heart, and he possesses these qualities, you are assured; I also believe it. . . .

God bless you — bless you both! I am in great haste now, for I 've dined since I began this, as I leave at 3:30. . . . God's blessings on thee! Papa.

NEW YORK, Sunday, May 24, 1885.

MY DARLING:

Since I left you Wednesday[1] I have been in a daze — every one endeavoring to prevent me from loneliness, and doing in pure kindness everything to prevent what I most wish to do. . . . Worse than all, I missed writing to you by yesterday's mail. I forgot the date, and delayed too long. A note from D— told me she had written, and I realized how thoughtless I had been. I must cable you to-morrow, but, unfortunately, I left my code in Boston, and I shall therefore defer my return home till Tuesday. . . . I got your message from Sandy Hook. Darling, I can't tell you just how I feel — the separation has been a wrench to my nerves; but when in the midst of my selfishness the thought comes of your happiness and the good that will come to you, I cease to grieve, and somehow enjoy your pleasures as if I were with you.

In a few days I shall be at work, I hope, with *Shylock*, for Furness, and I shall endeavor to keep myself interested in such work. . . . I feel confident that Ignatius will watch over your health and be very careful of you in every way.

May God bless and guard you both! Until I know that you are safe beyond the icebergs and other sea dangers I cannot be quite at rest. The terrible escape of the

[1] This refers to my departure for Europe on my wedding-trip.

Berlin from destruction a few days ago has of course increased my fears. . . . God grant that by Thursday next I shall have good news from you. Poor grandma worries over me, of course. I shall come here in two weeks and help her move, and stay with Bispham for a few days.

God bless you, darling! Enjoy prudently all that your new life and travel offer, and come back to old pop rosy with health and happiness.

Love to I. and a kiss for my girl. Papa.

BOSTON, May 29, 1885.

MY DARLING:

To-day I got your cablegram from Southampton. Heard yesterday afternoon that your ship had been seen near Southampton, so I got the good news before the evening press could publish it. I was relieved of great anxiety, for of late, within the week, several terrible escapes from icebergs and one collision with great loss of life have occurred. Now I am more at ease, and feel quite cheerful. . . .

Warren[1] got my invitation too late, and came about four to smoke and stop to tea. He is now napping on my bed while I write, and at seven I expect Aldrich to return and tea with us. The following Saturday I will go to New York to help mother move, to stop with Bispham while there; the following week, June 15, I shall open house at "Boothden." I have invited all the folks, and they are delighted to come some time during the summer. With so many callers, and the visits I hope and have promised to make, the summer will slip very quickly, I hope, till you return, which will be really *my*

[1] The late Mr. William Warren of Boston.

summer. . . . Tuesday I am to have a talk with Field about next season, which I hope will end satisfactorily.

Every morning I find myself on the verge of asking if daughter is up yet, or if she has had her breakfast in her room, and frequently during the day I am about to call you: at night I seem to feel that you 're up-stairs in bed, while I sit here in my den reading or writing, and am less lonely, being so accustomed to sit here late by myself; through the day, of course, I can find many things to distract and occupy my thoughts. Now that you are safe over the sea, and the worst (my coming home) is over, I am as jolly as a shoe-brush. You must think of me as being anxious only to receive long letters from you by every convenient mail, and not at all lonesome.

Love to I. God bless you, my dearest. . . . God guide and guard you! Everything is lovely here; the vines and trees, the birds and grass, and the delicious temperature, make Boston delightful now. If I had n't "Boothden" I 'd stay here in preference, and merely visit now and then for a change. I enclose a few letters; many others that have come are evidently cards, which are hardly worth sending you.

God bless you both! Papa.

"BOOTHDEN," June 28, 1885.

DARLING:

To begin: my pen is stiff and rusty—now I 'll proceed. I have been missing you very much, . . . but your letters and messages prevent my being very selfish, so I manage to keep my mind employed with the dear thought of your happiness, and the anticipation of "daughter's return." There must be a letter or cablegram in Boston for me, which I hope to receive to-morrow. . . . To-day

we started for a walk along our shore, but as we were approaching Huntington's the rain fell in torrents, and we took shelter at last in the fisherman's hut, till we could get home without a drenching. Home and change of garments succeeded, and as it is still raining, all are reading except me, who am struggling with this pale ink. . . .

To my wish they have brought me two long and most delightful letters from Ischl (that 's a terrible spell of it!). Your descriptions are very interesting, and make me wish I were with you. I presume you will not go to Italy. Why not try the little house in Clarges St., London? There are several such cozy places in that street; I forget the number, and the name of the people. The articles you sent have not yet arrived. . . . I 'll take good care of the photos — such careful care that, as usual, I 'll not be able to find them when needed. . . . I can't give you much of detailed account of my daily doings, for I have fallen into the bad habit of sleeping until noon, sometimes, and again after dinner; consequently the days slip by without any event worth recording.

In September I 'm expecting the return of my married daughter from Europe. David and his lady companion Miss Fanny [our horses], have both sore backs, and can't be used, so I 'm reduced to one horse for a while. Luckily I have no guests this week — At this point H. called, and has gabbled an hour about lawn tennis, which he wishes me to play with his daughter to-morrow ("No, sir; no, sir; no, siree — sir; no, sir!) and I talked telephone and macadamizing the road to him — he is eager for both. . . . I must tea with Bishop Clark and Mrs. Sturtevant some day this week.

Have sailed but three times this season; horsebacked once, and that once was more like labor than fun, and so I gave it up. See your venerable papa now behind a pile of letters and bills, scowling at them, and promising

to attend to them *to-morrow* — "to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow!" . . .

If you were here, despite the jolly times you are enjoying at Ischl and in the Tyrol, I think you would be happy, for, now the fog and heat are gone, it is indeed a paradise, full of calm, and all that is restful. If any purchaser comes on such a day, I 'll not sell despite the care of keeping such a place. My wrist aches, and I must quit for a while.

Love to both of you. God bless you!

Papa.

"Boothden," Newport, July 27, 1885.

When I rec'd your despatch, asking if I were ill, I was at the telegraph-office in town, and had not my code-key with me; therefore, I cabled you in full. . . .

The Barretts (Lawrence and Milly) had a splendid time, and I enjoyed their visit. In my last, I think, I told you of the surprise party. . . . After the 1st of August, Aldrich will come, and Mrs. D— wants me before the 6th or after the 11th, and I 'm afraid that I 've snarled things, as usual, by inviting folks here just at those dates. Must look over your letter again before I continue this; it is just after breakfast, and I write by way of getting my hand in while a fly is persistently investigating the tympanum of my right ear. For a day or two, here, the heat was intense; very thick fog one day only, thus far. . . .

I have great difficulty in keeping my glasses on, and you cannot imagine how hard it is to write (or read) without eyes — at least with eyes that tumble out of their sockets every other moment, and get so blurred that when they do stay in place for a while, 't is difficult to see with them. I must get a pair of old-style spectacles, that will keep their place.

The summer has flown quickly. I have missed you very much; but being half the time in a sort of daze, the weeks have gone into months without my being aware of their flight, or without any particular enjoyment of their passage. From this you may suppose I have not been lonely. I often wish that I had some vacant space, some little *lonely* time to myself, for as it is, I have been in a whirl, as it were. Everything here is lovely. . . .

Newport is not very lively. 'T is not "chic" to visit the casino, this summer; next year, perhaps, 't will be all the rage. Ignatius did right to prevent your being salted, and you were very proper in not donning the miners' costume.[1] I am so glad that your health keeps good, and that all is so bright and happy for you. God grant it may be so ever!

I think I have told you more particulars about the place in former letters. It is lovelier than ever; the rooms in the laundry are good-sized and comfortable, and the girls like them; in the boat-house are also two small bedrooms for W— and his wife. . . . Have sailed but thrice this summer. . . . I 'm sorry that I can't give you such long and interesting letters as you send me; "years and years ago," I delighted in scribbling long (but, I fear, not interesting) letters to many friends, but now it is a labor to write the briefest epistle, and I forgive I—, C—, J—, and A— for their neglect of my letters. I have replied to quite a number, lately, by wire, rather than to write. But you must not lessen yours to me, for I 'm glad to receive such good ones as you send. . . .

I am now tired of my cramped position, and my brain is run dry; have told you all the gossip that I know. . . . Adieu, my daughter! God bless you! I shall probably know this evening where you are, in reply to my cable-

1 This refers to a visit to the salt-mines in Salzburg.

gram. Dear love for you both. I enclose a little flower from our garden, and a leaf of lemon verbena.

God bless! Cable from Geneva just come.

Papa.

"BOOTHDEN," NEWPORT, 1885.

I intended to write a page at Cohasset before I got here, but 't is difficult to do anything when visiting, and so two days have slipped from me. The photos caught me there, and the one good one is, I think, the best I 've seen of you. . . . The views of Pesth came yesterday, and a message from Innsbruck has also come. . . .

Last night we three were bathing in the moonlight, about nine o'clock, when a wagon-load of folks came up. . . . A jolly surprise party. . . . Jefferson has sent me a huge salmon from Canada, killed and smoked by himself. This will not be half so long a letter as I intended. When I can be alone for a few days, I will go over your letters, and try to make mine more of an answer; but while I have guests, and am visiting, it seems impossible to write a decent letter. My next go will be to the D—'s, and they 'll come here. I have really had no quiet or rest at all; thus far it has been excitement all the time. . . . The heat has been terrific in the cities; here we have a breeze most of the time. I must close now for want of time. . . . God bless and guard you! Love for both.

Papa.

"BOOTHDEN," August 24, 1885.

DARLING:

I have just reread your letters of August 1, 5, 6, and 8 — the last from Paris. . . . I naturally concluded that you hurried away from Paris, but your letter

disproves that. It may be that a letter from you will come to-morrow. . . .

Launt Thompson's head of the Saviour has been put into faïence and colored in Florence, and he will give one to be placed in the chapel under your window. . . .

This may not reach you until after you reach London. I 'll write again, and send to the *Eider* s. s., which you will take at Southampton, I fancy. . . .

My arrangement with Barrett is a year off; 't is to be a *farewell* tour of the West and South only. . . .

The pet duckling will be cooked and eaten long before you get home, I fear; they don't play ducklings very long.

I am sorry this is so short and so dry a letter, but it is the best I can do in return for your long and very interesting ones. If you should not get another at Southampton, don't feel disappointed, for unless I am in the mood for it, writing is an impossibility to me.

I am counting the days between us now — not the weeks or months any more. To-day next month I hope to have you here, if not earlier. Your ship should arrive about the 20th, I think. God bless you, dearest! Love to both. Y'r loving papa.

339 West 23d Street,
New York, Oct. 22, 1885.

Darling:

Poor grandma passed away at three this morning. I did not arrive till seven. How strange that it should be my lot always in such cases to arrive too late! The dear one looks better and more cheerful and much younger than she has appeared for years. . . . The doctor, yesterday, did not think it necessary to send for me then. She fell into a stupor about 7:30 last night, and died so

at three. Mrs. Anderson came, and is now gone for her minister to hold services at four o'clock Friday. I have sent word to Baltimore to have all ready for the burial in father's grave, if possible, on Saturday afternoon.

Although this is a sad blow to me, I have been prepared a long time for it, and the knowledge of her release from suffering is a comfort. 'T is for poor Rose[1] I feel most anxious. She has just sighed, barely loud enough for me to hear, "I wish I was gone, too." Poor, poor soul! I must now arrange something for her. I am waiting for the doctor and the embalmers; I can't endure the idea of placing the body on ice.

I managed to sleep pretty well last night, and was not at all fatigued. You must not be anxious for me in the least. I am well, and accept this sorrow with calmness. 'T is my nature to be always expecting Death, and when he comes, he does not much surprise me. Besides, I have always regarded the "change" as a blessing rather than a loss. God bless you, darling!

Papa.

BALTIMORE, November 17, 1885.

DARLING:

I am about going to dine with Gilmer Meredith, to meet the Rev. Mr. Kirkus, who called on me at Newport. This is the only free day I have had or will have while here. I cannot keep my promises to others than M—, for I am very tired, and *Hamlet* to-night. . . . Business is very fine, and I am in good sort for my work; but I feel the reaction greatly. . . . I wrote twenty letters Sunday, and was interrupted by as many callers; consequently several letters were left unanswered. It is clear and

[1] Rosalie Booth, my father's maiden sister, who lived with her mother in unselfish devotion to the end of her days.

coolish; wear my ulster and my winter underclothes, but 't is very pleasant weather. I have just torn out a few notices from papers. I think the "T—" said I was entertaining friends on my birthday. "Teddy"[1] and I were alone all day after rehearsal, and "napped" together from 4:30 till 6:30.

Keep well. God bless you! I shall be in New York Sunday night, I hope. Love to both.

Papa.

BALTIMORE, January 16, 1886.

DEAR DAUGHTER:

I left Phila. at eleven this A. M., and reached here by 2:30. My intention was to write you at once, and answer several other letters that have been held over for a week past. . . . 'T is now six o'clock and quite dark; by this delay my letter may miss to-night's mail, and you 'll not get it till Tuesday. I have two of your letters since I wrote you. I was last night wondering if I 'd ever hear again from McEntee, so many months have passed since I wrote to him; I don't know what put him into my mind. On my arrival to-day the only letter I rec'd was from him. . . . It is full of jollity and hope, and he confesses that he is happy and contented. . . . The two weeks ended last night with large houses at matinée and night. Dining every day at Furness's, and my nap after getting back to the hotel, prevented me from writing as often as I should have done from Phila. . . .

As for my future, I presume it will be spent in work as long as my harness lasts. I give no thought to it; occupation will be the best for me, and work seems to agree with me nowadays. I shall be contented if you are permanently and comfortably settled in cozy quarters and keep your health. I 've had ugly dreams about the

[1] Meaning himself.

baby of late, but your letter proves the truth of the old saying that "dreams go by contraries." I 'm glad she 's getting on so well. I hope you will see "Rienzi." I want to know something of its success, etc.; Barrett will be delighted to send you a box, I know. . . . To-morrow I shall visit mother's grave at Greenmount. It has been quite warm for several days past; very little sign of snow here. . . . My health is good except my cold in the head and occasional headaches. God bless you both!

Papa.

PHILADELPHIA, Sunday, 1886.

My first week closed last night with two tremendous houses. The matinée ("Hamlet") had the largest crowd ever in this large theatre. *Sir Giles* at night tired me pretty well, and I 've passed the morning in bed. At three I am to dine with Furness, and I expect to remain there all the evening. He is very hard at work, and says he must work as long as he lives. . . . I am too sleepy and stupid to write sense, and scribble merely to keep you assured that I am well and don't forget you. I hope it is the same with you, dear daughter. C— saw me last night regarding the Salvini business. I have no doubt that it will be carried out. The main point is the company. I want a *great* "cast," if it be possible to get one. He has written to Gilbert for *Brabantio*, *Polonius*, etc., and to Agnes Booth for *Amelia*, the *Queen*, etc., Marie Wainwright for *Ophelia* and *Desdemona*. If we can get strong names, the press and public will be satisfied. The idea is to play "Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello" four times in New York, then four in Boston, and close here with four performances; the fourth in each case being a matinée. *No free list;* so you must be prepared to shell out your "shekels"—$5.00 per ticket. I to play *Ham-*

let; Salvini, the *King* or the *Ghost;* Salvini, *Lear;* and I, *Edgar;* he, *Othello;* and I, *Iago.* The performances will not be half as well given as with an ordinary cast; but the world will think differently. . . . Frank says that stage hands and "little people" of the theatres ask him for souvenirs of me, in the way of tights, ornaments, etc., as —— used to give them. . . . By the by, I came near having a German scene in New York the last night of my engagement.[1] I always give the carpenters, supers, etc., a present when I leave a town, and on that occasion I "embraced" the girls in my donation; their gratitude was so profuse that I feared they would "embrace" *me* before I could get to my room. Poor creatures, they are badly paid, and have a hard time.

My time is waning, and I must go to Furness. I have written much more than I thought I could, and if my pen was not like a pin, I could keep it up, had I time.

God bless you! I naturally feel anxious for you, but will not allow myself to worry so long as you write often and give such good report of your condition. Now I must hurry. Good-bye. Love to both.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1886.

DEAR DAUGHTER:

. . . I wrote and mailed a letter to you Sunday. The great event[2] came off last night, and all went well. The house was not packed; not so much money, either, as Ristori and I had for "Macbeth": we had $5000; last night but $3600. The prices are too high. I could get but a couple of little boxes, 'way up-stairs, however, as I was told everything else was sold; so I presume specu-

1 This refers to the enthusiasm shown by actors and actresses toward my father when acting in Germany.

2 My father and Salvini acted together as *Iago* and *Othello* at the Academy of Music.

lators had a lot. If so, they were *stuck*. I believe the demand is greater to-day; perhaps the Easter festivities at other places in town hurt us. The papers are (all that I have seen) very enthusiastic. I will send the notices.

I am so glad that you are still improving, that baby is better. . . .

This beastly blue water (hotel ink) is difficult to write with. Rain and cold yesterday and to-day. . . .

NEW YORK, Sunday, 1886.

. . . My engagement here is ended, and to-morrow I go to Philadelphia. I have been busy all day settling accounts with T—, and getting my odds and ends together. Yesterday I had a letter from you, and hope to find another at the hotel to-morrow or Tuesday. A blizzard raised "Antique Henry" with business the last two nights, and I am still shivering while I write. I 've had a most curious experience with *Brutus* ("Julius Cæsar"), with which I closed my engagement. Having so recently acted it (seven times), and with such success, I gave myself no concern about it, but when I found myself on the stage I could not recall more than a few lines of my speech throughout the play. I made a "mess" of it, and yet I was in excellent condition, otherwise. It mortified me extremely, for I calculated on that part to give a satisfactory close to my engagement. The matinée and last night's performance of the part were better, but I had had a scare, and it "took the *act* out of me." . . . There is a report here that you are very ill, but your frequent letters assure me to the contrary, and I do not let it worry me. . . .

NEW YORK, Sunday P. M., 1886.

. . . I failed to write to you Friday on account of a long and tiresome rehearsal of "Hamlet," and therefore tele-

graphed you yesterday, to let you know that I was well, and telling you not to mind the scandal published about me. I hope you saw Bispham's letter in the "Tribune," which was true in every particular, and also A—'s kind note to the "Post." Other papers flew to my rescue, and consequently I thought it best to hold my tongue, or my pen, rather. As for the vertigo, that is exaggerated. I was dizzy from the effects of dyspepsia, and being *jerked* up from the stage by Salvini, who let me go before I had regained my footing, I stumbled on my heels, and a rent in the carpet laid me flat on my back. That was all of it. The same thing has happened to me before—in *Hamlet* once, in *Romeo* once, and on other occasions. I am very weak on my poor little pins, and the least inequality on the stage will make me totter—as I did the very next performance in the "play scene" of "Hamlet."

It 's an infamous thing that one's reputation should be at the mercy of a set of scoundrels.

Hamlet, Friday, and *Iago*, yesterday, drew great houses, and the applause for me was tremendous. I took Salvini and his son to the club last night, where they met many who spoke Italian, and they had a splendid time. There were many of the best people there, who all came to me with cordial expressions of sympathy, but of course the slander is on the wing, and I must live it down, as I have done before in many cases. . . . I am so glad, darling, that you and baby are getting on so nicely.

Salvini is not a brute, but very gentle, kind, and modest. I like him exceedingly, and, taken his view of *Othello*, his acting is superb. His *Ghost* was tender, majestic, and very picturesque. . . . S— refused $2000 to play an extra night.

Bispham came home with me from the club last night, and read aloud my sketches of Booth and Kean, which are now ready for the press. He was delighted with them, and I confess that I was gratified and rather sur-

prised. There are two or three errors, however, which must be corrected, and Hutton is coming to-night to talk them over. The errors, I am proud to say, are not mine. . . . It is unfortunate that the publication of my sketches must be delayed until the fall. Their appearance just now would help my cause, for in each of them I refer to the brutal censure of sick actors, or whenever an accident befalls them, while other brain-workers are excused on the ground of overwork and nervous prostration. . . . I go to Philadelphia in the morning. Anthony says that the reason he sent so little "asparagrass" is that he sent all there was! A very good reason.

Love and a spank from

Grandpa.

COHASSET, MASS., August 4, 1886.

. . . I was beginning to feel a little anxious about you, not having heard from you as early as I expected, when your letter came. I have been here since the cruise, and shall stay awhile longer, going to Boston now and then for a few hours. I may go this afternoon. . . .

I shall be at Newport during the last week of this month; the following week must be spent in New York at rehearsals. I hope the sudden change has not affected you or baby—it was like winter yesterday and is quite cool enough to-day. . . . I saw no one at the "Shoals"; did not go ashore till sundown, and tried to keep unknown; but a woman on the ferry-boat which took me from Appledore to the other island where the yacht was moored recognized me, and she no doubt told everybody at the hotel before she went to bed that night. Several idiotic stories have been in print regarding the cruise—all false and unfunny. One was that Barrett fell overboard, and I jumped after him, and we were both fished out of

the water by Robson and Crane with a boat-hook, etc. Barrett's brother took it seriously, and wrote a letter of congratulation before we had seen the article. In a few days I will have the printed route, and will of course send you one.

This is about the jolliest household I know of. Barrett and his girls and two boys are full of romp and laugh all day until bedtime; they ride, row, sail, and play tennis every day. 'T is a very happy family, and they have a cozy little home here. Love to both, and kisses for baby.

Papa.

DETROIT, Sept. 19, 1886.

'T is just thirty years ago that I began writing to your dear mother, generally after the play, and always on Sunday, just as I have been, and am now, writing to you. It seems very strange and mysterious to me; as though I had lived all those years right on in the same rut without interruption; and yet how many changes have occurred during that interval! I presume you are in Boston now. . . .

My first week closed last night. The business here was good, not great. Many people are out of employment; there are too many cheap theatres; my prices were higher than usual, and several storms interfered with play-goers. I expect better return, henceforth. Last night I rec'd the photos of "Boothden" that you send from Franconia. The mill view is excellent. Why not take the baby? I sat to a photographer Friday, but the proofs are horrid.

To-morrow, at nine o'clock, I take a short trip to Bay City. . . . My health is excellent; I sleep and eat well, and smoke first-rate. I hope all but the last is the case with you. . . . The leading lady, a young and tolerably

pretty German girl, is very good, and will become an excellent actress. Kiss baby.

CHICAGO, October 9, 1886.

. . . Yours of 7th, acknowledging mine from St. Paul, came last night. I am glad to know that baby has begun to crawl; don't put her on her feet too soon; consider her legs *à la bow*. . . . I closed my first week here with two enormous houses. A hard week's work has greatly tired me. The houses have been overcrowded all the week, and every seat is sold for the balance of my engagement. I dine to-night with the Dunlaps, relatives of Jefferson and Warren. . . . Warren always spends his summers with them. Jefferson called and left with me the MS. of his reminiscences, which he has been writing. So far as he has written it, it is intensely interesting and amusing, and well written in a free and chatty style; it will be the best autobiography of any actor yet published if he continues it in its present form. I sent you some book notices from Hutton's clippings for me. . . . In the article I send to-day you will see that I am gently touched on the point of the "old school"; my reference was not to the "old style" of acting, but the old stock theatre as a school—where a beginner had the advantage of a great variety of experience in farces, as well as tragedies and comedies, and a frequent change of program. There is no "school" now; there is a more natural "style" of acting, perhaps, but the novice can learn nothing from long runs of a single play. The notices of my sketches have been invariably encouraging, and the praises of my acting immense. . . . I sent a curious card to baby engraved with an ordinary penknife. . . . My Swiss waiter and the chef from Delmonico's at this charming hotel almost weep because I eat so little. My waiter says: "Ah, Misser Boo, Madame M— is a verra nice ladee,

like you. She do not eat, but she smoke all time—cigarettes; but she is quiet, nice ladee." He was worried because the "machinery" did n't work well during some of the scenes one night, and at supper, after the play, he abused "de missionary dat vos not goodt dere." I thought he referred to the domonies in the hotel, of whom I told you. I am as anxious as you are to see the book with these sketches. I presume the publishers have sent a copy to Boston. . . . My windows look out upon the lake, and were it not for the railroad which runs along its shore, the prospect would be charming; the noise and sometimes the smoke are rather objectionable. The city is as crowded as New York, and is very beautiful in architecture. Now I must stop, for a dozen letters are open before me, most of which must be answered to-day. . . .

Professor Swing has not called, but has been at the play several times. God bless you! Love to all. Pinch Mildred for grandpa.

CHICAGO, October 15, 1886.

. . . I could not write as I promised either after the play or the next day, I was so very tired. The heat has been intense, and the theatre so oppressive, that last night (*Richard III.*) I thought I would collapse several times. To-day it rained and the wind is howling; I suppose we shall have a freezing-spell now. Found a copy of my "book" here: compared with Asia's[1] remarks on father I think mine very poor; but the sketches have been pretty well praised, and as nobody but a few friends will ever read them, it 's all right. . . . Jefferson came with more of his MS. yesterday, which was even more inter-

[1] My father's sister, Mrs. John S. Clarke, who had written a life of their father, Junius Brutus Booth.

esting than the first chapters. I start Sunday by special train, to avoid night travel, at 10:30 A. M., for St. Louis. I am loath to leave this hotel, where everything has been so comfortable and *homey;* I 'm afraid I shall not have such pleasant quarters again, tho' doubtless I will find much gilded discomfort: the hotels are, all through the West, marvelous in their show. Am in those all day to answer letters, of which I have a deskful. I hope baby is not suffering. . . . The coming man, 't is said, will have neither teeth nor hair. Blessed coming man! Love to all. God bless you!

Papa.

[*Written by Mr. Booth to his granddaughter, seven and a half months old.*]

NEW YORK, November 13, 1886.

MY DEAR LITTLE "GOO-A-GOO":

Until I found your sweet reminder, I had not thought how old I really am. Fifty-three—just think of it! And try to imagine how you will look and feel when you catch up to me, and your little granddaughter reminds you of the fact that you are older than you are at present; and make an extra endeavor to recall your grandad when he was no bigger and no older than you. Ain't it funny to think of? Lots of folk have seen your pretty little paper-weight, and I 've shown them your picture, "baby on the half-shell," just ready to be peppered and salted and swallowed. Mrs. B— and Mrs. H— came home full of your praises, and say that your mama is a cunning little house-keeper. . . . Your old fifty-three grandpa has not been very well the past week, but is all right now, although his head ached all day, much as it did the day he was born. Many folks have sent me lots of lovely flowers; the room is fully decorated with them; besides baskets of fruit, jellies, and good things, also a poem, which you can read

quite as intelligently as I—I don't quite get the "hang of it." One anonymous lady sent me a tapioca pudding; perhaps she thought you were here.

I shall keep quiet on my pillows all day to-morrow, because the doctor says my "*ittle tummy*" must not be tired by sitting up or walking until Monday night, when my work will begin again.

I have sat up quite awhile over this, for I wanted to make it small and neat to fit you, and as it is very warm, and my head still aches, and my fifty-three eyes are quite dim, I must say goo-ni-a-gee pretty soon.

You and I eat just the same kind of food—plain milk mostly, only you take it from a bottle, which I 've given up; it 's a bad habit. Now bye-bye, ba-bee.

With kisses for mama and oo, and love for all.

Grandpa.

NEW YORK, November, 1886.

. . . I have just rec'd your letter with slips inclosed. . . .

My reception was great last night, and a better house. I send you a lot of notices from yesterday's papers. . . . The weather is lovely, but too warm for acting. Barrett and I are going to try a double-team spurt next season; act together on a short tour. . . .

A— sends word that all goes well, but the "hens ain't a-doin' much in the egg line." I shall tell him to feed 'em on "egg-plant." It 's in one sense well that baby shows her will power, but she should be taught early that hers must be subservient to her parents' and elders', otherwise she 'll cause much regret. You can't begin too early to teach children who is "boss," particularly female babies. As in womanhood, they presume a great deal on their sex.

Your idea of the album for Mildred is excellent, but I do not think there are photos of me in character, except *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, and *Iago*.

If the book with my sketches of Kean and father has arrived, and you still have the article that I sent from "The Evening Post," October 30, paste the letter inside the front cover of the book, and add the name and date of the paper; it will add interest to the volume. My dinner is coming, and I must hurry up with this, as it is later than I usually dine. . . . Newspaper reports from Boston say that Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet* has captured the town, etc. I believe that I follow him there, but at another theatre, if he is still there, as I think he will be during my first week. Have not yet seen the great statue,[1] which I want to see, and must, before I leave New York.

I think that 's about all I have on board. I hope you are well and that baby has not yet eaten the bottle. I am very glad that your housekeeping gives you no care.

Love for all. God bless you!

Papa.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,
Sunday night, March 5, 1887.

. . . I have just wired you of my safe arrival between five and six this evening, having hired a special engine to bring me here last night after the play, instead of taking the regular train to-day, and risking delay and the great fatigue of acting to-morrow night after several hours' journey. Your letter of February 28 was here in answer to mine from Houston, "on board the car." I hope to get later news from you, but of course could not except by wire, and as no telegram has come, I am in hope that all is well.

[1] Statue of Liberty.

. . . I found my room here profusely and charmingly decorated with camellias of various hues, some I never saw before; vines of maidenhair fern from every point from which it could be gracefully hung; delicate vines and tiny ferns and flowers pinned to the lace curtains and a tall affair bearing a flag or pillow of camellias and other exquisite flowers of various colors; "Booth" and the word "Welcome" in massed violets upon it. I can't describe the beautiful display. Several cards bound with black attracted my notice, and I found that all this was done by the mother and sister of Samuel Piercy,[1] you remember, who died of smallpox in Boston, when we and most of the company were vaccinated. . . .

I begin with "Hamlet" (for a week's run) to-morrow, and the box-office indications are very great.

God bless you! Kiss baby. Papa.

BOOTH-BAY, July 27, 1887.

. . . After a fog of several days' continuance, through which, however, we made good sailing, we reached Portland last night. We took carriages, and drove ten miles to Scarborough, the place Barrett and I visited last summer in a fog, and found it in just the same condition. We found several acquaintances there, among them Mrs. Raymond (formerly Miss Cary, the singer), and had a pleasant two hours' visit. Then through a dense fog back to the yacht. Started this morning, and had to anchor for a couple of hours, when the sun came to our relief, and we sailed through fairy-land, with beautiful islands on each hand; then to the open sea for an hour. The fog soon reappeared, and to escape it, we came into this harbor, one of the prettiest in the world, dotted with lovely little islands, which contain beautiful villas. 'T is a most delightful

[1] Mr. Piercy was then supporting my father as leading-man.

place. It (this stop) defers our making Bar Harbor, where we expected to be to-night; and if the day to-morrow is clear, we will reach it before evening. We may stop there two days. I expect letters there—one from you. So far everything has been superb. Barrett, Bispham, and Benedict sing well and much, while Aldrich is kept at a white heat of fun by Hutton. It is very jolly and comfortable in every way. I will not mail this until I reach Bar Harbor; then I hope to receive your letter, and may have more to say about the cruise. I don't know for whom this bay and town were named, but, of course, it is settled by the boys aboard that I am entitled to the honor. I think the trip is doing us all much good; the change in Barrett is really wonderful. He 's now full of life, and sings clearly.

The fog seems to keep out of this harbor, and all is bright, but I presume the pilot will keep us here till the horizon is clear; as there is no haste, we shall not venture near the shadow of risk. . . . After Bar Harbor, we will go to Campobello, and then to Halifax for coal; then we will determine if we have time for a trip to Labrador, or must retrace our path homeward. . . .

I hope you and the babies keep as well as when I saw you.

BUFFALO, September 12, 1887.
"After Cæsar."

. . . As I have a rehearsal this morning I might miss the early mail, and therefore write now to avoid delay. I wired you Sunday, shortly after my arrival, not at all fatigued, having slept well all Saturday night on the car. We opened to-night to a jammed house, and the play went admirably, all company doing well. As *Antony* said, "This *was* the noblest Roman of them all," a mur-

EDWIN BOOTH IN 1854.

mur and subdued applause went through the house. It was not at all merited, for Barrett did far better than I, who, unfamiliar (to a certain extent) with the part, had to feel my way continuously and, I fancy, tamely, through the text. However, the audience was delighted with everything, and we consider it a splendid beginning for the season. *Hamlet* to-morrow, *Iago* next. This is the same room I had last year. . . . I hope, dear, that you and the babies continue well, and that you will enjoy many, many happy years in your charming little home. Love to you all. . . .

Good night. God bless you! It is late.

Papa.

P. S. Barrett is in the seventh heaven.

MINNEAPOLIS, September 25, 1887.

. . . Since my despatch to you I have received your three letters; one had been delayed at Detroit. To-day I hope you are comfortably settled in your new home, where I trust you may have great happiness. Last night my engagement closed with a crowded house; it has been an extraordinary week of great success. . . . We do not leave until 8 A.M. to-morrow for Duluth. The "*crickets*" [critics] here persistently "go for" my antiquity, while praising me otherwise. . . . Poor Hammy[1] must soon be laid away in camphor in a dark corner cupboard. . . .

I have a cold that checks my breathing, and I sit with my mouth agape like a blooming idiot; I took cold here last season about this time of year. The temperature seems to keep time with Newport in its ups and downs. When you wrote of clear autumnal days I wore my overcoat and enjoyed the delicious fall weather. After this week I shall have a stop of three weeks in Chicago, with

[1] *Hamlet.*

no rehearsals and infrequent changes of bill. We hope to get a run of "Cæsar" and of "Othello"; *Brutus* and *Iago* being quiet parts, I shall have comparatively an easy time. By doing the fifth act of "The Merchant of Venice," with some new scenes, dresses, etc., we may get several nights and the matinées out of *Shylock* also, the three easiest of my characters. This city seems to grow more beautiful every year; one of the prettiest parks of seventeen acres lies in the heart of the town, and the residences are very picturesque. The land is undulating, trees are abundant, and lawns charming. The winters are long and cold, however; but they have rare sport in sleighing, etc. If I were twenty years younger, I would settle here. . . .

I want to see Florida, also, very much, and to visit Jefferson's island, too; both trips must be made in winter or autumn.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16, 1887.

I acknowledged your tenth letter on a card, which I inclose with some "puffs," t' other day; now I 'll answer it. . . .

Under the worst circumstances, try to regard the annoyances of life as merely temporary ills, and remember that sunlight will soon dispel the clouds, and *don't worry!* I have seriously thought of having placed near my bed, where I can see it when retiring and when I arise, a placard inscribed, in glaring letters, the words "DON'T WORRY." . . . It is about the last thought in my mind at sleep-time and the first at awakening, and it is surprising what good effect it has; I sleep well and work better for it.

CHICAGO, October 19, 1887.

. . . The production of "The Merchant of Venice" Monday night was superb and finely acted, and Miss Gale's *Portia* made the comedy delightful, while the beautiful scenery and costumes gave exquisite effect to the casket scene, and the last act in the moonlight garden. Yet the attendance fell off one-half, a perfect "slump," owing, I presume, to the fact that for many years the play has been cut down to *Shylock's* scenes, and has always been given with another piece, which, of course, has weakened its effectiveness; but I think it will soon become known as one of our strongest plays. Barrett is very earnest and devoted, and works like a horse over the rehearsals, showing good taste and thorough knowledge of stage management, and is sincerely proud of his work. The return to "Cæsar" last night brought up the receipts again. That play should have been kept on at least two weeks. . . . Have no news from you. Am now going for a stroll with Barrett. We walk an hour each day. God bless you! Love to all.

Papa.

KANSAS CITY, October 27, 1887.

. . . Yours of 21st, forwarded from Chicago, came yesterday. . . The New York —— had an article on "Hamlet" last Saturday; if it is not "chambermaided" I 'll send it to you. It praises the performance. . . . I told you in my last that the theatre here was roofless, and otherwise unfit for use. It was little better Tuesday night. At nine o'clock at night there were fifty workmen removing lumber, driving nails, and doing all sorts of work, amid a perfect whirlwind of noise, and freezing blasts of wind. At ten o'clock a half-scene and a red sheet were drawn aside, and the play ("Othello") began,

to about seventy-five people in hats, overcoats, and heavy fur wraps, most of whom left as the play progressed, unable to endure the cold. Not a door was in its place, and the sky was in full view above the auditorium and part of the stage. We could use but one scene, an interior, and that we used throughout the entire play, out doors and in. It was a freezing performance. Next day (yesterday) we tried "Cæsar" for a matinée. This was given to make up for the loss of Monday night. One scene (a street) served for the Capitol, *Brutus'* tent, the Forum, and the fields of Philippi—about sixteen cold boys and girls in front. Last night we had some stoves, a tarpaulin cover for a roof, several scenes, and played "Hamlet" to about two hundred people.

The house should not have been opened for three months, but the wealthy —— had vowed it should open this week with Booth and Barrett, and having paid us a large certainty, and sold a great many tickets at five dollars per head, the promise was kept with only the delay of one night. The hotel we are at is not much better, but a warm wave is on, and I keep well and take care of my bones. . . . I send a satin program of the first night that was to be, and did n't.

Don't spare the spanks, and don't be too easily coaxed into forgiveness. Young ones are cute in such tricks. Love to all. In a hurry.

NEW YORK, January 5, 1888.

. . . I 've seen Rose several times, and shall say good-bye to-morrow. I do all I can for her, but nothing on earth can render her lonely life less weary, poor soul! As for God's reward for what I have done, I can hardly appreciate it; 't is more like punishment for misdeeds (of which I 've done many) than grace for good ones (if I 've done

any). Homelessness is the actor's fate—physical incapacity to attain what is most required and desired by such a spirit as I am slave to. If there be rewards, I certainly am well paid; but hard schooling in life's thankless lessons has made me somewhat of a philosopher, and I 've learned to take the buffets and rewards of fortune with equal thanks, and in suffering all to suffer—I won't say *nothing*, but comparatively *little*. Dick Stoddard wrote a poem called "The King's Bell," which fits my case exactly (you may have read it). He dedicated it to Lorimer Graham, who never knew an unhappy day in his brief life, instead of to me, who never knew a really happy one. You must n't suppose from this that I 'm ill in mind or body: on the contrary, I am well enough in both; nor am I a pessimist. I merely wanted you to know that the sugar of my life is bitter-sweet; perhaps not more so than every man's whose experience has been above and below the surface. . . . Business has continued large, and increases a little every night. The play will run two weeks longer. Sunday, at four o'clock, I start for Baltimore, arriving there at ten o'clock. . . .

To-morrow a meeting of actors, managers, and artists, at breakfast, to discuss and organize, if possible, a theatrical club like the "Garrick" of London.[1]

God bless you! Kiss the kids.

"On Board," January 26, 1888.

I am now *en route* to Memphis, having closed my Nashville engagement last night. A beautiful theatre, crowded every night with beautiful women and flowers. Your letter "after the ball" reached me there. I am so

1 This resulted in my father's founding the Players' Club, which was ready and inaugurated at the close of that same year.

glad it was a success, and that the young ones did not interrupt the fun. Yes, Harry B— is a very nice fellow, and I 've no doubt I shall enjoy his company. He and Barrett are old friends. The car jerks me occasionally, and it is difficult to write. Barrett and I strolled into the open yard of President Polk's house, to read the inscription on his tomb, which stands near the front stoop (he was buried there forty years ago), when a young man came out and said that Mrs. Polk invited us in. (I must give this up till the car stops—it is not possible to write now.)

MEMPHIS, Friday.

The road was too rough for writing on the car, and I was too tired after the play last night. To-day it is bright and cold. I have a pain in my back and "on my forehead here," the result of yesterday's shake and a leaky window near my bed. It will soon pass off. Old Mrs. Polk was most delightful. A grand, stately dame of eighty-five, full of smiles and courtly grace, gloved and frilled in the true old Southern style, leaning on a silver crutch-headed cane. Delighted with all improvements of the age, but prefers to keep her old mansion and its curious and interesting belongings just as they were forty years ago, when the President died. We sent her some flowers, and she wrote her thanks in a firmer and clearer hand than mine. She has a lovely grand-niece, who, the old lady whispered, had bouquets for us, etc.

We had enormous and beautiful audiences there (Nashville), and last night we opened here to a crowded house. The papers are so crowded with our "puff" and other dramatic stuff that I can't read 'em, and will let you have them to pick and choose from. . . .

This theatre is beastly, and the city a huge mud-hole, but the hotel food is good (our breakfast was) and I get

a bath, which my car does not afford. We resume our journey Sunday morning. I have bought a few portraits of old actors from Mrs. Owens for the collection I intend leaving to the Actors' Club [called "The Players"] when a suitable house is secured for such treasures. I have no news. Hope your babies will not be affected by the cold, which, I am told, is very severe in Boston, and New York also. Kiss the babies for "Ba-Ba-Boo."

Papa.

BOSTON, July 14, 1888.

. . . I passed your house the other day; the vines nearly covered it. It is very lovely, and in a few years (I mean the view) will be superb. "Beautiful Boston" will surpass all other cities of the world in a—well, when Mildred's little grandson wears pants—a garment I shall then have no need for. I 'll be a cherub, with side-whisker wings, but nothing to put trousers on. Alas, for the brevity of life—and cherubs!

Barrett is gone for a week, perhaps a month, he says, to Richfield (Sulphur) Springs. I fear his disease is serious to health, as well as to looks, but he seems hopeful in his letters. Have not seen him; he started before I returned from Greenwich. Jefferson asks me to visit him at Buzzard's Bay, not far from Newport, I believe. Love for all. Be careful of your horse in hot weather. At David's age he may have what is termed "blind staggers" if overheated; avoid the hot hours, and drive in the cool evening.

Grandpa.

16 GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK,
Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1888.

. . . Your two letters received. Have just wired you that I must leave Saturday at three o'clock, which will get me

to Louisville Sunday evening, and I must have a rest before beginning Monday. Very sorry. . . . Ever since I left you, I 've suffered from the heat and humidity of the atmosphere; yesterday it was horrible, and I could hardly pull through rehearsal — I was wet with perspiration all day and night. It is still hot and damp, but better than it has been the last few days.

The Belair ladies sent me a panel of wood from the old cherry-tree in whose shade I was born (planted by my father), and the wife of the present owner of the farm painted a sprig with cherries, and two Baltimore orioles, on it. The letter accompanying it is very charming and old-fashioned in its style.

Barrett's face looks more swollen than ever, but his color is better, and he is in good condition for work. The lumps are loose and softer, and he has confidence in the cure; but I think he will have to go back to the baths next season. He sends kind regards. Tell the babies grandpa has been looking all over New York for them, but can't find them anywhere. Give them lots of kisses for me. . . .

CHICAGO, Sept. 24, 1888.

. . . I reached this city Sunday (yesterday) about one o'clock, and have excellent rooms and food at the Grand Pacific Hotel. Before leaving St. Paul I received the news of Dr. Kellogg's[1] sudden death (apoplexy); he was buried yesterday. To-day dear Warren was put to earth. Within a month Davidge, Wallack, Warren, and Kellogg have made their last exeunt! One other I forgot — Newton Gothold; all actors save the doctor, and he a great Shaksperian scholar and theatre-lover. To-night I begin with *Brutus*, with some new scenic effects — burning the

[1] Dr. Kellogg, Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, at Poughkeepsie, New York.

body of *Brutus*, anthem, etc. After the play, or to-morrow, I 'll write you how it goes, or *went*. The production of "Mer: of Venice" next week will be superb—as to scenery and costumes. . . .

The fever will ruin business in the South; we do not go nearer than Memphis to the infected district, and will not go there if there is the least doubt of its approach; so don't be anxious on my account. . . .

I will now lay this by till after the play, and take my *nap*, if callers will let me have it.

TUESDAY

It was too late to write after the play last night, and I was rather weary. The house was full, not crowded; the performance satisfactory. On the funeral pyre—after *Brutus's* body had been "closed in" by a drop-scene on which was painted an urn, inverted torches, &c.—an excellent representation of myself, in papier-maché, was discovered in profile; it was an excellent likeness, made by our property-man. An anthem was well sung, and all went well. . . . To-day is quite cold, wet, and gloomy. We have canceled our engagement at Memphis and Nashville on account of the fever scare, and must alter our dates accordingly; it may bring me *home* earlier than I expected; maybe not. Kiss the babies. God bless them! . . .

CHICAGO, October 7, 1888.

. . . This is Sunday again, and a bright lovely one it is; even through the filthy air of this smoky place the sun can be seen—rather a rarity here nowadays. It is the very dirtiest of all the soft-coal cities. The "Shylock" week closed finely last night, but bad weather and politics told against us materially. The latter will, I 'm

pretty sure, prevent our filling the *fever* week. I guess we 'll start for Boston at the close of the St. Louis engagement, and be there about the 30th of this month, for a week's rest, before beginning the New York term. . . .

You speak of a Mrs. somebody (I can't even guess at the name) having called, to your surprise, and that she looks better, etc. I 'm very glad to know it. . . .

"Let the world slide . . . for we shall ne'er be younger," is what Shakspere advises anent the petty miseries of life. Here 's some of mine (petty miseries, I mean): I 've had toothache and headache, swelled jaw and dyspepsia since I left home, until now; now I 'm physically all right, but financially annoyed. It is likely that our first week's earnings will be lost by the break of The Trader's Bank here, and the chances are that some $9000 will lessen my bank account; a few days will decide it. The case is in a lawyer's hands, but he thinks the concern is thoroughly rotten. The president of the bank died the day after it went up, but not from that cause. . . .

It is cold enough here for winter clothes and fires.

God bless you! Kiss the babies. . . .

NEW YORK, November 14, 1888.

. . . I could not write yesterday, as I intended, for the whole day was a whirl until long after midnight. Your most welcome portrait came to greet me first — the previous day, in fact, and that pleased me very much. It does not do you justice, but 't is a fine piece of work. Flowers and fruits from many quarters, a little gold pencil from D——, and some silk handkerchiefs from Barrett. I must have had a hundred dozen silk handkerchiefs given me at various times by different persons. . . .

I 've had an irreparable loss in the midst of all this fun; the dear little knife your mother gave me twenty-seven

years ago, and which I 've always carried about with me, is gone! I think I dropped it at supper Saturday night . . . at Delmonico's; they have searched in vain for it. I never missed anything so much. The pictures of babies amuse and delight every one that calls, and to all of whom I exhibit them. . . .

Our engagement has begun finely, and looks as if it will become much better, only the upper galleries being deficient; all good seats and boxes are engaged for days in advance. Some flowers came from Mildred, too. My room is a bower of roses and choicest flowers of all sorts. . . .

"The Players" is already popular with the very best sort of folk, and there are more applicants for membership than we can possibly accept. I 've rambled on, and hurriedly told you all I know, constantly interrupted while I write. God bless you! Keep well, and don't worry about anything. Bless the babies! Love to all. . . .

Papa.

ELMIRA, Dec. 29, 1888.

. . . I write to-night merely to say what I forgot in my last. A crayon of me will arrive. . . . It is an excellent thing, and I bought it to help the young artist along. . . . That 's one thing: the next is, Collier has sent the "Richelieu," and it is in the Custom-House; I am required to fill out a blank of certain statements, and I am puzzled. Can you say positively when we last returned from England, and the name of the steamer? I forget if it was in 1883 or 1884, and if we came on the *Gallia* or the *Scythia*.

I am glad you had a happy Christmas, and that baby enjoyed her tree and the chain; I was lucky in getting

you something useful. It is so difficult to select anything for one who has had so many toys bestowed on her.

I opened here to-night to a tremendous house—my first visit. There was almost a serious riot in Rochester over the sale of my tickets six days before I opened.

It was a very strange sight yesterday at Bradford—so many derricks and oil-tanks (hundreds of them), covering the hills and valleys for many miles in every direction, together with the natural gas-wells, horrid stuff, which is used for lighting, heating, and cooking, too: it is so plenty that people pay so much a month, and use as much as they like, and waste it freely. People there, and here, come from distant towns by special trains to see me, and crowd the hotels and streets. I am "booming" these towns at a terrific rate. To-morrow I start for Scranton, a coal region, and shall soon be off the rail for a little while in the larger cities. Good night.

Papa.

THE PLAYERS, 16 Gramercy Park,
NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1889.

Happie Newe Yeare!

God bless you, darling, and all of you! The thought of your not being well alone marred my full enjoyment of last night's delightful success—the culmination of my professional hopes. I cannot describe the universal joy that pervaded all hearts present, the sympathy expressed, and the entire success of everything—except my speech. I broke down towards the close of it, but it passed off with éclat. Everything else was *perfect*—the clock, with deep cathedral tones, tolled twelve in the midst of Barrett's reading of your blessed letter—just in time, as though it had been prearranged. White, the architect, went into ecstasies at the success of everything, and ex-

claimed, "Even the log burned without smoking," which we feared it would not do in the new chimney.

I suspected that Barrett had a poem to read, but the dear letter was a happy surprise, and the wreath and your apt quotation on the card were delightful.[1] You got as much applause as I did. I wired Dr. Parsons of his success. Several were here from Boston. Harry Burnett and Mr. Wendell, Fairchild and others, were prevented from coming; so was Furness, so was Jefferson, but all sent messages. Barrett and I got to bed about five o'clock this A. M., but got little sleep; we both feel wretched in consequence. The papers are full of it, but I 've not had a chance yet to read them. Since I rose, at one o'clock, I 've been busy packing my things at the hotel to bring here, as we both concluded to pass the balance of the week "at home." When we get *well set*, we will have a "lady's day" for *you*. My head is now in a whirl, of course. Old Mr. Connor and Murdock, with other old actors, were present. Judge Daly just interrupted me; sends his love, and has ordered his lunch. Several of the best men of New York are here, and it will, no doubt, be the rendezvous of the choicest. Some are in the library, reading, and it really seems as if we had been going for years, instead of one day. All the exclusive neighbors in this most conservative quarter are pleased instead of offended by the innovation of a club-house in the midst of their respective mansions, as they were at first. All believe, as I do, that this will be of more real benefit to the actor than anything ever done in the world. . . . Only old distinguished actors are "on the free list." . . . The list is overfull, and we must go slowly now, lest we exclude the actors we want. Our list of membership is

[1] I had sent a wreath of laurel, asking Mr. Barrett to place it upon my father's brow on this occasion. I attached to the wreath on a card the words, "Hamlet, King, Father."

too small in its limits at present. The walls are filled with pictures, mostly mine,[1] and my books just filled one section of the cases, which soon will be entirely filled: every day some gift comes. An anonymous lady sent a fine crayon copy of a Shakspere, and other things come from strangers. The affair has aroused the greatest sympathy for the cause, to my great surprise and delight. This is all I can tell you now, and I am too hurried and nervous to review my letter, so you must guess at what my mistakes mean.

God bless you all, a thousand times!

I hope you are well again and very happy. I go to Pittsburg from here,—one of the Baltimore weeks, as per printed tour, then to Baltimore, then Boston. God bless you! Papa.

CLEVELAND, April 17, 1889.

. . . Barrett and I both had letters from you yesterday. He hardly knows how to answer; all that he can do to lessen my labors will be done, but what can *he* do? Nothing without entailing great expense and trouble for me. You must not allow yourself to suppose from what others say, and print, that I am a mere tool in the hands of others. I alone am responsible for the engagements I have contracted, through him, with other parties; he has no more influence now, in changing the order of those engagements, than a dead man.

The cry has ever been against my manager: "He works you too hard," etc. "Why don't you give up some of the engagements for rest?" etc.—as if acting were out of the regular order of business affairs, without responsibilities. I do not consider it very complimentary

[1] Portraits of celebrated actors, and many valuable paintings owned and presented by my father to the club.

to have my over-anxious friends blame others for leading me by the nose, when, in fact, not a move has been made without my full consideration and consent. This is not meant as a "scold" for you, dear, but for the many inconsiderate ones who advise all sorts of absurdities and impossibilities. Whatever can be done to ease up this season shall be done. Most of the one-night stands will be given up, and the time devoted to a visit to the Yosemite, and wherever it is possible to cancel the "double" bill, it shall be done.

Barrett will sail for Germany July 10. . . . The weather is delightful, out of the windy quarter. The houses have been crowded and very fashionable. I hope you continue well, and that your jewels will arrive bright and full of joy to you. My eyes are much better, but I am bilious; I am too lazy to sit up properly, and am lounging on my middle vertebræ while I scribble this.

Adieu.

DENVER, May 3, 1889.

. . . Since I wrote you I have had your two letters, and Ignatius's telegram, the latter telling me you go to New York to-day. . . . I hope you did go to Mount Vernon. As I remember it, in my boy days, it was a lovely place, but much in decay; since then, however, it has been redeemed and restored to its original condition by a society of ladies who bought it. Mrs. Ritchie, wife of an editor of influence in Richmond (formerly Mrs. Mowatt, the famous actress), was vice-president of that society. She got up a series of benefits to raise funds for the purpose, and your mother and I played *Katherine* and *Petruchio* for the first matinée performance. Matinées were very unusual in those days. Edward Everett delivered a grand oration, while General Scott and his military staff sat on the

stage. You found the mummies[1]: I remember them as you describe them. Varden was the old fellow's name who had charge of them. As for the double row of teeth, there may have been some error regarding their peculiarity, but the professor is wrong when he denies the possibility of such a freak, for Dr. J. A. B——, when he was quite a young man, had an inner row of teeth taken from his lower jaw, and had to wear a sort of horseshoe-shaped piece of wood instead for more than a year, to preserve the shape of his jaw. This I can vouch for; but of the mummies' teeth, I repeat only what I heard, and read, I think, in the book called "The Actor," and quoted by Asia. I believe you have "The Actor," and am pretty sure that you will find reference to the mummies there. To-day the sun shines for the first time since I arrived. It so seldom rains here that the fine, wide streets are not paved, the roads are so firm, and this unusual weather has made mush of 'em.

Bispham and Harry give glowing accounts of "Lady Day." In my room just now is a pretty easel, with a huge open book of lilies, carnations, white and red, with ribbons and smilax, and my name across the book, a gift from the ladies of some hospital which I sometime helped, I forget when. . . . It is very beautiful. 'T is now nearly five o'clock, and I have smoked but one wee pipe and one mild cigar as yet. What think you of that? I am now reading Motley's letters, prior to beginning his "Dutch Republic"; very interesting. I knew him slightly, and I think your mother did also.

The rain has injured business, which, however, is very good; my health is good, also. The lack of exercise renders me so sleepy; it is queer that my naps[2] come

[1] My grandfather, J. B. Booth, had presented these mummies to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

[2] When acting, my father always took a nap after dinner, from four to six o'clock, and before the play.

before, instead of after, dinner, which is rather awkward. When I have a chance to walk out in the morning, I 'll get back into my regular habit, no doubt. . . . Bless ye babbies. Love to all.

Papa.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21, 1889.

. . . Yours of the 12th received. . . . The weather here has been about the same as yours, except that instead of a cyclone, we had an earthquake — the first genuine "simon pure" shock I ever felt, and the worst, 't is said, since 1868, when a very severe one did great damage. Strange to say, this one, so unusually violent, and of such long duration, did no damage whatever. I was awakened by the rumble and the rocking of my bed. I am on the second floor; Barrett, whose room is two stories above mine, had a greater shake, and many others in the house were greatly scared. It occurred about three o'clock A. M., after an intensely hot day, and ever since it has been cool. We are still trying to get out of our fourth week here, and may succeed. The trouble is, the manager can't get any attraction to fill that week, if we do not, and he will have to close the house. Knowing we are anxious to quit, he wants a large sum, in view of his inability to supply our place. I don't want to stop short on the ground of ill-health, etc., for that would set all sorts of gossip afloat. I have no doubt there will be lots of that because I don't go to Oregon. I 'll telegraph when we decide the question. . . . I acknowledged the letter anent your happy four years past, and wished you happy returns, etc. We go some distance into the park "on the brow of the sea," and walk awhile in the ozone, the carriage following. When we have our fill, we return to dinner about 3 o'clock. This park has wonderful advantages of

splendid mountains and superb ocean-views far and near, and many miles of drives through woods and along the seashore; it is already finer than any park I know, and in time will be, artificially and naturally, far beyond any in the world. I do not think it was begun when you were here. . . . Still, I would n't live here if the city were presented to me free of taxes. I hope your cottage will be in good shape for you, and thoroughly dry before you move in. . . .

After all the "blow" and gush about the new theatre, it is somewhat of a failure; the public do not appreciate it. The prices, however, are too high, and we are a few months later than we should be for the best people, who are out of town.

God bless you! Love to all.

Kiss the kids for g'andpop. Just after I post this I will receive one from you, I 've no doubt.

THE PLAYERS, August 14, 1889.

. . . I telegraphed you of my safe arrival; was too empty (headed) and lazy to write. The trip was not unpleasant, but I was jolly tired, and glad to get here. Went directly to my room and had tea; saw none but Harry till next day. Dined with Bispham yesterday at Bispham's rooms; that 's all, to date. A letter from Winter asks for the sketch (E. B.) I left with you, so when you finish it, send it here to me, and I will ship it off to Stratford, where he is fixed for several months. Hutton writes interesting accounts of his doings, and sends both his and his wife's good words for you, etc. He says Winter seems ten years younger and very happy. No word from Barrett. Winter says he has had several letters from him, all jolly. Not very hot here, but warm enough and damp part of the day. . . . Tell those

naughty children that I don't rise till nearly dinner-time here, because they don't call me in the morning at "ten min'ts o'cok." Well, how is the German? I hope you had a "high-Dutch" time. Don't forget my card to the D—s' invitation for us all to the Continental last night. Did you know of it? No news. Have not yet begun to sort the odds and ends, 10,000 deep, in the way of play-bills, prints, etc., that I want to straighten out before the summer is gone. . . . God bless you all! Tell babies to keep their heads out of the soup.

Your loving papa.

THE PLAYERS, September 20, 1889.

. . . It seems a month since I heard from you. I suppose you have had your hands full, and that your letter will catch me to-morrow before I start. . . .

The rehearsal was tedious, and altogether the day has been a wearisome one, and to-night Daly gives a late supper, at which I must be present; but I 've had a good nap, and feel well. . . . You must go often to the Park, and drive along the Riverside to Grant's Tomb, etc. It is superb. Rehearsals go well. . . . I will write soon on my arrival in Louisville, Sunday. Have nothing to record beyond what I have scribbled here. . . . The club goes well, and is a delightful hotel. Had a pleasant special meeting yesterday, to settle some odds and ends; all went smoothly. Bye-bye.

Your loving papa.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 23, 1889.

. . . I arrived here in the sunny South, to find a glowing and welcome fire on the hearth, about half-past twelve this A. M., well and happy that the journey was

ended, but, oh, so jolly tired! Until about 10 o'clock Saturday night the road was like a table-top; then it began to curve, and kept so all the blessed night; next day again it leveled up awhile; then about 5 P. M., and till we reached Louisville, it squirmed and jolted dreadfully. I am feeling well, but rather tired; shall loll all day. . . .

Barrett and his company think "Ganelon" a great play, and that it will be a success. I hope so. He and I have both agreed to act very little next season, I to begin about January, and play six weeks in New York, and four in Boston — no more, unless I should, later, go to Philadelphia for two weeks. This will be sufficient to occupy me; if it works well I shall continue such limited engagements. I have serious doubts of Barrett's continuance; his face looks worse than ever, and he is fearfully sensitive. Otherwise he is in better health. Will write again in a day or two. Love for all. Tell the babies I am still hunting, and can't find 'em. God bless you!

Papa.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 1 (or nearly so), 1889.

. . . The week closed finely at Louisville, and I opened well here to-night. Arrived here last evening pretty tired, but slept well all night and nearly all to-day. C— says the people were delighted with the play, but to me it seemed very slow and dull. . . . Rain to-day gave me aches, but otherwise I am very well, much better than in Louisville. It seems strange to be without Barrett; he is rehearsing in Chicago all this week, and begins Monday with his new play of "Ganelon," on which he has spent much money. As I have rehearsals every day this week (those in New York did no good) I must write my letters after the play; but next week I shall be free. . . .

NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1889.

I shall be happy to see you again so soon. . . . I have a rehearsal, and after it a committee meeting; my only chance to see you will be at the theatre between acts; and in my room there I have an artist at me. I enclose tickets for the box, if you should decide to come this evening, but I suspect you will be very tired. My birthday was a "Fourth of July" from early A. M., when your sweet gift greeted me, till 2 A. M., when "The Players" "suppered" me gorgeously. At the theatre the actors "gold-badged" me — two surprises.

Papa.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1889.

. . . It is not possible for me to remember anything. I thought you were to dine out to-day. I have slept nearly all the time, feeling utterly upset, with severe headache and other disagreeables. Am better now, but will stay indoors, and be with you to-morrow at dinner, unless you are to go out. Let me know during the morning. I shall now try to eat, and wish I had some of your beef and cabbage. God bless you! Love for all.

Poor Florence![1] I fear his cue has come.

THE PLAYERS, NEW YORK, Wednesday,
Dec. 4, 1889.

. . . Reports from Barrett are sad. He 's canceling engagements, and will go on to Boston from Washington, Sunday, to rest four weeks, and consult his doctor. I do not think he will ever act again, even if he lives. This is *entre nous*. He is not hopeful now; has pain in the

[1] William Florence.

throat, and hysterical feeling all the while, and his speech is affected.

. . . You want a motto for the ladle (I 'll look for one); Kate Field wants one for her new paper, Lederer wants one for a ladies' fair, and the club wants one for its book-plate. . . .

On Monday, 23d, I must be here to attend an official dinner in our new dining-room, and the next day, the 24th, I go to Boston, to be with you Xmas until the 30th. This will allow me four days with you at first. I must attend our anniversary, the 31st, and then, before I go to Providence, I will be two or three days again with you.

. . . My general health continues to improve, and I feel better than for years, except an occasional let down when the weather is bad. 'T is now delightfully cold, with snow on the ground, and the bright sun shining. I 'm glad Ignatius is well. . . . We have just received a quantity of books for the library, and it is nearly full, while our income of pictures puzzles us where to hang them. . . . Now I leave you for my dinner. My days are very brief, after a late breakfast and an early dinner before my 4:30 nap. Adieu. Papa.

THE PLAYERS, NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1889.

. . . Yesterday I sent you flowers as my birthday greeting. . . . They bear my love, and blessing, all the same. I hope you will have a merry day, and very many returns of it — full of health and happiness. Barrett arrived early this morning. He looks remarkably well in every respect, except, of course, the swellings; they are worse than ever, and the symptoms he describes are those which I am told are very serious. He will now submit to whatever his physician advises. To-night at ten I start

for Auburn, a place I 've never visited. In the olden times it was one of the principal theatre-city points; I 'm told they 've a very fine theatre there. The best quotation I can suggest for your ladle is from "Hamlet"— "We 'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart."

December 31 is "Founders' Night," the anniversary of our opening here, and the appropriate occasion for your gift. I 'll write again in a day or two.

THE PLAYERS, NEW YORK, January 2, 1890.

. . . Just as I had packed my bag, and was about starting for the station at two, Sargent the artist called, to say that he had word from the art committee to paint my portrait for the club. You know, I told you if it was decided he should paint it, I would stay for as many sittings as I could give him from now till Saturday. I wired you at once. I will start by the 3 o'clock train Saturday. Of course this is the only opportunity to have so distinguished an artist at me; consequently I yield to the annoyance of posing.

I hope you are all well, and that the grip has let go.

Papa.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12, 1890.

. . . I found a letter from you here. I did not leave New York till one o'clock Monday, having a club meeting that morning. The business here, thus far, is great. . . . The Vincent Hospital should be encouraged. I 'll do something for it soon. At present I have my hands full. . . . I wrote you before I left New York, and sent you a present in a letter. In it I also told you of the successful result of Sargent's work, but I did not tell you that at intervals, while I rested, he would sit at the piano

and play "Racoksy"[1] (is that the name and the spell of it?) and other Hungarian airs. Zimmerman, the manager here, gave me a magnificent crayon head of Boker, one of God's handsomest men, finely framed. Boker was a god in appearance, even in old age, and was a noble fellow, too, and a great poet. Good weather thus far. I will be at the station Friday.

Papa.

PHILA., Feb. 23, 1890.

. . . Yours of the 20th is before me, on the top of about twenty other letters, to *be answered*, and echo answers—? However, I 'll tackle yours, and do the best I may for you; but I fear my "chat" will be a dull, flat, and unprofitable one, for my head aches, and I am tired and out of sorts to-day, with not a word of news of any sort. The day is blue and chilly — me too. . . . I came very near having the same accident in the same play last week; I stepped down two steps in the dark scene of "Macbeth," and for a few seconds I feared I had slipped something out of place, but fortunately escaped injury. A long chatty letter from Barrett just arrived from Pau, and anticipates quick recovery. A Mrs. P— wants to go into partnership with me, to build a theatre and wax museum on some land she owns. Think of me as a "Monsieur Too — so"! She thinks me just suited for that business — "A man of wax!" as *Juliet's* old nurse says of *Paris*.

I mail you a copy of the Hamlet march, composed and dedicated to me by Hassler, of the theatre. I could not hear it, as the music every night was played under the stage, because of the crowded orchestra. In spite of Lent, this week has held up equal to last, and the prospect at Baltimore is quite as good.

[1] "Rákóczy" — a Hungarian march.

Give my compliments to Mrs. Fields, Miss Jewett, and the Flaglers, etc. My love to all the rest of you, except the babies.

Papa.

P. S.—I go to Baltimore to-morrow, Monday noon.

MOUNT VERNON HOTEL, BALTIMORE,
Feb. 26, 1890.

. . . I've just wired for news of the babies. I feel very anxious about them, but of course they must have their share of the ills that attend childhood. I hope they are well, and that you are relieved of your fears. Business here is wretched; the worst engagement I ever played in my native city. Whether it is because of Lent, I know not; the prospect looked fine, but the boxes don't. Until this morning the weather was beastly; that also may affect trade. The reason Skinner did *Petruchio* is I could not wait after the "Fool," and 't was the only play we could substitute for "Donna Diana." Madame Modjeska sent word she would be here to-day, and ready to act next week. I subscribed to the Vincent Hospital, and have received a nice note from Miss Derby and one from Phillips Brooks. . . . This is a very little letter, but all I can afford to-day.

Papa.

BALTIMORE, March 2, 1890.

. . . Your last letter and telegram, with good news of the children, gave me great relief: dear hearts, I hope they are well now, and that your anxiety is at an end. . . .

I have been quite busy all day receiving callers, so that night has settled down without a letter yet written. The cold came yesterday, and with it a clear day, and a good house last night — the second decent one the entire week. . . . Many folk, chiefly women and girls, come on from Washington to see the play, and stop over night; Friday night this house was full of 'em, and when I came here after the play about thirty of them were in the hall in double lines, through which I had to pass. Not a word was uttered as I stalked to the elevator, but I heard giggles and "bumps" overhead later on. Demands for my autograph, of course, were numerous next day. I have not yet been to the cemetery, where I will go to-morrow to see the new gravestones that have been erected. Dr. Johnston called, and left kind messages for you from his daughter, and Gil Meredith sends some from his wife and sister, whom I have not seen. I hoped I 'd have matter enough in me to write a letter, but you see how utterly dull and empty I am. My health and strength keep up to par, and the critics have been enthusiastic. A second letter from Barrett. He is very weak, he says, but otherwise does not complain. The wind is now howling like a blizzard, after a week of hot and foggy weather. Barrett is enthusiastic about Pau, its climate, its beauty, food, etc. Just the place, he says, to pass the winters. You might try it for a change. Kind regards to the doctors, etc. I shall order a rarebit, and go to bed.

Papa.

CHICAGO, March 19, 1890.

. . . Your "Phlorida Phonograph Phiend" is a "phraud." He has not my voice. I was asked (in Phila., I think) to speak into a machine into which Stuart Robson had

spoken, but I did not: 't is his voice they are playing off at $12,500, on which he and I both should have a commission. . . . I tried to talk a message to you, and sent two cylinders by express. In the same box I put a gift for Mildred's "fourth" [birthday] — a ring and a brooch. . . . Thanks, dear, for the glass-wiper; very useful, only I find myself using it oftener for my pen than for my specs. . . . Just here the phonograph expert came with his machine, and after listening to several musical examples (very fine), I recited *Othello's* and *Hamlet's* speeches for you. I will send them in a day or so. They are both excellent, much more distinct than those you have; but of course it is impossible (for me, at least) to recite with full feeling and warmth of expression in cold blood, as it were; still, the effect is nearly perfect. I have an invitation to dine with the Dunlaps Sunday, but can't accept. They have just returned from a trip to Florida; they are of the Warren and Jefferson family, through the Rices and Marbles. A letter from Barrett to-day gives a dismal account of Pau at present — snow and slush. He goes to Paris *en route* for a sail on the Mediterranean till the German baths are open in April. His cheerfulness seems forced, poor fellow. . . . Remember me kindly to all who know me outside our circle; love for the rest. Kisses for babies and their mama.

Pop.

CINCINNATI, April 10, 1890.

. . . I received your "wire-gram" last night and your "phonogram" just now. I wired you "three cheers" for the boy[1] yester-morn. I 'll try to unwind the cylinder to-morrow; 't is too cold and snowy for me to venture out to-day. Day before yesterday I put on my summer

[1] My little son's birthday.

clothing, and found it too hot even in the shade; yesterday it cooled, and to-day 't is snowing, and a fire is in my room, and my thickest clothes are on again. You must be on guard for sudden changes; the old world is on a rampage, and there is no telling where she 'll land in her tantrums, the kittenish old thing! Mars or "Jew-Peter" has been winking at her, maybe. I hope my two letters and the jumping dog for Clarence will be forwarded from the Stratford. Bob Miles, the manager here, formerly a circus and menagerie man, told of a monkey he once had in his show that stole a basket of birds, and ran to the roof of a house, where he amused himself by letting the birds escape one at a time, then got into the empty basket, and rolled in it from the roof to the ground. A Shaksperian coincidence: *Hamlet*, in his advice to his mother regarding her connection with his uncle (not spoken on the stage) refers to some obscure episode of the kind. No scholar or antiquarian has discovered what he refers to. He speaks of an ape that unpegged the basket on the house-top, and let the birds fly, then got into the basket, and broke his neck by falling. Some wise critics—who "find in Shakspere more than Shakspere knew"—declare that he foretold the telegraph when he made *Puck* put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes. I wonder if he foresaw Bob M.'s monkey trick. There was doubtless something of the kind that amused the people of London in his time. "History repeats itself."

I will wait now till Frank comes; he may bring me a letter from you.—No letter, so I 'll close, as I have nothing further to tell you except that the sun is now shining and the snow has ceased: but don't worry; it will fall again by the time I close this epistle. Bye-bye! Business and health good.

Papa.

DETROIT, April 14, 1890.

After the play Saturday I took the train, and had a sleepless night, altho' the road was good. Arrived at 9 A. M. so tired that I slept off and on nearly all day. At eight o'clock last night, as I was about to write you, a fire broke out in the Plankinton Hotel, just across a narrow street from this one and quite near the theatre also. The immense crowd of people, and the noise and the sparks of many engines all about the house till eleven o'clock, upset my effort to write. I got ready what valuables I have with me, expecting this house to take fire, but by midnight all was quiet. The day and the night, too, were very hot, but toward morning a thunder-storm and heavy rain made me close all the windows, and this morning I have a blazing fire, and my heavy wrap about me. Why not visit the club at "Ladye-Day," if you care to see the crowd? Bispham is one of the reception committee. Suit your own convenience and pleasure about it. The messages you sent were tolerably distinct. I could recognize both voices, altho' they seemed pitched too high, and, after repeating the operation several times, I made out nearly all the words.

Yes; it is indeed most gratifying to feel that age has not rendered my work stale and tiresome, as is usually the case with actors (especially tragedians) at my time. Your dear mother's fear was that I would culminate too early, as I seemed then to be advancing so rapidly. Somehow I can't rid myself of the belief that both she and my father helped me. But as for the compensation? Nothing of fame or fortune can compensate for the spiritual suffering that one possessing such qualities has to endure. To pass life in a sort of dream, where "Nothing is but what is not," a loneliness in the very midst of a constant crowd, as it were, is not a desirable condition of existence, es-

pecially when the body also has to share the "penalty of *greatness*," as it is termed. Bosh! I 'd rather be an obscure farmer, a hayseed from Wayback, or a cabinet-maker,[1] as my father advised, than the most distinguished man on earth. But Nature cast me for the part she found me best fitted for, and I have had to play it, and must play it, till the curtain falls. But you must not think me sad about it. No; I am used to it, and am contented.

I continue well, and act with a vigor which sometimes surprises myself, and all the company notice it, and comment upon it. I 'm glad the babes had a jolly birthday. Bless 'em! Love for all.

Papa.

DECATUR, April 27, 1890.

. . . It is too oppressively hot for the least exertion. The conveniences for writing on this car are very meager, and the materials are none of the best, so I use a pencil as an easier means of getting through a reply to your last two letters. We are anchored here for the day and night. A heavy, cold rain here all day yesterday has made the walking knee-deep, but overhead it is superb, but very warm. . . . Had I given proper attention to my dollar and cent dealings with men, I would now be at least a millionaire, perhaps doubly so; but I never considered that side of the question, taking from managers just what they offered, and gratifying my desires to help impecunious and, very often, very ungrateful friends.

Now for the portrait. The pose was chosen as being so very characteristic when off the stage, and standing in conversation, and as being so unconventional. The one suggested by —— was thought to be too commonplace, as every

[1] My father had often related that his father was opposed to his being an actor, and desired him to learn some trade, like cabinet-making.

statesman, soldier, etc., is posed just so, one hand resting on chair or table, and holding a scroll in the other: Washington resigning his commission, Shakspere, and a dozen other *little* fellows, in marble, bronze, or paint. I was surprised to find myself standing in the very attitude when I asked Sargent if it was usual with me, and I find my hands in the same position even on the stage—in *Hamlet*, very frequently. By actual measurements the dimensions are correct; but the picture, being placed so high upon the wall, I suppose, appears as you describe it. Bispham and all who saw it in the studio liked it, but I could not decide positively how it impressed me. . . . I 'm glad the babies are so well, and make you so happy. Tell them "Ba-Ba-Boo" will soon come to see them. God bless you! Love to all. . . . Bromley has a letter from Barrett, at Stuttgart; is cheerful, but says nothing of his health. He must now be at the baths. Bye-bye.

Papa.

THE PLAYERS, Sept. 19, 1890.

. . . I 'm quite well, a little weak-kneed and light-headed still, but very much better. A reporter called yesterday to ask me about another report that I had sciatica. The papers are all in a famine for news, and that is why this stuff is continued. Of course when I am seen walking so slowly and with a cane, as I do, gossipers on the street at once conclude that I am, or have been, afflicted in some way. Barrett will be here for a few days next week, and we have a box to see Crane, with General Sherman and several others; then perhaps it will be known that the reports are false; and when Bispham gets back from Annapolis we intend to make a round of the theatres during my vacation. Yesterday the rain ceased, and the weather since has been delicious; I hope

you have as pleasant a change. You will be here soon, and in your apartments. Have a barrel of letters on my desk awaiting answers, which I defer from day to day. I 'm glad you have found so good a place inland, and it would be wise to try it every year; no doubt it would be good for me a few weeks. . . . Love for all.

Papa.

THE PLAYERS, Sept. 25, 1890.

. . . I hope your athletic exercises have not been overdone. There is great danger in doing too much at first; one should always begin very gently, never fatiguing oneself, but increase by degrees, daily and very gradually. I 've also been rowing on dry land. I have in my bath-room a rowing-machine and a pulley, for exercise every morning, which I use very gently, and feel its good effects already. . . . Every day I walk with Barrett, who came Monday, and starts for Milwaukee to-morrow. He and I went to see Wilson and also Crane, and with Bispham I go to see Mansfield to-night, and somewhere else to-morrow. I am become quite a dissipated showman in a double sense. These two days my condition has been greatly improved in every respect. Your descriptions are delightful, especially of the old folks you met on the farm. I should much like to meet 'em. If they had known your father's trade, I fear you would not have been so welcome. Those old-time innocents don't believe in play-actors. Booth-*man* is a new name to me. Boothby is common enough in England, and frequent in New England also. . . . Yes, my season is pretty brief; and I have agreed to shorten it still more by giving up my two weeks in Boston. There is a great success at the Boston theatre, and my engagement comes

EDWIN BOOTH IN 1864.

in to cut it short; and it is a pity to interrupt a run that pays so well. T— is a good fellow, and old-time friendship induces me to let him have the time. Barrett will go elsewhere with the company while I "loaf." By this, however, I shall sacrifice about $8000; maybe more.

Papa.

BOSTON, MASS., December 3, 1890.

. . . It would seem that what is called "legitimate drama" is about "played out" in classical Boston. Jefferson and Florence have just closed their engagement, and I begin at the same theatre, with two wretched houses; all the other theatres, I believe, where cheap prices and poor plays are indifferently done, are well filled. In Philadelphia four leading theatres were giving Shakspere at once to full houses for two weeks while I was there. Boston is in the lower class this season, sure. It is bitter cold; to-day we have snow, and the temperature is moderating. My views look out on the Public Gardens, and I see the "lake" filled with girls and boys skating. I cannot *visit* when acting. This hotel is good for food and attendance, and the front rooms, as mine are, must be excellent in mild weather, but 't is very difficult to heat them. . . . No news. Love to all.

Papa.

BOSTON, December 8, 1890.

. . . Any little change in my jog-trot, routine habits, no matter how trifling or agreeable, puts me out, and disables me, as it were. I 've had business anent the club . . . and I can only give you a few hurried lines of good wishes and blessings — my dear *old* daughter.

Whew! how many are it? Why, I remember when you were quite a midget, littler 'n Mildred. . . . 'T is bitter cold to-day, but fortunately there is no wind, and I am very comfortable, after a good long walk. . . . I hope the bust will come to-morrow, but fear it will not for a few days after your birthday; at all events I hope my "flowery" greeting will be on time to-morrow morning.

God bless you, darling! With many kisses for you and your birdies,

Your loving papa.

BOSTON, December 11, 1890.

. . . I have just got through supper (a cold woodcock stuffed with chestnuts), after "Macbeth," a little tired, of course, but feeling so uncommonly well that I shall not wait till to-morrow, lest I may not feel so then.

Several times this season I have acted with vigor, but not with my usual clear mental grasp of the character, and always with an uncertainty of gait and a *thinness* of voice — at least to my own ear. But all day to-day I have been entirely free from light-headness, and to-night I acted and felt throughout the play just as ever I did at my best. Not a stagger, not a sign of feebleness in either my gait or speech — to the surprise of Barrett, who attributes it to hard work, and to all the company, and to my own amazement; for it has come so suddenly and without cause. . . . I got your birthday letter, and it makes me happy to know that all have been so well, and that you had such a happy day. I 'm afraid, from what Mr. Lawrence tells me, that the bust will not come till Christmas, or much before. . . .

The business has greatly increased, but still there 's room. Dr. Parsons has called several times; sent his love for you and babies, and he also left some verses for

you. Good night. God bless you and the babies! Love for all. This may be my last till I get to Providence next week.

THE PLAYERS, January, 1891.

. . . I received your welcome message this morning, and am delighted that you are safe at your journey's end, and find everything so pleasant. I hope the babies do not suffer after so long a ride, and that you all will be very happy and well in the flowery land. All day I have been so busy that I failed to telegraph you, and have been prevented from writing till now — midnight. I return to Phila. at one o'clock to-morrow. . . . The club seems to be growing more popular every day, and with the best people; it is certainly most interesting to me. It is very quiet, and, while in my apartments, the *club* part of the establishment might be a mile distant, so far as my retirement and privacy are concerned. I must be here next Sunday again, in order to attend a special meeting Monday morning, and I shall try to get Furness to come and see the club. He is a member, but does not come to New York except on business. Don't forget the poem for him. . . . I hope to get your letter to-morrow or the day after. No nap to-day, and sleepiness prevails; I must to bed. Warm, rainy, *narsty* day and night.

On the 30th, Daly is to give me a grand dinner at Delmonico's, and I am agonizing over the speech I must make on the occasion. O father, father, why did n't I take your advice, and learn a trade! (My sign:) "E. Thomas Booth, Cabinet-maker and job carpenter, Belair, Md."

Good night, dear. May God bless you and your dear ones!

From "Ba-Ba-Boo" and Papa.

THE PLAYERS, March 16, 1891.

. . . Burton, a once famous comedian, after many years of great success, became the object of newspaper abuse, especially in Phila., where he had been a public idol. He had three good daughters, who worshiped him, and whom he idolized. The Phila. papers became so cruel in their abuse of the old man, that he determined to avoid all further contact with the beasts who were permitted to vent their venom on him, by refusing to act again in that city, chiefly for his childrens' sake. He did not want them to read such horrible scandals about their father. 'T is childish to be so crushed by such vile wretches, with whom no reputation is sacred, private or public. There is no redress, no preventing the villains' attacks. The public man (or woman) must bear the scorn, and stand unshaken by it, as I have done. As in Burton's case, I felt keenly the effects of these filthy attacks solely on your account, and I have hoped that you would be advised by me, not to see or hear them. I have long since ceased to read "theatrical news," and have succeeded in letting my "dear friends" know that I avoid such rot, and that it is brutal to mention it to me. I repeat to them the remark Howells made to Aldrich when Aldrich asked him if he had heard of some abuse of his (Howells's) writings: "Do you suppose that I have no bosom friends?"

Now, that seems like a cruel blow at you, daughter, but it is not meant as such. To be frank, my child, I knew nothing of the article which caused you so much trouble, nor have I yet seen it, or even heard of it, except from your letter. It must have been very bad to affect you so; yet I have not allowed myself to read it, nor has any one told me of it. I wish that you would studiously avoid all theatrical references in the papers.

. . . I would advise you all to ignore such gossip, and let those who offer it understand that theatrical matters have no interest for you beyond the stage representation of good plays, etc. As the children approach the general reading age or the gossipy stage, I 'd dissuade them from imbibing interest in such matters. From this point in my career little else but abuse or pitying, faint praise will be my portion of the dramatic critics' notice. 'T is the fate of all artists after they have reached their zenith, and I have long expected my turn. I 'm not in the least disturbed by these so-called critics; the public tells a different story. . . . Just as I closed the last chapter of my sermon your letter of Friday came. I hope you have one from me. I have been so long over this, and have had so many interruptions, that the gloomy day is much like bedtime, as to darkness. I won't attempt much more, as it is near my dinner and nap-time. My health is far better than it has been the past year; my acting, so all assure me, is more and more powerful each night. I am positive I have hit on the true cause of my weakness. Many years ago (1876) I contracted malaria, and at various times since I have been affected by it, but not to such an extent until recently. . . . I must hurry now, for other interruptions have delayed me; besides, I have nothing to say beyond expressing my happiness in all the good reports you send, and to assure you of my own better condition in every respect. . . . Business fine (better than last year), and the audiences enthusiastic.

Papa.

THE PLAYERS, Friday morning, March 20, 1891.

DEAR DAUGHTER:

Wednesday night Barrett was taken so ill that he was unable to play "De Mauprat" after the third act (Hanly

finishing the part), and last night was in bed with a high fever, his wife and two doctors by his bedside. A severe cold, with threatened pneumonia; have not heard this morning any report from him; his wife came last evening from Boston. It so happened, as he broke down, my strength and vigor came up as suddenly. On Wednesday night *Richelieu* was *almost* himself, and last night *Macbeth* was as strong as ever he was in my treatment of the character. Besides, owing to Barrett's illness, my *Macduff* was fresh, and I had to teach him the fight between the acts of the play. I was forced to work harder than I ever did in *Macbeth*, and it did me good. I played the entire part better than for some years, and was less fatigued than usual, feeling well this morning. Now, whether I owe my rather sudden improvement to Doctor Smith's little pellets, to the many prayers which I am daily assured of by numerous unknown correspondents, my disuse of tobacco (I mean in the form of cigars, using a pipe and mild tabak instead), or to a medicine prescribed for me in Liverpool for a light form of my present malady, I know not, but sure it is, I am as one renewed since two days past. I would have been perfectly satisfied had *you* been in the box last night. . . . If my good turn holds true, and I am sure it will, just because I don't do what everybody advises, I shall be quite in trim for work by the time my season ends, some ten days hence.

Poor Barrett! He has had a hard pull this season, and the prospect is a gloomy, uphill one. . . .

The weather here has been cold and clear the last few days; to-day 't is cloudy and still very cold. I fear damp weather in the South, and hope you may escape what I am sure has ailed me many years at different times—malaria. Bless the big girl and boy, no longer babies, in fact; but I dare say you will consider them such so long as you three are together. I 'll drop the

"old lady" a birthday greeting for her fifth-*tiest* [fifth birthday].

Bromley's report of Barrett is not good. The doctors are endeavoring to keep off the pneumonia; still, they fear it. He must not leave his room for at least ten days. The business must be rearranged for the company after my engagement ends, week after next; till then I must do the best I can. He may pull up after a week's rest. My desk is one mass of unanswered letters, most of them begging for large sums of money. . . .

Is n't there an order of "Crutched Friars"? In old times there was; there is an old monastery at Cripplegate, London. Ignatius might attend the ball as one of them, with my *Don Cæsar's* gown and cowl, and his own crutches,[1] with Mildred as *Maritana*, and Clarence as *Don Cæsar*, and you as the old *Marchioness* with a painted nose. Shall I send the costumes? . . .

This is a long letter with nothing in it, but 't is the only kind I can write; it is next to impossible for me to answer letters. I can only scribble, and shirk all that smacks of business, which most of my neglected correspondence treats of. God bless you!

Papa.

THE PLAYERS, March 22, 1891.

DEAR DAUGHTER:

I 'm in no mood for letter-writing to-day. The shock,[2] so sudden and so distressing, and the gloomy, depressing weather, entirely unfit me for the least exertion — even to think. Hosts of friends, all eager to assist poor Mrs. Barrett, seem helpless in confusion, and all the details of the sad business seem to be huddled on her. . . .

[1] My husband was on crutches, owing to a severe accident.
[2] Mr. Lawrence Barrett's death.

General Sherman's son, "Father Tom," as he is affectionately called by all the family and the friends of the dear old general, will attend. He was summoned from Europe recently to his father's death-bed, and he happens to be in time to perform services for his father's friend, poor Lawrence. After the services to-morrow, at 10 A. M., the remains and a few friends will go direct to Cohasset for burial,—Tuesday,—where Barrett had only two weeks ago placed his mother, removed from her New York grave to a family lot which he had recently purchased at Cohasset. He had also enlarged his house there, where he intended to pass his old age in privacy. Doctor Smith was correct in his assertion that the glandular disease was incurable, and that the surgical operation would prolong life only a year or so; the severe cold produced pneumonia, which Barrett's physicians say might have been overcome but for the glandular disease still in his blood. Mrs. Barrett knew from the first operation that he had at most a year or so to live, and yet by the doctor's advice kept it secret, and did everything to cheer and humor him. She 's a remarkable woman. She has been expecting to be suddenly called to him for more than a year past, yet the blow came with terrible force. Milly[1] and her husband came last night. I have not seen Lawrence since death; when I saw him Thursday he was in a burning fever, and asked me to keep away for fear his breath might affect me, and it pained him to talk. He pulled through three acts of "De Mauprat" the night before, and sent for his wife that night. His death was very peaceful, with no sign of pain. A couple of weeks ago he and I were to meet General Sherman at dinner: Death came instead. To-night, Barrett had invited about twenty distinguished men to meet me at Delmonico's, and again the grim guest attends. One of his oldest

[1] Mr. Barrett's youngest daughter.

friends has just left me, after an interruption of half an hour. . . .

My room is like an office of some state official: letters, telegrams, and callers come every moment, some on business, many in sympathy. Three hours have elapsed since I finished the last sentence, and I expect a call from Bromley before I retire. A world of business matters has been disturbed by this sudden break of contracts with actors and managers, and everything pertaining to next season, as well as much concerning the balance of the present one, must be rearranged or canceled. I, of course, am free; but for the sake of the company I shall fulfil my time, to pay their salaries, this week here; and next week in Brooklyn, as they were engaged by Barrett for my engagement. After which they will be out of employment for the balance of the season. . . . I hope Ignatius is nearly well, and the rest of you entirely so. Heaven grant that the weather will be settled and favorable for your sojourn in Washington; don't risk the journey otherwise. . . . My wits are about dried up now, and I 'll cease my efforts at epistolary spelling.

I am steadily gaining strength and losing vertigo. God bless you! Love for all.

Papa.

P. S.—I am all right, but out of sorts with the heat.

NEW YORK, Sunday night, June 24, 1892.

. . . I 've tried to write you for a week past, but I 've given up in despair, although the weather has not been my excuse, for several days. Sheer laziness has overwhelmed me, and to-day especially I have simply loafed away the day well on to midnight merely trying to write you a line. It will be but a line or so at that, for

I am the "king-pin" of laziness,[1] although I am very much better in health, and every way feel more like my former self, though that 's not much to boast of. Your condition is of much more account to me. I do hope your general health is greatly improved, and I hope the babies will continue to thrive. Don't worry about them; so long as they get such air and surroundings, they are safe. Tell Miss Mildred grandpa has not forgotten her sweet letter, and will answer it soon, but can only send her, and "Cancy," too, lots of good-night kisses now. I 've oh so many lots of letters on business that I must first get rid of, and it is getting hot again. I 'll soon make up my mind when I 'll leave town, but not yet. . . .

THE PLAYERS, January 29, 1893.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER:

So long a time has elapsed since we communicated with each other that you must have given up all hope of ever hearing again from me. I have been exceedingly lazy; I can offer no other excuse. Every day for the last month I have determined to write, but time has passed, and my girl still neglected. Try to forgive me, and I 'll do better after this; it is as much as I can do to get through this, although I am in many respects far better in every way than when you left, ten days ago. I have been out only twice in all that time, but have accepted a visit to Daly's during the week, and shall try to go oftener during the coming week or two. I have my Dr. R—— apply the electricity here instead of at his office, and feel it of much benefit. Have not seen much of Dr. S——; he has been very busy. I have Aldrich

[1] My father ever attributed his condition to laziness, sleepiness, etc. His fatal disease, unknown to himself, but feared by all who loved him, was undermining him gradually but surely.

and his boy Tal here at present. . . . My hand is so shaky I can barely write plain, as you see. What a bad time you had! The fire must have scared you all very much. I hope all your troubles are over, and that the rest of your Southern tour will be joyous. Give lots of grandpa's love and kisses to his wee ones, and tell them to hurry home to look after him. We have had lots of cold but rather wet weather: it 's muggy and disagreeable to-day. The club is pretty well full all the time, but I keep up-stairs, and see but few people. God bless and guard you!

Papa.

THE PLAYERS, February 19, 1893.

. . . I believe it is three weeks since I wrote to you. I don't know why I have let so long a time pass; it seems much longer—quite three months; and I can offer no better reason for my neglect than sheer laziness, which you, of course, attribute to illness or something more serious. But I assure you that nothing more—only laziness, reading newspapers, and my natural state of loaf, are the cause of my condition; so don't worry in the least, but scold me roundly. So it has been day after day until now, when I find myself overwhelmed by a heap of unanswered letters, many of which I have put off to Harry and Bispham, who have kindly written for me while I snooze on the sofa in my back room. I can't account for it, except my lack of exercise. I do nothing but snooze all day, and see very few to talk to, except the doctors. I have three now, who apply electricity, and all sorts of disagreeable, but not painful, performances every day. . . . Two hours at least must have escaped me since I began this, and yet I have n't written half a letter; I thought I had matter enough for a good long

letter, after so long an absence, but I find myself almost dumb already. I 'll do better next time; I have a letter somewhere from a two-year-old baby. I meant to send it to our babies in reply to their sweet letter to me the other day, but I can't find it on my crowded desk to-night. God bless you all!

I can't do any more at present, but in a few days I hope to do better; but the last time I tried I had to wire you. I went with Bispham to Daly's one night; but it did n't stir me up at all, and though I have promised to go again in a night or two, I doubt if it will induce me to be an actor, like Clarence or Mildred.[1] I 'll go down-stairs to-morrow to meet him—my third visit to the club as yet; have remained up-stairs three weeks, I think, since I "came aboard." Harry stays with me late every night, and so does Bispham almost every day. Good night. God bless you! I hope all the bad weather is gone at last.

Papa.

THE PLAYERS, February 26, 1893.

. . . Again it seems as tho' a year has passed since I wrote to you, so long a time it seems; but I can't complain of *your* silence or neglect of me, for you have been very prompt, and every now and then I receive your welcome letters, darling, which make me very happy in my gloomy club-room; for I seldom go out or down-stairs, keeping up-stairs nearly all the time. Have been only to Daly's, and shall go again there to see the "Twelfth Night" on Tuesday. I have made my two visits, and don't feel yet the least desire for the stage, although my two visits have set all the managers and agents after me for engagements, of course. . . . The numerous letters

[1] My father had noted much dramatic talent in my little children.

from unheard-of great actors, who have been waiting my return to the Shaksperian stage, is overwhelming, too; I had no idea of so many. To give you some notion of how long it takes for me to write so slight a letter, I think I 've been since 4 o'clock since I began scribbling this, and have not ended yet. . . . Yet I am a great deal better in many respects. Latterly I have had a cough that troubles me somewhat, but that is nothing much. . . . To-day has snowed us up, and every day or so we have had heavy snows or summer weather. There is a great Italian actress here, a Mlle. Duse, the greatest yet, they say. I shall see her in a few nights. . . . Tell "babbies" grandpa has forgotten how to spell, and when I learn again, I 'll write them a good letter. God bless 'em, and tell 'em to write me another just such a sweet, long letter, and good night. God bless 'em with all sorts of good nights, and God bless their dear mama! Love for all.

Dear father! His health had begun to fail rapidly, and my enforced absence in the South, through illness in my family, was a constant source of anxiety and worry to me. I longed ever to be with him, not knowing how much longer I might have that happiness. In a few short weeks he was taken from me, but not before I had the joy of his loved presence for a while in my home. The pathos of these last letters is made more pathetic still, when one considers the heroic and loving efforts he made to write to me, although enfeebled physically and mentally. It was but one more proof of his unselfish, devoted paternal love.

THE PLAYERS, NEW YORK, March 4, 1893.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

After many attempts, I have "my pen in hand" for a final one before my good night. Although I wired you the last thing last night before going to dine with Bispham that I would write you to-day, I almost broke my word, and failed to keep faith, and let you pàss for another week, for just as I began this several callers came to interrupt me. Another day is about gone, and Sunday night is creeping ahead of me, and no letter mailed for you yet. . . . I can't account for it. . . .

Although I have both darlings' letters on my desk, I can't muster energy enough to write my love for them, but only silently wish them all sorts of good things, to share with darling mama, with my loving thoughts. God bless them all! I have been all day over this, stopping every now and then to think, unable to write a decent letter. I 'll soon do better. It 's dark almost every day, because of the heavy snow-storms or threatened ones, though to-day the sun shines after a heavy storm of yesterday and last night. I can't scribble even half that I hoped for to-day, after my failure to telegraph you more than I did yesterday. I managed to go to the play two or three times; but it merely tired me, and gave me no pleasure.

I 'm reading the "Journal of a Young Artist—Marie Bashkirtseff," a remarkable book. Beginning at twelve years of age, the girl moralizes and philosophizes like *Hamlet*. Of course she died young—at twenty-four. . . . Good-bye. And again God bless you!

Pop.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1893.

. . . It seems a most difficult task for me to write a simple letter, even to spell. I don't know what is the cause. I certainly am much better than I was, in all respects, until I attempt to write, when all my wits seem to go astray, and my nerves get beyond control. Several days have gone without my having had energy to write more than a telegram to you, which I did also yesterday. If I could take exercise, I believe I should gradually grow stronger. My 'lectric doctors are now reduced to two; I formerly had four a day. After breakfast I take a paper and lie on my sofa in the back room, where I get most sunlight, till about 3:30 or 4 o'clock, when I dine a little, and after go to Carryl's or Bispham's, or to the play, in order to get a vain hope for an interest in the theatre. My deafness is so much increased that I don't hear a word that is spoken on the stage. . . . I won't promise any more, but I 'll try to finish this badly begun letter in the morning. 'T is quite late now,—eight and a half, at least; just my bedtime,—and dear old Harry stays with me to tuck me up, and say good night, till the last, every night. I miss you all very much, but am glad you escaped this bad weather.

March 16. Good morning, my little ones! Only 't is nearly evening again; the way I let time slip away is a caution to babies. I left this letter to mama last night, meaning to finish it for her this morning; but 't is now nearly to-morrow evening ahead, and I 'm just about awake, and have only just scratched a few lines addressed to my good little "Babes in the Woods" 'way down South, where 't is nice and warm, amongst the birds and flowers. Here 't is just as cold as winter still. I 'm really cold and shivering while I try to write. . . . I hope you are still all well. If you are always as good as you are now, and

have been this summer, I 'm sure the good angels will take good guard of you, and bring you all to our happy home in New York, to see grandpa, who is anxious to see his old babies again. Now, you see, I 've managed to write two letters for you (you and mama in one, you see). That 's for waiting so long. Well, I 've told you about all I know, so now good-bye. . . . Give 'em my love and God bless 'em for grandpa. With many loving kisses.

THE PLAYERS,
Tuesday, 4:30 P. M., April 17, 1893.

DEAR DAUGHTER:

I rose very late this morning, and brought with me an all-night and permanent headache, which still sways me after a long nap on the sofa till just now; I hope to get rid of it and be soon with you for a while this evening. Will send for coupé; am sorry that I did not send word earlier. Very sorry your cold is worse, but am glad that you take care of it, and have stayed indoors, for it seems quite cold here.

If I should not get out, don't worry; I am quite well, except my stupid headache, that will perhaps keep me in the house. Nothing worse. I hope 't is better with you, and nothing worse with you all.

God bless you! Papa.

The above is my father's last letter to me. On the following morning he was taken ill (Wednesday, April 18).

On the previous evening he came to my house, as usual, to dinner, and, although very feeble, he seemed bright, and spoke of his pleasure in still being able to come to us. It was his last visit.

LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS

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LETTER TO CAPT. RICHARD F. CARY.

430 FRANKLIN ST., June 30, 1860.

FRIEND RICHARD:

I pray your highness to pardon my long delay in replying to your last kind letter; but the fact is, my head is turned. I am like the chap of old who wrote to his father, ending with this line, "I am, my dearest charmer, ever thine." In short, my head is full of "Marry Mary —marry—marriage." Those are the three important degrees at present. The second, which implies fear, hope, regret, bliss, love, etc., being a sufficient excuse for anything except suicide; so bear with me, Richard, and don't "impute my silence to light love" of your delightful company, but rather to the tumultuous heavings of that sea through which you have already passed to a joyful haven. Phew! It takes me so long to reach a period that I almost lose the thread of my "yarn" on the journey. This day week—July 7—"young Edwin" is no more! A sober, steady paterfamilias will then (excuse me a moment, there 's a hand-organ playing "Love not" under my window, and I must defer this till a more appropriate air strikes up). Half an hour has elapsed, and "A te O Cara" swells on the air—a more inspiring melody than the former, but still not sufficiently so to stimulate

me to the performance of a task (to me almost impossible), that of writing a sensible letter. You see how I have been rambling off. I 've said nothing as yet, and yet nearly the whole of my sheet is filled. So I go. This is a panorama of my brain at present—wandering about from "nix" to nothing. I wonder if it will be as hot as this next month; I hope not. I am going to Lake George, and then shoot about the "farm"[1] till I strike the Saginaw, and return by the way of Boston, etc. I hope I 'll see you there; will let you know when. For the present, adieu; with all the best wishes for thee and thine, of

Yours distractedly, Booth.

TO RICHARD F. CARY. 1860.

. . . I 'm "orph," but whether for Italy, France, or "Merrie England" depends upon—away, away from here at all events. Art degenerates below the standard even of a trade in America. My taste is becoming vitiated; my love of it is dying out; and I need the recuperation. Badeau speaks both languages fluently, and will be a valuable companion "du voyage." The only trouble will be, I shall have a wife to look after . . . but I dare say I shall have ample opportunities to study art in its native atmosphere, and to inhale enough of the latter to vivify my future productions with something of the true and beautiful. I can go on traveling through this country four, perhaps five, years longer, and make a great deal of money; but money is not what I want—nor position either, unless I can feel within the consciousness of deserving it. Fortune has placed me in (for my years) a high, and, many think, an enviable, position, but I feel the

[1] My father's birthplace, Belair, Maryland, which he always called the "farm."

ground tremble beneath my feet, and I 'm perfectly well aware that unless I aim at a larger circumference than the rim of the "almighty dollar" (which one can't help in America), I 'll go down "eye-deep" in the quicksand of popular favor. When "vox populi" gets hoarse, gargles won't help it, so I think I had better leave in the full cry of "Come back to me!" as Mrs. "Bevish" wrote to Heenan. "I 've had the usual vicissitudes of the son of the Muses" since I saw you. Nashville (barring the beautiful ladies) disgusted me; Charleston revived, and this place raised my expectation to such a height that, like *Macbeth's* ambition, it went clean over the saddle, and fell on t'other side—fifteen hundred dollars in one little week! I go to St. Louis from here, then to Philadelphia, then to Hymen! Pray let me hear from you ere then. My compliments to Mrs. C., and believe me ever,

Your friend, Booth.

TO RICHARD F. CARY.

New York, Dec. 4, 1860.

My dear Dick:

I rec'd a letter from you just as I had mailed my last. I 'll give you only a few lines this time, as I 'm ill. I send you some notices. My engagement has not been thus far successful, pecuniarily, but otherwise a *triumph.* I 've had the best people, and the entire press yields me the palm, particularly as *Hamlet*, although *Richelieu* has made *the* mark. There are constant inquiries at the box-office for it; just my luck. . . .

I send you a lot of scraps Mollie has cut from the papers for *you.* . . . Cushman is doing so-so at the Boston. She is down on me as an actor; says I don't know anything at all about "Hamlet," so she is going to play here

in Feb. I can't go South, sure. Hurry up and make your fortune, that we may have a decent theatre.

The company is most atrocious here; they ruin all I attempt. Be sure *my mark is made* here, and with the best people, too. I 'll draw like a blister the next visit. Mrs. B. sends her kind regards. Remember us at home when you write. Yours ever,

Ned.

TO CAPT. RICHARD F. CARY.

Sunday, 30, 1861.

MY DEAR DICK:

I cannot tell you how sad I feel at your going away without bidding you good-bye. After several ineffectual attempts to find the camp, I yesterday succeeded. Covered with dust, "headached," and broiled, my wife and I reached the ground just in time to see the parade dismissed, when I learned that you were absent.

I had to visit New York last week, where I found my mother, sister, and Joe. He gives a glowing account of the fight. Says *no one* was killed. Ten times the number of rebels could not have taken the fort, by any means, had Anderson been provisioned. We all start at 7 A. M. to-morrow for Bethel, Me., where I hope to have a quiet time for a few weeks, at the end of which I sincerely hope to be summoned to England. I 've already received a request to visit the Haymarket, and about the middle of July I shall know definitely. But enough of myself. I manage, somehow, to appear very egotistical in my letters; I write of nothing else, it seems.

My dear Dick, you will not, I hope, omit any opportunity to "post" me as to your whereabouts, etc. I shall read with anxiety and interest every bulletin from the

seat of war, and pray ever for your safety and distinction — of that I am sure, if you only get a chance. My wife sends her blessings and heartfelt good-bye, and her sincere regret at not seeing you. There is no need of protestation, I trust, on my part, to assure you of the regret, the anxiety, the hope, the fear, I feel for you, but I will say, God in heaven bless and protect you! That you may return unscathed and glorious shall be the constant, fervent prayer of . . . Your friend

Ned.

BOSTON, Aug. 4, 1861.

MY DEAR DICK:

I was truly delighted at receiving your letter; I was afraid I should hear nothing of you before I left for Europe. This announcement surprises you, no doubt, but so it is, Dick; I am off for the Haymarket at last. I received a hint ere I went to Bethel, and while there a most substantial inducement came in the shape of an offer from the management, and I sail on the 7th (next Wednesday) on the *Arabia*. You may imagine how upside down everything is with me now; having many things to buy, and many to dispose of — among the latter is a horse which I drove out to Camp Andrew a few days before I left town. I wish you were a Col., I would give him to you. Your sister called on Mollie[1] the other day, and promised to see her again before we go, as it is impossible for us to go to Nahant, as we intended. My dear Dick, how I long to grasp your hand ere I go, but fate has ordained it otherwise, and I know that your advice would be to "go without delay." It is the grand turning-point of my career, and though it pains me to leave my country at this time, I look forward with a heart full of hope that I may achieve

[1] My mother.

abroad all that you may desire for me. Here have I been egotistically scribbling "I," "I," "I," throughout the whole letter, and not a word for you. You know that I am not so selfish as all that, don't you? As *Hotspur* says somewhere, "By God! I cannot flatter, but in my heart there is no man holds a prouder place than Richard Cary," or words to that effect. And I do hold you proudly, Dick; I am proud of your friendship; and I sincerely hope and pray that "ere the fight be o'er" your name may be among the proudest of your country's saviors.

God bless you, my boy! Don't get tired of the hard fare; your patriotism is not in the stomach, I know, but stick to the flag, Dick, as I intend to do, though far away. . . . God bless you! Mollie joins me in love for you. If there is a possibility of sending me a letter now and then to the Haymarket Theatre, do so, and I 'll keep you posted. Adieu. May God protect you! Your friend,

Ned.

TO MR. RICHARD CARY.

LONDON, Thursday, March 20, 1862.

. . . Yesterday's mail brought me the mournful tidings of Prof. Felton's death. I know of nothing short of your own, or of some of my family's death, that could have shocked me more. My wife had a letter from your sister Emma, telling us of the melancholy blow which has deprived us of one of our proudest ornaments, and also giving me some idea of what you have been doing. I am delighted that you were chosen to so important a mission; it shows what confidence is reposed in you. I suppose by this time you are in the heat of the fray. God forbid that another letter from Cambridge should bring me simi-

lar intelligence to the last, but that one from you will cheer me with glorious news of yourself in particular and of the whole army in general. The "Times" is so very rabid against us that I left it off some time ago; but I believe it advocates a monarchy for America as the only chance for us. It is consistent, at all events, and that is one thing in its favor. I take such papers as give us a fair and truthful account of things, but such papers are called "bla'guard" sheets, of course.

I am going to Paris on Saturday; shall remain till Tuesday morning, merely to get an idea of the place before going there with my family. . . . I am writing under tenfold difficulties; my pen won't work, as you may see, my neuralgia keeps me in a state of "worry," and my baby is squalling like fury. Having been vaccinated, she is suffering in consequence, and, to cap all, I have nothing of interest to write about. I have not forgotten the "Dramatic College" periodical you spoke of, but I can find out nothing in relation to it; I do not think it is started yet.

I think the fall will find me in Boston again, a poorer but a wiser man than when I left there; but do not say aught about it. And so General Lander is dead! There 's another heavy loss. I was not aware of his illness until the news of his death reached us. I suppose you get all the floating news of Boston. E. L. [Davenport] has been astonishing the solid men with his *Hamlet* at the Academy. . . . I see that some of the regiments have theatrical entertainments, and that Luc Denin has been acting for them. Do you ever take part? Send for Alice . . . and she might "do" the "Marble Heart" to perfection under canvas. God bless you, Dick! Give me a long account of yourself and doings; tell me how you look. I suppose your beard is quite ferocious now; you will perceive that I have allowed my hair to grow, à la

Formes; quite classic, is it not? . . . I wonder if it will be your lot to enter Memphis as a conqueror, or are you destined for another point of the compass? Mrs. Booth joins me in prayers for your dear safety, and is as anxious as I to hear from you.

Ever your friend, Ned.

TO MRS. FELTON, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. FELTON:

So soon as I heard of dear Richard's death, which information I did not receive for several days after my arrival, I endeavored in a very feeble letter to his bereaved widow to express the grief this cruel blow has caused me, and to offer her some little consolation. I could not realize, even while writing it, that my dear friend was dead, and even now, although your letter has destroyed all hope, I can but feel that I shall meet him soon.

God bless the being who paid that lovely tribute to our dear one! But while I bless, I envy him the sacred duty he was privileged to perform. I can but feel that, after his family, mine was the right to first pay homage to the noble dead. That will ever be to me a holy spot where Richard lies, and I shall always consider it to be one of my first and most sacred duties to visit it.

That our friendship was so well appreciated by his family, and your assurance that this friendship was a source of happiness to him, are, and ever will be, as a glimpse of heaven in the dark void his untimely death has caused. But, above all, the sad, sweet relic he has left me—the

letter signed with his death—will forever be to me a source of consolation. It will keep forever fresh the truth of him who thought of his friend even on the field of battle.

Richard was always in my eyes the noblest of men, and his conduct in the face of death proves that I was right in my judgment of him. He was a hero born; he acted as Richard Cary only could act—nobly, unselfishly, bravely. I knew it would be so; I knew that he would be loved by all about him; and I knew that if he fell, he would be found contented, grand in death. I can appreciate the feelings of him who felt like kissing him. God, in taking him, left for the consolation of his friends the impress of his soul upon his face. This is why it looked so lovely, so like an angel's.

His dear mother, so heroic in her grief, must feel her sorrow somewhat assuaged by the conviction that her darling is where she will meet him again; for never did a purer soul go more calmly forth at its master's call.

From your allusion to the fight at Winchester, and the shell bursting near Richard, I fear a letter has missed us, for we heard nothing of it. . . . I will now close, my dear Mrs. Felton, with no apology for this, knowing that you appreciate the depth and sincerity of my feelings, however homely they are expressed.

I need not say how anxious I am to receive dear Richard's letter. . . .

With dearest love for you all, in which my wife joins me, believe me ever your friend and servant, and your brother's lover,

Edwin Booth.

TO CAPT. ADAM BADEAU.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1862.

DEAR AD.:

I 've been on the point of writing to you every day, and have put it off for the lack of something to write about—you can understand that sort of thing. I stay indoors all day; news is stale and scarce (I mean new news, of course), and the consequence is, I have nought to say but to offer up my prayers for your safety and success. I presume you are at Memphis, as I see Sherman is there; but I will send, as you directed, to New Orleans. To talk about such old-time nonsense as my own affairs is now too trivial. "The time and your intents are savage, wild," and admit of nothing which does not smack of seriousness; therefore, I must devote what few words I have, as I said before, to you and your holy cause. May the God of Battles guard you, Ad., and may you persevere in the good work so well begun. . . . 'T is said the enemy is retreating. God grant it may be so, and that they may be squelched by "Little Mac." . . . I have seen no one as yet except the Stoddards. . . . Folks are coming to town, however; but still the place is very dull. 'T is not the same New York I left, is it?

Let me hear from you as soon and as often as possible, and by that time I may be able to give you a longer and, I hope, a more interesting letter.

Mollie and the baby are well and happy; send love to you, and beg you to come back safe.

Write me long letters, and tell me all the war news.

With prayers for your safety, and sincerest wishes for your promotion and success in every undertaking,

Believe me, thine as ever,

Ned.

To Capt. A. Badeau, U. S. A.

DORCHESTER, Mass., March 3, 1863.

MY DEAR AD.:

By the time this reaches you, you will perhaps have heard of the terrible blow I have received — a blow which renders life aimless, hopeless, darker than it was before I caught the glimpse of heaven in true devotion of her, the sweetest being that made man's home a something to be loved. My heart is crushed, dryed up, and desolate. I have no ambition now, no one to please, no one to cheer me. . . . You can feel my agony, I know, and if, while I was happy, I failed to keep you advised of my whereabouts and doings, you see I think of you in my misery, and seek to pour out my flood of grief where I know it will not be despised. I should not complain even in my gulf of woe, for surely God is just, is good, is wiser than we, and nothing has ever so impressed me with the truth of this as Mollie's death. I left her in bloom of health and hope, joyful and loving, throwing kisses to me as I parted from her; two little tiny weeks slipped by, and I was summoned to her bedside. I came *too late:* the baby-wife lay dead, after one week's illness! Can you believe it, Ad.? I can't. I think she is somewhere near me now; I see her, feel her, hear her, every minute of the day. I call her, look for her, every time the door opens; in every car that passes our little cottage door, where we anticipated so much joy, I expect to see the loved form of her who was my *world.* God only can relieve me; nothing on earth can fill the place of her who was to me at once wife, mother, sister, child, guide, and savior. All is dark; I know not where to turn, how to direct the deserted vessel now. My child can never fill her place, for *she* was my child, my baby-wife. Every little toy of hers, every little scrap of paper the most worthless, are full of her because she has touched them.

They recall her more vividly than the baby does, although the dear little thing is full of "papa." She climbs my knee, and prattles all day long to me; but still she is not the baby I have loved and cherished so devotedly. Two little tiny years, Ad., and the bright future is a black and dismal past. O God! if I could only feel satisfied that she is with the blessed, if she could give me some sign that this is not the end of all — then I could, with the hope of meeting her again, be, if not happy, at least composed; but a terrible nightmare, *doubt*, will thrust itself between me and heaven, and my mind is on the rack. They tell me that time and use will soften the blow, that I shall grow to forget her. God forbid! My grief, keen as it is, and crushing, is still sweet to me; for it is a part of her. Were I to live a thousand years, I 'd ask no greater blessing than to mourn for her, to be wrapped up in my grief as in a shroud, alone with her. You know more of our loves and lives than any one, and yet you cannot conceive the half; no one can. God, she, and I only, knew the depth of our devotion. It grew from childhood; for I go back now, for the thousandth time, to the very first hour I ever met her, and feel that I loved her then, although I did not know it. As she grew to womanhood, and loved, my soul grew to hers. Poor worm! I feel now how mean, how thoroughly nothing, I am. Where can I go to forget my lost joy? What can I do or look upon that will not remind me of her? All things I loved or admired she took delight in; my acting was studied to please her, and after I left the theatre, and we were alone, her advice was all I asked, all I valued. If she was pleased, I was satisfied; if not, I felt a spur to prick me on to attain the point. In this once happy house I see on every hand bitter remembrances of her: the very pen I hold was in her hand only three weeks ago, inditing loving words to me; the pa-

per on which I write was purchased by her for my use; her books lie all about me; her sewing, her dresses—all are a part of her, and every corner brings her back; for all loved her, and all weep for her, all talk of her. I lie awake at night, and look for her in the darkness; I hold my breath and listen, and sometimes fancy I can *feel* her speak away in somewhere—in my soul, perhaps, for I know if it is possible for spirits to come back she 'll come to me some night. Surely she is an angel in God's highest court, if there is a world beyond this, if this is not the end.

On the day of the funeral I received word from Dr. Osgood, who was on a visit here, offering to officiate. Strange coincidence would it not have been? It was too late, however; but Dr. Huntington performed the services. To-day I had a beautiful letter from Osgood, written, he says, in the very room in which he married us. I had also a kind letter from Beecher[1] the other day. I never met him; but Mollie dined at Mrs. Howes'[2] once, some six weeks ago, and he was there. Like all who came within her atmosphere, he loved her, and says her name is no stranger in his household; that daily and nightly he prays for me. From several other visitors and men of standing I have received kind words of consolation and advice; but what can they tell me? She is in heaven, and I must live to meet her there. I know all this at least as well as they know it; I do not need their advice or sympathy, although it is good in them to give it, and I appreciate it; but I do need some sign from her, some little breath of wind, nothing more, whispering comfortable words of her. Did n't you tell me once that you saw me standing near you when I was in reality far away? I 'll tell you what happened to me two nights before Mary left me. I was in New York, in bed; it was about two in the morning. I was awake; I felt a strange puff

1 The late Henry Ward Beecher. 2 Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

of air strike my right cheek twice; it startled me so that I was thoroughly aroused. I turned in bed, when I felt the same on the left cheek—two puffs of wind—ghost-kisses. I lay awake wondering what it could mean, when I distinctly heard these words, "*Come to me, darling; I am almost frozen,*" as plainly as I hear this pen scratching over the paper. It made a strange impression on me, the voice was so sad and imploring. When I was in the cars on my way hither, little dreaming that she was so seriously ill, I saw, every time I looked from the car window, Mary dead, with a white cloth tied around her head and chin. I did not find her so exactly, nor in the position I saw her from the window, but I saw her as distinctly a dozen times at least as I saw her when I arrived —dead, and in her coffin. What does all this mean? My mother says she saw my father standing by her bedside twice during the first month of his decease; she declared she was awake, and saw him; but he vanished before she had time to speak to him. I, who have ever laughed at such things, now feel mystified, and half believe that such things may be. Surely they can do no harm; for if Mary should come to me, I feel that my soul would become purified. I should no longer have doubt, and my life would be sweeter, perhaps, than while she lived; for I should then follow the path I knew would lead me to her. But then, again, I fear. Should she tell me she was unhappy, what would be my life then? I should go mad, undoubtedly, or rebel, as Lucifer did, as my wicked soul is apt to do rather than be humbled. The chief reason why I have not written to you is that I did not wish to trouble you at such times as these with affairs so trivial as those relating to my profession, and you know me well enough to know that that topic is my only one. Laziness, I must confess, in a great degree had to do with it also. Nothing more.

EDWIN BOOTH AS "HAMLET," 1887

Dear Mollie sat down to write to you one day, but tore up the letter, saying it could not interest you, and that she 'd write some other time. This was but a few weeks before she went away. I have not the slightest idea of your whereabouts, so shall send this to the care of Mrs. Busteed, who has doubtless told you all about this sadness. Is there anything of Mollie's that would please you to have? Her (your) guitar is hanging on the wall, mute and tuneless now. The spring is upon us, yet the ground is white with snow — white as a shroud. Poor Mollie is lying out at Mount Auburn, cold and lonely. Does n't it seem hard that one so young, so full of life, devotion, and goodness, should go so suddenly? Would to God I were there with her! But I suppose that 's wrong; I suppose I will be there shortly. Years are but minutes when we look back on vanished joys; but oh, how tedious they appear when we turn our eyes the other way! Every day now seems endless; the night seems lengthened into a century: I am in such haste to reach that beginning, or that end of all, that I am chafed and breathless with my own impatience. Ad., my married life has yet some touches of the real in it, has it not? Do you think now it is possible for me to recite some passages in a play without a something in my heart and throat? God help me! Madness would be a relief to me, and I have often thought I stood very near the brink of it. . . . Total darkness even is better than the lurid light burning in the tomb, and that is all that I can see. It flickers before my eyes, and shows me only the murky, joyless future, and the faded brightness of the dead past. God bless you, Ad.! Be brave and struggle, but set not your heart on anything in this world. If good comes to you, take it, and enjoy it; but be ready always to relinquish it without a groan.

Adieu; may we meet again.

Ned.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.[1]

DORCHESTER, Mass., March 5, 1863.

MY DEAR MISS CARY:

I should have acknowledged the receipt of, and thank you for, the pictures, which are indeed the most precious, and which, Richard's particularly, I think the best I have seen of our dear lost ones, had I not thought I should be able to do so in person. Next week, God willing, I shall certainly call.

Poor little Edwina cannot respond to the more enlightened Georgie;[2] she cannot yet command her English well enough; but she sends through papa a thousand kisses to her sweet little baby friend, and shall soon see her. Tell Georgie she must love me, and talk to me when I come, dear little soul.

I go to town to-day to look over the French costumes I sent here for my dear wife's inspection. Were it not that they require unpacking and attending to, I 'd drive out to Cambridge; but I must defer my visit till next week.

How sad it is to perform these offices! I purchased these costumes merely to please her, and I am sure when I see them for the first time I shall lose my self-control, as I did, after calmness had settled on my heart, when packing away her dresses and other articles that now are so very, very dear to me, albeit of the most trivial character.

But I must close, with good night, and with my love to you all, and kisses to Georgie.

Ever your friend,

Edwin Booth.

1 Miss Emma F. Cary, sister of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, widow of the late Professor Louis Agassiz of Cambridge, Mass.

2 Miss Georgie Cary, only child of Captain Richard F. Cary.

TO ADAM BADEAU.

NEW YORK, 107 East 17th St., May 18, 1863.

DEAR AD.:

I got your letter before I left Boston some weeks ago. You see I am now located in New York. I have taken Putnam's house (the publisher) furnished, for six months, during which time I shall busy myself looking for a permanent home while on earth — something I can leave my child in case of my departing, which God grant may not occur until I have become worthy of being reunited with her. . . . While Mary was here I was shut up in her devotion. I never dreamed that she could be taken from me. . . . As I ever have lived, so live I now, within. You would not think I suffer were you here with me; nor would I have you think that I do suffer constantly: it is only at times, as now. When I wrote you last, it seems I was hopeful and patient; now I am torn with all sorts of hateful fancies; yet but an hour ago I might have written you a far different letter. Believe in one great truth, Ad.—God is. And as surely as you and I are flesh and bones and blood, so are we also spirits eternal. I believe it beyond a doubt, and I believe, too, that she who sat beside me only a few weeks ago is living and is near me now. This should make me happy, should it not? But it does not. . . . Ad., I never knew how much I loved her. I do not perhaps fully realize it yet; if I did, the loss of my Aidenn might kill me. God is wise and just and good in this, as in all things. . . . I tell you, Ad., it is not well to forget God in our prosperity; we do not when we are sinking. Infidels, heathens, blasphemers, all think of Him then. . . . My feelings are as my words, jumbled together in terrible confusion. Let us pass. . . .

I am writing on Washington Irving's table—an honor, I presume, but it is very small and inconvenient for the purpose, and I 'd rather have more elbow-play, were it even on a kitchen dresser. My baby—bless her!—is as beautiful and as full of love and life as she who was born this night. Yes; this is, or shortly will be, the nineteenth, Mary's twenty-third year! Poor baby! . . .

Tell me all about the war; every time you write, enlighten me as to what is going on in this world of ours. . . . In the world where cruel fate has cast me — in the theatre — I am as a child whose eye-teeth are yet uncut. . . . In the way of art, sculpture is flourishing, painting also: of the former I speak selfishly, as I ever think and speak of all things. [Launt] Thompson is doing a head of me as *Hamlet*, which will surpass his "Trapper," and that is worthy of Michelangelo. I'd bury it if I were he, and rot it as Buonarotti did (you see I still retain my wit!), and swear it to be antique. Palmer and, in fact, all artists pronounce it *great*. . . . Good night, and be your dreams brighter than mine.

Cats are yowling and dogs are howling under my window, and it is very late; so I must go to bed and think. I 've not seen the B.'s yet, for Thompson has all my time from "get up" to "go to bed." Shall see them soon if in town. Write cheerfully and at length; I need it. God bless you, boy! Ned.

NEW YORK, 107 East 17th St., June 6, 1863.

MY DEAR AD.:

The sad intelligence of your wound reached me through the "Herald" this morning, and I shall endeavor to give you a cheerful letter, sincerely hoping that you will be up and out by the time it reaches you. A cheerful letter—Great God! where shall I find the material for such?

Truly not in my heart; not in anything the world presents to me now. I can but write as the mood is. But I must take care and not pain you. Let what I may say, if I get very sad, be taken seriously, not sorrowfully. We may never meet again; you may even now be quitting earth for the bright home I have longed for all my life, but from which I have always turned. I sometimes, as in my first letter to you (you say you got no other, yet I wrote two), believe beyond a doubt of her existence and her constant love; but then again, as in my second letter, I feel the deadness of an outcast soul. Ad., if you do go (don't think I speak lightly of so serious a matter; no, I always thought of death as coolly as sleep, nothing more, and gladly would I take that sleep were I permitted)—if you go, *come back* to *me*, and assure me of the reality of what perplexes us all so often. None need the conviction more than I. If I were sure of it in her case I 'd be happy—but I may as well tell you, I 've been to see Miss Edmunds (the Judge's daughter), and some marvelous things have been said and done. I have received communications from Mary and my father *almost* convincing, but I want something beyond a doubt. . . . I shall investigate thoroughly the subject which is of so vital importance to me, and I know how fearful my friends get in such matters; so keep it to your heart, and if you remain on earth I 'll acquaint you with my proceedings; if you go to her and can come back, do so: I will, to you. I am ashamed of my keeping away from *102*, but you know how I dislike to visit, and you may judge how painful it would now be to see those who knew her: we can only talk of her, and though I sometimes fancy I can do so calmly, as though she were still here, I find my heart swelling up into my throat when I think of going; so I put it off from day to day. Now, I *must* go. Oh, if I could get rid of that impatient longing for

her return! I said I 'd be cheerful, did n't I? I have taken a pretty course, truly! . . .

I pray God you may not be taken away, for the world is still beautiful to you; I hope with all my heart that you may not be prevented from going again into action, and that you may win renown and happiness. I feel my duty now to be simply the accumulation of money to leave my child, for I may go as suddenly as its poor mother did. . . .

You ask if you offended me in your first letter. No; I wrote you as soon as I could after I received it: nothing can offend me now. . . . By the time this reaches you I shall be by Mollie's grave. I go there to place a tablet over her; when that is done I shall go back to her baby and — God knows what.

Be hopeful, cheerful, Ad.: don't let my feelings overmaster yours. You must be quiet and cheerful. I am in a dead state to-day. Sometimes I am of the other world, and *feel* there is a path on the other side of the grave. For fear I grow worse and worse, and pain you more than I have already done, I 'll close. I send you cold comfort, I know. God bless you and restore you!

Write me often, and as soon as you get up. I 'll see the B.'s to-morrow, if I 'm home.

Be hopeful and happy,

Thine, Edwin.

NEW YORK, 107 East 17th St., June 15, 1863.

MY DEAR AD.:

I doubt if I shall ever be in the proper mood to cheer you. I got your letter to-day, and must answer it ere I go to bed, for I may be off for Boston to-morrow. I go there on a sad, painful errand. You must take what I send, and count it sympathy, gloomy and cheerless as it may

prove to be. Yes, I remember the promise she made you, and I do not doubt she is near you at times—when you are cheerful. I feel her by me sometimes—at least I fancy so, but to-day has been one of my bad days. . . . The dear little baby is beautiful, and as full of life as her mother was. . . .

I 'm glad you write so cheerfully. I know you feel sadly on my account; hopeful, I trust, on your own, and I truly hope my dullness may not add to your sufferings. Forgive me; I 'm so selfish still that others' woes seem nothing to mine, and yet I struggle to be patient and cheerful too. Get well and come home, or, rather, come home and get well. I 'll be with you as much as I possibly can.

You must be suffering in the heat of New Orleans. I 've been there in the hot winters. Lord knows what it is now in its broiling sun.

I told you in my last I had been to see Miss Edmunds: well, the result of my four or five visits is not satisfactory; of course nothing I can get on earth can be; but surely there is something marvelous in this mysterious business. My father and Mary have both been with me there, and have written and spoken with me through Miss E—— in a curious manner; but we cannot help our doubts, you know, reasonable as it seems. It *does* seem reasonable to me, whatever others may say or think of it. I won't believe for the millionth part of a minute that Mary's deep love for me is buried in her grave; and living and loving still, why should she not seek me even yet? Of course the only "if" in the matter is God's permission, and in order to save mankind, I do not think he would forbid it. So I shall dream on, believing she is near me; hoping that one day I may receive direct intelligence from her, until I am either convinced, mad, or disgusted. The first of these three results will save me;

the second will be of little moment one way or another; the last will end me.

I do not envy you in battle, if you feel no better than I do in *Richard*, for by the time the war breaks out on Bosworth's Field I feel sick at the stomach. If it was not for the fear of doing my country more harm than good, I 'd be a soldier, too; a coward always has an "if" to slink behind, you know. Those cursed bullets are awkward things, and very uncivil at times, too; and as for a bayonet charge, I don't hesitate to avow my readiness to "scoot" if there is a chance. I 'd be cashiered or "broke" in two after the first day's roll-call. Bull Run would be nothing to the run I 'd make of it. Cold steel and my warm blood don't mingle well: I don't mind bullets so much if they come unawares and don't hurt; if they 'd always kill quick I might buckle up to 'em, but I guess "things is better as they is" for all sides. . . .

Keep a stout heart, my boy. You see how valiant I am, so far away from danger, too. I have no idea what month will thrust me forth into the hateful life again — September, I suppose; till then I hope to have a quiet time in my grave. Adieu. Be a good boy, and come back jolly. I guess you 're rough enough: you 've done something now, and can kick the cur that snaps. I 'll be careful and cautious, as your state deserves.

I must say good night. It is late, and I 've got a sick-headache. God bless and prosper you! I 'll see the B.'s to-morrow if I live. My baby will be like Mary. God grant I may live, for her sake!

I 've bought a house in Nineteenth Street, but shall not move into it before the fall.

Good night. Ever thine,

Ned.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

June 17.

DEAR FRIEND:

The package you sent reached me in safety. So precious, so dear to me, are the locket and my darling's letters that I shall ever cherish them; even my own have now an interest since they were regarded worthy of being kept by her. It was so good in you to send them. I am happy that you retain the letters you refer to; even that may serve to keep unburied a past so dear to all of us.

It is a very great consolation for me to know that my poor words of sympathy have been of the slightest service to your dear, good mother. God bless her!

My little angel daughter is in most excellent health and spirits; she grows more and more beautiful every day. She often speaks of Georgie, and asks to kiss her picture, which remains just as Mary placed it in its frame. All the big dolls are called Georgie; some of them Cary—the lesser ones.

I have a great deal of studying to do for the next regular season (my first as part proprietor of the Winter Garden), and shall consequently be kept in the city all the summer, unless I find it affects the baby's health, and then, of course, I shall take her into the country somewhere.

My eldest brother, Junius, whom perhaps your brother may have known in California, has returned after an absence of two years. My brother W—— is here for the summer, and we intend taking advantage of our thus being brought together, with nothing to do, and will, in the course of a week or two, give a performance of "Julius Cæsar"—in which I shall undertake *Brutus* instead of

Cassius—for the benefit of the statue we wish to erect in Central Park.[1]

This is all I can tell you of myself; but of the baby I could write volumes had I the words to describe her beauty, her goodness, her affection. Full of her sweet mother's soul, she brings Mary back to earth; her eyes, voice, manner, her ringing laugh, and her joyous fun, bear me backward in pleasurable pain to the days when I first knew her mother. God bless my little Georgie! I hope she is improving in every way. I know she does; I know that she is beautiful and good, and a blessing to all. Keep me in her memory, and also let the older children hear of me sometimes. I am scribbling with a terrible stick, which makes even my "hieroglyphics" more than usually difficult to decipher.

Give my dearest love to all the family, and think of me ever as I am, Your true friend,

Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

November 11.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Will you believe? I 've not replied to ——'s note yet! I have lost the vein of writing, somehow, as it is only now and then, when I feel at liberty to be tedious and bore a very old friend, that I can set about it.

I have been quite ill, as I told you in my last, nor am I yet in a condition for work; but I must soon get at it for a long winter campaign. On Friday, the 25th, *without fail*, the long-talked-of benefit "to Shakspere" will take place at the Winter Garden, with the "Brothers Booth" — *à la*

[1] The statue of Shakspere which now adorns the entrance to the Mall in Central Park.

Hanlon — as the mainsprings, and beginning on the following night *Hamlet*, in a new dress (I wish Mr. W—— were here to see it), will fret his brief hour every night until further notice.

I see no chance of acting in Boston at all; but J. B., my big brother, will try a few weeks at the Howard. According to the papers (I 've not seen him for years — on the stage, I mean) he is *the Booth* of the family; so I must brush up, or lose my laurels.

Edwina asks — about daily — when she is to see her little "sister" Georgie. This is an idea of her own, entirely, and she kisses her picture whenever she catches sight of it on the mantel — framed just as dear Mary left it. . . . I voted (for Lincoln) t' other day — the first vote I ever cast; and I suppose I am now an American citizen all over, as I have ever been in heart.

I forget whether you told me you had read Doran's "Annals of the Stage." There is a good account of Booth in it, but a better one of Betterton (no pun intended, I assure you). He is my ideal of an actor, both on and off the stage. He aimed at truth in his art, and lived it at home. I wish he lived to-day, or that I had lived then. Circumstances more than genius made Garrick famous, while Barry was eclipsed by the former's tact almost as effectually as was my father's modesty by Kean's dash. 'T is an interesting book, I think, and gives us a good idea of "their Majesties' Servants." For the last four weeks I 've suffered terribly with headaches, and while I write I feel, as Tennyson says, "they have not buried me deep enough" (or words to that effect; I 'm a poor hand at quoting); every little noise seems to split my pate across.

So good night, with all my love and Edwina's, and the usual kisses for Georgie.

Your friend,

Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

. . . I have just lost another dear and noble friend in John Hopper, whose death you may have read of in the papers. He was well known, and valued by men of worth.

Somehow I feel that Mary is less lonely there when dear friends go thither, and instead of grief I feel a yearning to follow them. I believe they meet and bear messages to her from us, and I believe, too, that she comes to me, and influences me in all that there is of good in me. Some call that "still, small voice" the conscience, but I think it is oftener the spirit of a departed dear one speaking to us; it has been too well proved in my case for me to doubt it.

Baby has just kissed me before going out for a walk, and when I told her I was going to send her picture to Georgie, she looked abashed: she is very sensitive, and does n't like to be reminded of her faults; she sends a thousand kisses with my love to you all. I hope your dear mother is well and happy — God bless her!

Believe me ever

Your friend,

Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A little lull in the whirl of excitement, in which my brain has nearly lost its balance, affords me an opportunity to write you. It would be difficult to explain the many little annoyances I have been subjected to in the production of "Richelieu," but when I tell you that it far surpasses "Hamlet," and exceeds all my expectations,

you may suppose that I have not been very idle all this while. I wish you could see it.

Prof. Peirce[1] has been here, and he will tell you of it. It really seems that the dreams of my past life — so far as my profession is concerned — are being realized. What Mary and I used to plan for my future, what Richard and I used laughingly to promise ourselves in *our model theatre*, seems to be realized — in these two plays, at least. As history says of the *great* cardinal, I am "too fortunate a man not to be superstitious," and as I find my hopes being fulfilled, I cannot help but believe that there is a sufficient importance in my art to interest them still; that to a higher influence than the world believes I am moved by I owe the success I have achieved. Assured that all I do in this advance carries, even beyond the range of *my* little world (the theatre), an elevating and refining influence, while *in* it the effect is good, I begin to feel really happy in my once uneasy sphere of action. I dare say I shall soon be contented with my lot. I will tell *you* this much: I have been offered from all parts of the country the means to a speedy and an ample fortune, but prefer the limit I have set, wherein I have the power to carry out my wishes, though "on half pay," as it were.

I was so hurried this morning that I forget to send by Prof. Peirce a book of "Hamlet" to you, but he will be back in a week, and then I will think of it. He is a magnificent man: as childlike and gentle as Agassiz. I fear he had not so favorable an opinion of me, for I was unable to show him much attention. The fact is, I am in a state of "crazy." Acting such parts night after night is a dreadful drain upon the nervous system, and affords no

1 The late Professor Peirce, professor of mathematics in Harvard University, father of Professor James Mills Peirce, who has so ably succeeded his renowned father in the same branch of learning. Both gentlemen were old and valued friends of my father.

rest either to mind or body; so that I am not myself at any time when under their influence.

Edwina is as well and beautiful and bright as can be, and I hope that darling Georgie is in the like condition. I know she must be. I see little of my "bird" except at meals, for I am seldom in the house at other times. She is dreadfully opposed to my acting every night, and says she "don't want any bread and butter" when I tell her it is to supply her with it that I do so.

I don't know when I shall be in Boston again. Not before next fall, I fancy; for when I end my work here I go to Philadelphia, which will terminate the season. I hope I may be as successful in the management of the Boston theatre; but I really fear I have too much on my hands to do justice to all. We shall see.

Give my love to your dear mother and all the family, with a heart full of love and kisses for Georgie.

Ever your friend, Edwin Booth.

TO MRS. RICHARD F. CARY.

June 3, 1864.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS:

You know my heart; I cannot speak to you of comfort.

One after another the blows have fallen so heavily that souls unaided by God's unfaltering love, and faith stronger than death, would have sunk in despair beneath their crushing weight.

But in your hearts, as in hers,—dear, dear mother, for so she always seemed to me, Mary's mother,—as in my own, there is a light which sorrow cannot quench; which guides us through the darkness of the grave; which reveals to us the secret of His mysterious works—the secret *love!* Oh, that I could give you the full com-

panionship of that love as I have felt it since Mary's death, the peace that has filled my soul, and the strength that has flowed steadily into it, since that terrible day! Could I give you this you would rejoice for her as I do, although my heart aches for you while I write. Oh, be assured, dear, dear ones, that they *are* together; that their knowledge now is so great that even our grief for their departure causes them no pain, so well they know how good it is for us to suffer.

That I was in the hearts of my noble Richard and his dear sister while they were on the very threshold of *Home*, is a joy to me past all that earth can give me. I know I shall be welcomed there by them: they never forget us, never cease to love and care for us. When we meet, I know that I shall wonder how I could ever miss them, so brief will the separation then seem. If *I* feel this, dear friends,—I who am so much lower in the grade of worthiness,—how joyous must your hearts be when you reflect how near we all are to our unseen but *real* home, when you *know* that all that comes from Him is for our good.

Oh, I feel such an intense love for God when sorrow touches me that I could almost wish my heart would always ache—I feel so near to him, I realize his love so thoroughly, so intensely, at such times.

I did not mean to write so much, but this (my love I speak of) has carried me away. Several times I have stopped to brush away the tears that came for you, and to give vent to that sigh which is a yearning of the spirit to follow its loved ones home; but I could not cease to write until I had given utterance to all that choked my heart.

Let this be for the dear, good mother and sisters of our dear ones as for you.

Good-bye. God bless and comfort you!

Your friend, Edwin Booth.

TO MRS. RICHARD F. CARY.

July 12, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND:

I was absent from the city when your letter came, and since receiving it I have been waiting for a chance to have baby's picture taken for you; but it is so dreadfully warm in the mornings and afternoons that I fear I must put it off for a little while: but you shall have it.

I was in hopes, too, that I could arrange it so that I might visit Boston; but now that the theatre here has come into my hands, the two others doing and knowing very little about the matter, I 'm kept busy looking after the alterations and decorations of the place. Indeed, the calculation is to keep me employed here as long as it is possible for tragedy to be made available; and with the exception of a few weeks at Philadelphia in September, I fear I shall not be able to leave the city at all, when once I fairly begin.

Indeed, I deeply feel your loss in our dear friend's absence. She was, as I have said, more like a mother in the good she did me; I always loved her as though she were my Mary's own mother. She was so good, so gentle, so strong! Her faith gave me strength, and did more to clear from my heart the sickening doubts that *will* come to us the very moments we *have cause* to look above the earth — I mean when we are forced to do so; and many of us need that force, that powerful voice calling to us in our depths of selfishness and sin. I did, and nothing but the blow which fell upon me could have awakened me. Through her I learned to feel it was in kindness, not anger, that God spoke thus to me.

God comfort your dear old mother! I hope she is well and peaceful. I feel that I shall go — should have gone long ago — to see her, but, oh, how hard it is to

visit a place where *she* is not! It would kill me almost to visit Dorchester, and yet I can go to Mary's grave; I keep all her books and playthings about me, and yet I could not go to the hotel — except to that part of it she did not inhabit — where we passed so many happy days. How distinctly I can see Richard and Mrs. Felton — much more so than I see Mary. Is n't it strange? I see her, though, in Edwina; she is growing every day more and more like her mother. You shall see a good picture of her if it is possible to get one, and as soon as I can take her out at the proper time. God bless my little Georgie! A thousand kisses from Edwina's papa for her, and my love to the family.

Believe me ever your friend,

E. Booth.

TO MRS. RICHARD F. CARY.

PHILA., Sept. 16.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have been a very long time answering Miss Emma's letter; you must not let her think me ungrateful or negligent, but let this serve not only for you and Georgie, but also as a remembrance of her. Baby is my only companion here, and when my long rehearsals are over I frolic with her until the hour for my return to the theatre at night, notwithstanding it seems I have barely time to swallow my dinner hastily, and go to work — work. Never since I began my theatrical career did its labors seem so truly to resemble downright bodily, mental, and spiritual "hammer and tongs" as now. It 's like building earthworks in the army, or, indeed, more like what it is — digging a grave. I feel as though the frame were tottering beneath the weight, and the constant wear and

tear that it is nightly, yes, and daily, too, called upon to undergo. For the past year I have realized the hateful truth that the human, or, rather, the mortal, part of me, is not equal to its duties.

I 'm about closing the second week of my engagement here, which has been highly satisfactory in every sense, preparatory to the regular winter work at the Winter Garden, and have about worn myself out in the preparation, as it were.

Well, I 've said enough about myself, and now a word for the babies. You know I am always delighted to hear of my sweet little Georgie. God bless the darling! Edwina, as I have told you, names all her dolls Georgie. The other day a lady in the city gave her a very pretty one, and because she (the lady) desired her to call it by some pet name of her own choosing, Edwina would n't have it. She speaks of it now, but calls it the "lady's doll." She shall go with me when I go to Boston, although there the weather will be very cold, I fear, as I may not get there until February. I am very anxious that our babies shall meet and love each other.

A little ring with turquoises has filled baby's head for the past week; she evinces a great love for dress and gewgaws in preference to dolls and playthings. Georgie and Edwina appear to be of the same mold in other respects: they are both wise and "little old women."

I hope dear Mrs. Felton's children are well. In answer to a question in Emma's letter about Barton Booth, I do not know, but I suspect, from the fact that his "arms" (over his grave in Westminster Abbey) being the same as those of my father's family, that he was an ancestor. I could never learn from father, who cared so little for such things. Tell her, too, with many thanks, that my dear old mother is well again. With my love to all, and a bushel of kisses for Georgie,— from both of us,— I am ever your friend,

Edwin Booth.

ARTICLES BELONGING TO EDWIN BOOTH.

(Drawn by Otto Bacher from originals.)

1. Bauble used in "Fool's Revenge," made for and presented to Booth. It is carved by hand, and engraved on the handle is the following quotation:

"O noble fool, O worthy fool—
Motley 's the only wear."

2. "Bloody dagger" of *Macbeth* used by Booth in that character.
3. Antique Roman brass lamp used by Booth in "Richelieu."
4. Cane carried in "Taming of the Shrew."

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

NEW YORK, August 26, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . I have at last obtained leave of absence, and am *sent* to Boston to look after some matters concerning the theatre here. . . .

I have been kept as busy as though I had been acting all this while, for 't is my wish to bring out several of the Shaksperian plays in a superior style, and the whole management of the affair is in my hands. I 've been in the scene-room and wardrobe night and day, lately.

. . . Everything looks fair and prosperous for the coming season at the Winter Garden, and when I begin (Oct. 3), it is the wish of all concerned that I be "kept at it" until next April; so when shall I act in Boston?

Dear mother is happy with her children about her, thank God! but she still has an absent one, the youngest boy — strange, wild, and ever moving; he causes us all some degree of anxiety.

Y'r friend, Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

NEW YORK, 28 East 19th St., Oct. 15, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have wanted to tell you how delighted I was with our friends the Allens ever since I met them, but my old complaint — procrastination — has kept me back till now, and now that I 'm laid up on the shelf, as it were, having no excuse for further delay, I 'll do so.

I suppose you know that I hate stiff and formal people, that I am at a loss when folk are not genial and jolly. You may have noticed this perhaps if you ever saw me when

I was obliged to be "straight-laced," and you naturally infer that I approach the professor[1] with a tremor. But, to my great relief, of course, he and all were what may be termed "comfortable"; so you see you 'll be at home when *you* meet them. I did not meet Mr. Fish; I 'm sorry, for he called and expected me to dine with him. . . . I have just had a second pleasant letter from ——, in which he pelts me "iambics" and "accents." Oh, I tremble! If I was only vain and idiotic enough to believe myself a genius, I 'd dare the worst, but, alas! my idiocy and vanity (both of which qualities I flatter myself I do not lack) are too weak to support me against a full-charged scholar, ripe with lore and rich in argument. However, I have got till next spring to "buckle on my armor," and my honesty shall not blush in the confession of my ignorance. I shall candidly tell him that what my spirit bids me do, I do, but that my *tête* is ever in the muddiest of muddles when called upon for an explanation or a solution; and perhaps he 'll let me pass as an inoffensive play-actor. Bye the bye, if I don't forget it, I 'll send you a picture of Barton Booth, "my ancestor," and you may the better judge if I owe all to him. I think there 's a family resemblance.

I am confined to the house, and obliged to sit upright, with my leg in a sling; my old enemy, the neuralgia, has made me quite lame and disagreeable; so you can pardon my style in every sense. Whenever I am ill or very mad I 'm apt to be ridiculous when I attempt to write, and I am all three just now. . . .

Some of my friends tell me I 'm a "natural." Fitz-Hugh Ludlow says I 'm a "splendid savage." I 'm stupidly awkward, I know, and get scared at trifles. Dear Richard used to laugh at me when I hesitated to meet Agassiz and Prof. Felton, and would say, "Why, my

[1] Refers to the late Professor Allen of Girard College, Philadelphia.

dear boy, they 're just like other men"; but I can't get over my school-boy backwardness. My darling Mary used to say she liked it in me; but then she was always trying to make life soft and gentle for me — she liked everything in me. I have mentioned all of this to show you how I dread to meet people, and that you may judge how good our friends are.

And now about the babies — they come last as a sort of *bonne bouche* — with the nuts and wine; mine, of whom I know you are anxious to hear, is now the very image of her mother, in face, voice, manner, affection, expression, soul. Nothing can be added to that; for that is all good, all I crave for her. She kept me happy while I was in Philadelphia, and is the light of my darkened life. All my hopes and aspirations now are clustering like a halo about my baby's head; to rear a monument to the mother in her child is my life-study now. I never had an aim or a hope before, and now my life is full of both.

Now I 'm getting sentimental, and I must n't, for I am in a bad humor, and it seems ill-timed; so kiss angel Georgie for us both — Edwina and her "pop." Tell her she is in every room of this house, in every variety of doll-baby. Give my best love to your mother and sisters and to Prof. Agassiz. . . .

I am withal a landowner in Philadelphia, and expect to reap a fortune for Edwina out of the Walnut street theatre before I die. I like the city and the people better than I did, and shall endeavor to be as often as possible a visitor there — particularly since I am being driven out of Boston by successful "show pieces" and opera troupes. I endeavored to effect an engagement there the other day, but to no purpose; so as Mr. Clarke[1] is so very successful at the Winter Garden, I must be idle until the latter part of next month, I fear.

[1] My father's brother-in-law, Mr. John S. Clarke, the comedian and manager.

Pray let me hear from you oftener than my laziness permits me to write, and

Believe me ever your friend,

Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

. . . Forrest has lately acted *Coriolanus* both here and in Boston. It has never been very successful on the stage; I have never studied the character, nor should I feel at home in it; with my physique *Coriolanus* would appear more of a boaster than a man of deeds, I fear. *Richard II.* I have often thought of doing; it has been a stranger to the stage since my father's time. I never saw him act it, but I am told it was one of his finest impersonations.[1] . . .

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I 've scarcely had breathing-time since I began operations at the Winter Garden. I owe all my friends something in the shape of a letter, but the professor [Felton] only has been attended to thus far, and now for y^r^ turn.

I 've mislaid y^r^ last communication; so 't is impossible for me to answer questions, unless you will take the trouble to ask me them again. This terrible success of *Hamlet* seems to swallow up everything else theatrical, and the desire I have to follow it up with something still better done, if it can be, in the way of costumes and scenery, keeps me far off in fairy-land, day and night, in my dreams and in my

[1] My father did not perform *Richard II.* until many years later—a part admirably suited to his poetic nature, but which he always contended made a better reading than acting play.

days (I can't say waking hours), and time flies unheeded by me.

I am startled to find myself in another year. It was '64 when I wrote you last. Was your Christmas a merry one? A happy one I hope it was; and that this New Year may be one of solace and calm enjoyment to your souls is my most earnest wish. . . .

My birdie talks of Georgie, and longs to see her. . . . But I am blessed in her good health, her cheerful disposition, and the great likeness she bears to her dear mother. And I am grateful, too, for all this, and do not complain of the little ills that beset her. . . .

I believe you understand how completely I "ain't here" most of the time. It 's an awful thing to be somebody else all the while. But I guess I 'm better off than many of my artist friends, some of whom (if they are as much in their art as I am) must be bears and owls; others, trees and rocks, while my Gifford and Bierstadt must lose all sense of being save in the painted ripple of a lake, or the peak of a snow-capped mountain. . . .

For the present, good-bye. I see no chance of shaking hands with any of you this season, not even in the spring, unless I get a respite for a week or so, and fly thither to visit [Mount] Auburn.

My best love to all, and believe me ever your friend,

Edwin Booth.

TO MRS. RICHARD F. CARY.

NEW YORK, February 9, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. CARY:

Pray don't speak of procrastination. Of all the idlers that live, I verily believe I am the head and front. I was delighted to hear from you, as I always am, of course, yet pained to learn that dear little Georgie had given you

cause to grieve. I trust she is well and quite rid of her cough by this time. I was in hopes of seeing Miss Cary on her return from Philadelphia. . . . No, Edwina is *real;* she does not indulge much in forming dreams. She says I am her baby, and it is her only delight to kiss her papa and be with him all the while. She is as good and as beautiful as the angel who left her to my care. Two years ago to-day I last saw Mary alive! But, my dear friend, a light from heaven has settled fully and firmly in my soul, and I regard death as God has intended we should understand it — as the breaking of eternal daylight, and a birthday of the soul. I feel that all my actions have been and are influenced by her whose love is to me the strength and the wisdom of my spirit. Whatever I may do of serious import, I regard it as a performance of a sacred duty I owe to all that is pure and honest in my nature — a duty to the very religion of my heart. Since Mary went to join our dear Richard in Christ's dear love, I 've grown clearer in mind and heart, faithful and wise in soul, and fearless as to the gloomy passage they have taken. There are thousands of dangers and temptations that beset me every hour of my life, and naught but the eternity of my faith and love could have upborne me in the struggle these two years past. When Mrs. Felton went to join them, I felt as though the links were being riveted that bind my faith and draw me closer and closer to the unseen world; so that really I feel more familiar with it than with this, in which I find so little in sympathy with my soul.

That sympathy and rest are needed for a soul like mine has been painfully manifested since this day fell two years ago; but we all have our "skeleton in the closet," and it is not for me to obtrude the sight of mine upon those who have enough sorrows of their own to bear. I don't know why I have fallen into such strain. Pray pardon me.

Edwina enjoys most excellent health, and she is as full of fun as can be. I take her out riding almost every day, either to the park, or to visit the many little girls who all seem to love her very much. When I go to Boston (next March 20, I think), I shall take her and her coupé, of which she is very fond, and she can see you and Georgie. . . . I am sorry I shall not be able to "do" "Hamlet" in Boston as we do it here; it is worth seeing as a novelty in the way of scenery, etc. It still continues to draw well, and I hope to play one hundred nights, which will carry me up to the date I set for going to Boston.

"Richelieu" is in preparation, and has been for several months past; it will be more superbly done than even "Hamlet" is. You see how I am beginning to carry out dear Richard's and my own views in the matter, and how splendidly the public encourage and uphold me in it. Do you think the freed spirit loses *all* interest in earthly things — all knowledge of its intellectual cravings when on earth? May not those who yearn to see me carry out the ideas we love to think worthy of a life's hard labor, rejoice now to see a step made toward the fulfilment of what is true and beautiful in art? I think they do; and in this belief I begin to realize the usefulness of my labor, and to appreciate that which I once deemed worthless.

I have one of dear Mrs. Felton's letters still that speaks of the sadness I manifested once when speaking of my profession.

Edwina has had excellent health, with the exception of a few days after her trip to Philadelphia, and that scared me so that I think it is wiser to keep her under her grandma's eye in the city; but when I go to Boston — Heaven only knows when that will be — she shall accompany me. She has grown passionately fond of her "far-r-r-ther," as she rolls me out of her sweet little mouth. I anticipate a joyful day when she and Georgie meet.

. . . It 's all gone now, and I believe my growth in spirit is shown more in the appreciation of that which God sent me here to do, than in aught else that I have experienced in my life. . . .

TO MRS. RICHARD F. CARY.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. CARY:

Several times I have attempted to acknowledge the receipt of your last kind letter, but fatigue and the nearness of my visit to Boston have caused me to defer my reply. As the time comes on, I begin to fear the risk of taking Edwina with me. I have never opposed her grandmother in her control of the child, and she thinks it would be a dangerous thing to take her with me. She lost a little girl there once, in the bleak east winds, and my loss has given me a dread of them, too. Yet I hate to leave the darling. She is away from me now,—in Philadelphia, with her little cousins,— and I am as desolate and lonely-hearted as can be. I am to go there for her after my matinée of "Hamlet" to-morrow. I shall remain in Boston three weeks only, and then resume my work at this theatre until the spring. Oh, how I long for the spring! Yes; our news (no news now, though) is indeed glorious. I am happy in it, and glory in it, although Southern-born. God grant the end, or rather the beginning, is now at hand. For when the war ceases, we shall only have begun to live — a nation never to be shaken again, ten times more glorious, a million times firmer than before.

I have but ten more nights to complete the one hundredth of "Hamlet's" performance this season; then I hope to give a benefit for the "Shaksperian Statue Fund,"

in which I am deeply interested, and retire to pack up my trunks for Boston. . . .

God bless you all! Give my love and dearest wishes to Mrs. Cary and all of her family, and ever believe me

Your faithful friend and serv't,

Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

Saturday, May 6, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I 've just received y'r letter. I have been in one sense unable to write, but you know, of course, what my condition is, and need no excuses.

I have been, by the advice of my friends, "cooped up" since I arrived here, going out only occasionally in the evening. My health is good, but I suffer from the want of fresh air and exercise.

Poor mother is in Philadelphia, about crushed by her sorrows, and my sister, Mrs. Clarke, is ill and without the least knowledge of her husband, who was taken from her several days ago, with Junius.

My position is such a delicate one that I am obliged to use the utmost caution. Hosts of friends are stanch and true to me, here and in Boston. I feel safe. What I am in Phila. and elsewhere I know not. All I do [know] of the above-named city is that there is one great heart, firm and faster bound to me than ever. Sent in answer to dear Mary's prayers, I faithfully believe. She will do what Mary struggled, suffered, and died in doing. My baby, too, is there. Now that the greatest excitement is over, and a lull is in the storm, I feel the need of that dear angel; but during the heat of it I was glad she was not here.

When Junius and Mr. Clarke are at liberty, mother will come here and bring Edwina to me.

I wish I could see with others' eyes; all my friends assure me that my name shall be free and that in a little while I may be where I was and what I was: but, alas! it looks dark to me.

God bless you all for your great assistance in my behalf; even dear Dick aided me in my extremity, did he not?

Give my love to all, and kisses to Georgie. . . . I do not think the feeling is so strong in my favor in Phila. as it is here and in Boston. I am not known there. . . .

Ever yours, Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

NEW YORK, July 31, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . It is a great blessing that I have had so much occupation all this while, else I should have gone mad, I fear.

My poor mother feels her woe greater than she shows, and I fear all her life is crushed by this last terrible one. . . .

I have no idea when, if ever, I shall act again. A letter from the Rev. Mr. Hepworth asks me "when," as he saw by the papers it would be soon; but it rests with my friends entirely. My heart is against it for at least a year. . . .

Ever truly your friend, Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Pray forgive my neglect. I 've been a little bothered of late, and could not bring my mind to a calm.

I am glad you did not wait for me, but sent me good news of our gentle Amazons,[1] and the dear ones at Cambridge. . . . Edwina is a perfect marvel; she is like Mary in everything, and is a perfect little woman.

My affairs are quite unsettled. I don't know yet when I shall act, or what I shall do next. . . .

It seems a long time since I visited [Mount] Auburn last. I have lost the level run of time and events, and am living in a mist. But I am told my health is better than it ever was. I do not realize it, but am bored by people saying I am *getting fat.* I am a little Byronic in my dislike of such compliments, because I don't feel as I look.

Mother is very much broken, I think, poor soul! . . . She seems to have still a lingering hope in her heart that all this will prove to be a dream. . . .

Y'r faithful friend,

Edwin Booth.

TO MRS. RICHARD F. CARY.

NEW YORK, Dec'r 20, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Let it pass; life is a great big spelling-book, and on every page we turn the words grow harder to understand the meaning of. But there *is* a meaning, and when the last leaf flops over, we 'll know the whole lesson by heart.

You have also, doubtless, heard that I will soon appear on the stage. Sincerely, were it not for *means*, I would not do so, public sympathy notwithstanding; but I have huge debts to pay, a family to care for, a love for the grand and beautiful in art, to boot, to gratify, and hence

[1] Professor and Mrs. Agassiz; so called from their voyage of exploration up the Amazon River.

my sudden resolve to abandon the heavy, aching gloom of my little red room, where I have sat so long chewing my heart in solitude, for the excitement of the only trade for which God has fitted me.

Edwina reached the fourth round of the dizzy ladder on the 9th, and she went with me to have her picture taken for Georgie. Here it is. I hope you will like it. Her health is excellent, and she is my life.

I have no idea when I shall revisit Boston. . . . I shall begin January 3 (Wednesday), with *Hamlet.*

Give my dearest love to all. . . .

Ever truly your friend,

Edwin Booth.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am so glad you will be with me on Saturday, and that Agassiz has consented to accompany you.

I find it impossible to sit with spirit in the daytime, though; so you must make due allowance for that. . . .

I saw behind Prof. Peirce, last evening, y'r sister Sallie, and—saw I right?—Mrs. Shaw. I dare say she saw me too.

My brother J. B. went to New York last night, and promised to bring Edwina to me—if mother would let her come. It was a fit of desperation on my part. I *had to send for her.*

She wrote me the other day, and sent me "a little souvenir to keep me good," in the tiniest little envelop I ever saw.

When she comes (*if* she comes) I will try to take her to Nahant (if weather permits), and, if you and she agree

to it, will let her remain with Georgie a day or so. Shall I? . . .

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

TOLEDO (in the West), Sept. 27, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I was very much gratified the day I left home for my "strolling" tour by receiving a letter from you. That very day I placed Edwina at school near New York. . . . As my business will necessarily keep me "on the rail" for several years to come, I concluded to place her where her mental and moral culture would be attended to. . . . Having just received a letter from her, I am delighted to know that she is very happy and enthusiastic on the subject of "school." . . . She is young in years, it is true, (only six), but in intellect she is double that age, and it is better to prevent the seeds from being sown than in after years to pull out the weeds. How does this strike you?

I 've heard of Dettmer. What you say of his scene with the *Ghost* I have often done, but the play, and especially that first act, is so long that I have often omitted it. Many do not like it; others (and I among them) consider it absolutely necessary to that magnificent scene. Omitting the burial and the rest of that scene is after the Garrick style of curtailment. He slashed unmercifully, altered and changed scenes by wholesale to suit his ideas of stage effect. Now *I* (egotist!) intend to go even beyond Chas. Kean in my devotion to the sacred text of the late W. S. I intend restoring to the stage (to mine, at least) the unadulterated plays of Shakspere: his "Romeo and Juliet," not so performed since the days of Betterton, I fancy, unless Barry, in opposition to Garrick, revived it; "Richard III.," which Chas. Kean feared to attempt, and offered a

weak apology for retaining the Cibber version. My respect for Kean runs high up to that point; there I turn back, and pity his feeble correction of Shakspere's geographical blunders in "Winter's Tale." He should have ascertained the name of the town in which the wise man lived who jumped into a brier-bush.

My affairs are greatly mixed. The theatre will be completely roofed next week, and, I hope, opened in December early (about the 14th), with as good a company as it is possible to obtain in this country. The enterprise swelled gigantically on my hands, and has attained such proportions as would frighten any one whose bump of "don't-care-a-tiveness" was less than mine. I 'm in a very big puddle; if I can wade it, well; if not, why, as Bunsby would say, "well, too." I trust to fate, chance, or whoever that "sweet little cherub" be that looks out for me. Certain it is, I have had enough vexation regarding this same theatre to drive me mad, and yet I am as calm and as careless as though the ultimate success were a fixed fact. It will entail a world of work and anxiety; but would n't life be long and dreary without these little worries and bothers?

I traveled West and South last season from Sep'r 5 until June 9; made lots of money, and paid it out as fast as I could count it; have just begun my second tour, which will last until my theatre opens. When I began the work, I expected to be acting in the theatre by this time, but the usual obstacles — weather, rock strikes, etc., delayed it, and we are only just covering the "roof-tree."

I shall be in Boston week after next. When do you expect to be there? Apropos of Dettmer and the *King's* "picture in little," I think the allusion to the courtier's wearing it is correct. Barry Sullivan did the same thing. . . .

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 1, 1873.

MY DEAR MISS CARY:

Loath to intrude upon Mrs. Agassiz's grief,[1] and feeling that I owe you an apology and explanation regarding a circumstance that occurred during my recent engagement at Boston, I venture to ask that you will convey to your sister the assurance of my sympathy in her great affliction.

Some years ago, when friends of mine were anxious to sustain me in one of the severest trials of my life, Prof. Agassiz's name was solicited in my behalf. He at once exclaimed, with great feeling, "Indeed he shall have it; I love that boy." I need not say how dearly I prize that autograph, or how deeply I regret not seeing him, as I had hoped, during the few weeks I was in Boston.

I 've visited Cambridge twice; once to pass a few hours at your home, but was so unfortunate not to find you there; the second visit (to Aldrich, at Lowell's house) was so entirely occupied that I could barely steal an opportunity to go to Mount Auburn. I intended to call at your house that day, but was prevented.

The occurrence to which I refer at the beginning of this was the "call" of a gentleman bearing a letter. . . . I trust you will believe that illness alone caused the seeming rudeness. It really seems as though fate — or somebody else — forbids our meeting. . . . I wanted so much to see little Georgie, who has, of course, passed on, and left me far behind; and your dear mother also, for whom I have always entertained a religious veneration, for to me she is the embodiment of all that is beautiful and sacred in *mother*. Indeed, I 've wanted to see you *all* very much; for though I can't talk, and am excessively

[1] Written upon the death of Professor Agassiz.

dull, I know, yet I take in a great deal of spiritual strength and *peace* from certain people without opening my mouth, and I look forward to just an hour or so of refreshment at your cozy home.

TO MR. HORACE H. FURNESS.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, January 21, 1874.

DEAR MR. FURNESS:

I forgot to state in my hurried note this afternoon that this *cow-talk*[1] to-day prevented Mrs. B. from doing anything toward her preparations for our departure on Friday. She has an engagement at my daughter's school, with the teachers. On Saturday the matinée performance will absorb all her time, and consequently to-morrow will be the only opportunity she will have to pack six large trunks and attend to various other *little* matters.

When you consider that she *will* do all these things herself, and *will* superintend me at the theatre on all occasions, you can judge how impossible it is for her to be at your house to-morrow.

I am "on the jump" for the theatre, and scratch this as quickly as I can.

Hope you will be able to read it.

Yours truly, Edwin Booth.

TO MR. WILLIAM BISPHAM.

DETROIT, Feb. 15, 1874.

DEAR WILL:

Again you failed to give me your address, and I must send you this under cover to McGonigle or Joe, and let the directory guide it to your whereabouts.

1 Farm talk; my father wanted to buy a farm and end his days in the country; so he said at the time to Mr. Furness.

"If I were as tedious as a king" I could but thank you, my dear boy, for all the good things you say to me; as it is, "I 'm not of many words, but I thank you," briefly, but seriously, with all my heart. You were almost the first to send me words of sympathy, though I am sure all my friends feel it. This is by no means the heaviest blow my life has felt, and I shall recover from it very shortly if my creditors have any feeling whatever.[1]

My disappointment is great, to be sure, but I have the consciousness of having *tried* to do what I deemed my duty. Since the talent God has given me can be made available for no other purpose, I believe the object to which I devote it to be worthy of self-sacrifice.

I gave up all that men hold dearest, wealth and luxurious ease; nor do I complain because that unlucky "slip 'twixt the cup and lip" has spilled all my *tea*.

With a continuance of the health and popularity the good Lord has thus far blessed me with I will pay every "sou," and exclaim with *Don Cæsar*—though in a different spirit—"I 've done *great* things! If you doubt me, ask my creditors."

Of course I see some years of hard work before me—all for a "dead horse," too. Not a very cheering prospect; but I 'll worry it thro', and thank God with all my soul when I can cry "quits" with my neighbor. Adieu.

Ever thine, Ted.

TO PROFESSOR HIRAM CORSON.

DEAR SIR: PITTSBURG, May 3, 1874.

Your "Jottings" have revived my old love for the *Folio*, from which I was driven by the censure of those whom I deemed wiser than myself in Shaksperian lore.

[1] My father here makes reference to his bankruptcy and loss of Booth's Theater.

Wishing to pursue my way quietly, without provoking criticism, I abandoned many of the readings which, I am glad to find, you prefer to those of the *Quartos* and more *modern improvements;* I may particularly mention "there is, *my lord*," "*poor* man's contumely," "*these* fardels," "*dispriz'd* love," as being very offensive to my critics.

The "good (or god) kissing carrion" is, I must confess, beyond my reach. I like Staunton's idea of *Hamlet's* quoting from the book he reads in order to *bother* the "tedious old fool," but the many arguments the passage has given birth to puzzle me more than *Hamlet's* crab does *Polonius.* I believe, though, the old man really does see the "method" of that *seemingly* mad remark clearer than do the critics. The crab certainly *can* go backward, as he likewise can go forward, but his usual mode of procedure is *sidewise*, except when he casts his shell (or *sheds*, as the "fishmonger" hath it), when, indeed, he does "go backward" out of his old self, and becomes, as it were, a *young*, or "soft-shell," crab.

This may be an "oft-told tale"—older than "Hamlet," perhaps (I hope it will not bore you), but it is not generally known; it was suggested to me by *Monsieur Shedder* himself while, in company with my wife and daughter, I was "crabbing" in *Shark River;* if it be *true*, then has Jersey contributed her quota to the army of Shaksperian commentators.

With thanks for your kindness, believe me, with great respect,

Yours very truly, Edwin Booth.

TO MAURICE GRAU.

DEAR SIR:

It was my intention to perform *Hamlet* but twice,—on Monday and Tuesday of next week,—but it shall be given

on Wednesday evening also, that I may in some slight degree manifest my respect for Signor Salvini, whom, unfortunately, I have been prevented from seeing. I trust that pleasure is yet in store for me, and I likewise hope that my representation of that difficult character may not, on the third consecutive night (for which I must ask his indulgence), result in disappointment. Highly gratified by the wish Signor Salvini is pleased to express regarding me, I beg you will convey to him this feeble expression of my appreciation of the compliment, and believe me,

Truly yours, Edwin Booth.

BALTIMORE, May 14, 1874.

DEAR SIR:

I am not a "lecturer," but merely a "poor player," and, consequently, the *good* people are doomed to disappointment.

The "march of intellect" may defeat their silly prejudices when they can gratify their curiosity with a peep at the monster in his proper sphere, the theatre, but never, I hope, on the "platform" of a lecture-room.

I am sorry I cannot see you. I will, doubtless, be asleep when you call to-morrow; I am not an "early bird." Truly yours, Edwin Booth.

TO MR. HORACE H. FURNESS.

PHILADELPHIA, December 24, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. FURNESS:

After having *dewowered* your *wittles* t' other day, I became oblivious to everything save its delicious flavor and

the influence of the *fumes* which followed the repast, argal — I forgot the "rubbing"[1] you gave me.

I am doubtful if it be strict delicacy to remind you of it, but if I do not I fear you will think I value the rarity but lightly — I am confident your reply will be "Ay, there 's the *rub*" (adding, perhaps, with reference to my poor pun, "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear!"), and send my forgotten treasure either by the bearer of this scrawl, or before I leave the city on New Year's day, which I hope will be to you and yours the glad forerunner of many happy ones.

Truly yours, Edwin Booth.

TO MRS. SANFORD.

My dear Mrs. Sanford:

Your "love for *Richard*" pleases me very much. I fear my desperate efforts to overcome the depressing influences of the atmosphere seriously marred the delicate passages of the play, while the bolder ones, I fear, were pumped out with much difficulty. I was much encouraged, however, by the interest you manifested throughout, and am sincerely gratified by your thoughtful and kindly expression of it.

I hope *Lear* did not very painfully disturb the pleasing impression made by *Richard*. A stiff neck and the loss of a nap, my custom always in the afternoon, made my performance rather queer, and distressed me somewhat.

Miss Ward[2] seems to have a very ingenuous, childlike nature. For her friends' sake, as well as the good of the profession she has chosen, I wish her success with all my heart. I have had but a moment to scribble this feeble

[1] The "rubbing" referred to was a facsimile of Shakspere's epitaph at Stratford-on-Avon.

[2] Miss Genevieve Ward, the celebrated actress.

expression of my thanks before going to the matinée performance. You will excuse it, I am sure, and believe me to be, with great respect,

Very truly yours, Edwin Booth.

Feb. 12, 1876.

TO THE REV. F. C. EWER.

NEW YORK, January 21, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am glad that I have been the cause of so much pleasure to you, and rejoice in your strong charity against prejudice.

If the church would teach discrimination between the true and false in my profession, instead of condemning both as worthless, to say the least, the stage would serve the pulpit as a loyal subject, and both go shoulder to shoulder, not with "frowning brow to brow," through the fight.

I take much pleasure in sending seats (tickets, I should say) for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Please use them.

You will miss nothing by not seeing *Claude Melnotte*. Some future day for *Ruy Blas* and *Iago*, I hope.

Sincerely yours, Edwin Booth.

TO THE REV. F. C. EWER.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 2, 1877.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

Your "After Shylock" note remains unanswered; it was very good of you to think of me at that late hour, and to send me such a welcome reward for the pleasure I afforded you.

Let me thankfully acknowledge it now, and assure you,

ARTICLES BELONGING TO EDWIN BOOTH.

(Drawn by Otto Bacher from originals.)

1. Richly jeweled sword worn in "Richard III."
2. Crown worn by Booth in "Macbeth."
3, 4. Dagger and sheath worn by Booth exclusively in the character of *Hamlet*. Handle studded with Bohemian garnets and topazes; steel blade engraved on one side with the Booth motto, "Quod ero spero"; on reverse side with his name and date: "Edwin Booth, 1867."
5. Wooden pipe used in "Hamlet," in scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
6. Ring worn by Booth in "Hamlet" during a period of thirty years.

too, that I fully appreciate the sentiments you dared not express in deference to my bashfulness, but which can be closely read in every line.

As the actor has so surprised and gratified you, so will he, I hope, when you know him better, be found an improvement on the "awkward" boy of long ago,[1] and worthy of your friendship. Time and trials have subdued "Ted" into a rather "poky kind of old fogy," whose sole delight is in the retirement of home, with his wife and child, a very few friends, and his pipe.

I hope ere many years go by to perch permanently in New York, and cease my flight in search of wherewithal to "pay the piper." Then shall I have some leisure for social intercourse and enjoyment of just such as *Ewers*— pardon the pun? Till then I must be on the wing, with little thought for anything beyond the nightly demand of my profession, which renders me unfit for society, save that of my family. . . .

Your friend ever, Edwin Booth.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1877.

MY DEAR DAVE:

Your worship ('s pipe) is about the last man in our mouth ere going to bed o' nights; so don't think thou art quite forgot. When last heard from, you were about to reëstablish the ranch at Alameda; what will—what won't you do next? Some cycles of time beyond eternity, I dare say, you 'll begin to settle down for a rest. As things have turned out, and up, I 'm glad you did not come eastward, for theatricals have been at a terrible discount; though I have every reason to be grateful, with

[1] Mr. Ewer was my father's earliest dramatic critic.

no cause for complaint, yet my business has been worse than for many years, and I guess I 've done better than any, from all I can hear. Next season will be a far brighter one for all trades, especially ours. We may be happy yet.

We start for dear old Baltimore at noon to-morrow (for two weeks); then a week's rest in New York, before going East, where I expect to do a fine business. Strange to say, in Brooklyn, where the catastrophe[1] occurred, my houses were crowded for two weeks; elsewhere the people have not yet recovered from the shock.

Edwina gets occasional envelops full of stamps from *some one* in *'Frisco;* if from Edwards, as I suspect, thank him kindly for her and her "awful Dad." J. and P.[2] throw up Booth's, and Ames is after me to take it — shall I?

Vive la Buttermilk! Adieu. God bless you both!

Ted.

TO THE REV. DR. F. C. EWER.

BOSTON, May 13, 1877.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I 've twice tried, in vain, to accomplish the promised letter. For why? I have not matter in me for such a purpose. Beyond the flat and insipid "just that I am well, and business ditto," my monotonous life affords no material worthy of note.

The present week (which I greet with joy this blessed day) will terminate my long season's labors, and I yearn for the good stretch I shall take. . . .

The footlight limit is a sealed Greek book to me. I rarely know who 's President, and that there 's a "muss

1 The burning of the Park Theater in Brooklyn, with great loss of life.

2 Jarrett and Palmer.

'twixt the Turk and the Russ"; therefore my correspondence and conversation must needs be vapid. I sent you a paper t' other day containing an article on "Richard II." If you have not seen that play, I hope you will, if ever I act it again in your vicinity. I will endeavor hereafter, when I travel, to send you the papers that criticize and don't *abuse* me; it is usually a little of the one and much of the other, though.

Adieu. My daughter joins me in kindly greetings to yourself and family.

Faithfully yours, Edwin Booth.

TO THE REV. DR. F. C. EWER.

St. Louis, October 1, 1877.

My dear friend:

I sent you a paper t' other day, just to let you know that you are not forgotten by one who is positively ashamed of his negligence.

I shall offer no excuses, but obediently extend my hand for the merited rap for being careless. This is a desperate attempt to write you. I have braced up "each corporal agent" to this great feat; therefore be prepared to be astounded by the wealth of information I have so long reserved for you, and which now finds vent in these few eloquent voids. Health and crowded houses have thus far blessed me, and the outlook for the balance of my Western tour is very encouraging. This is about all I know beyond the limit of my fancy world, where I dream my life away; therefore my letters must needs be flat and dull; so do not think me thoughtless in my silence. . . . The first criticism of my acting was written by yourself, though many puffs had previously appeared, and what you then wrote would be an interesting addition to

the many selections collected concerning my theatrical career. . . . After six nights more of this warm St. Louis weather, I hope to breathe fresher air in Cincinnati, where I shall remain two weeks. Should you have an idle hour during the next three weeks, let me have a portion of it, done up in a letter form and addressed to Robinson's opera-house, in the last-named city. Between rehearsals and the play we have a French class. . . .

I have this season restored Shakspere's "Richard III." in place of Cibber's version, and hope to secure a fixed place for it in the acted drama. You see I am not idle.

My little one joins in kind remembrances to yourself and family.

You must see me act again next winter at Booth's Theatre. Faithfully yours, Edwin Booth.

TO THE REV. MR. EWER.

LOUISVILLE, November 11, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Were I not so bad a postman, you should long ere this have received a four-paged thanks for the valuable contribution you sent me. Had I suspected that my request would have caused you so much trouble, as I can plainly see it did, it would not have been made. I thought perhaps you had some old duplicates of the papers and magazines, whose absence from the store-room would be a relief to the good lady of your house. I know that you will say (sincerely, too) that it pleased you to gratify my wish, and that "the labor we delight in physics pain," and yet it was a labor to copy so much matter of little interest now to you, perhaps, but valuable to me.

Did I tell you that I intended to restore Shakspere's "Richard [III.]" in lieu of Cibber's patchwork drama?

If not, I 'll tell you now that I have acted it several times to the satisfaction of even adverse critics, who, while abusing me, declare the restoration a success. I shall endeavor to give it a good cast in New York, in order to make it run, and thus educate the ignorant, who suppose Cibber's bosh to be Shakspere's tragedy.

To-morrow I make my second dive into the Mammoth Cave, and expect to pass my "forty-fourth" (Tuesday next) beneath the roots of primeval trees. This visit is for Edwina's sake. This is my first rest since I began work September 10, and I really feel the need thereof. Heavy tragedies seven times a week make rather serious *playing*, and I 'm glad enough to run a few days among the trees and caves of old "Kaintuck," even at this season of the year. Happily, however, the weather is quite pleasant.

I have sent you an occasional paper, which I shall continue to do; two will start with this to-morrow.

Believe me very thankful for your kindness and happy in your friendship.

My regards to your entire household.

Sincerely yours, Edwin Booth.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

PHILADELPHIA, Tuesday.

HAIL, SIRE OF THE WIZARD,[1] HAIL!

I could not send you word yesterday, owing to numerous nuisances that beset me. I arrived late, on a fast train, with a headache caused by hunger; found my rooms here uncomfortable, and, worse than all that 's bad,

[1] This refers to Mr. Furness's little daughter Polly, who had entertained my father with a number of very clever sleight-of-hand tricks.

a bore. . . . I found a bore under the very roof with me!

I 'll tell you about him when we chat.

I scratch this in hot-haste to ask you not to expect me to-day. I have several letters to write before I leave this house, and as I am not a very ready writer, it may take me from now till twilight to spell 'em out.

If your cold will permit, come to my den. Will see you to-morrow sure at two — as in ye olden time.

Love to Polly and her pa, with compliments to Miss L—— and the season's blessings for you all. E. B.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

Thursday.

DEAR HORACE:

I 'm afraid to venture out to-day; my cold is better, but as I shall require all my voice to-night, I think it safer to nurse my throat for the occasion. Barrett also is under the weather, and deems it best to keep close. We 're a bad lot. Will you come to the "show" to-night, or shall we post to the "Penn" after the play and meet you there?

To-morrow Polly must bring you, willy-nilly, if but for a few moments. Sorry to the core that I have been kept from you during this visit, and especially do I grieve for my loss to-day. Adieu.

Thine ever, Edwin.

P. S.— I omitted Barrett's regrets; he asked me to tell you how sorry he is, and sends all kinds of good words for you — but which I am too lazy to spell out.

E.

BALTIMORE, April 20, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. FURNESS:

Since you like the "prompt-book," I send herewith copies of "Lear," "Richard II." and "Richelieu," for your collection of dramatic "odds and ends"; there will be no others issued until next fall, when I will send "Macbeth" and "Othello." Mr. W—— apologizes for my ruthless manipulation of the text, in better phrase than I can put it; therefore I will say no more than that I could n't help it.

Your letter to me is superlatively good (with three "verys" at least). I know not how to thank you for it. The suggestion that my wife should make some record of my "stage tricks" is oddly apropos. Ever since our marriage she has been "takin' notes" of how and why I do certain things in the course of my performances, but will not be able, I fear, to accomplish what you are good enough to say should be preserved.

She wishes me to ask a favor of you—say "no" if it dislikes you: may she use your letter in the event of her publishing what she is now writing for private eyes, and for her own gratification merely? It would serve as a good excuse for so bold a step should she, at some future time, be tempted to take it.

Please do not bother about answering my letters (much as I like to hear from you, for you always make me feel my labor is not altogether lost); don't reply until some idle day hangs heavily on your patience, and you 've naught else to do.

Commend us both most kindly to Mrs. Furness, and believe me

Very truly yours, Edwin Booth.

NEW YORK, 68 Madison Ave., Sept. 8, 1878.

MY DEAR FURNESS:

You see I have not forgotten the precious privilege you granted me, albeit for ages I have deferred the use of it.

My first impulse was to acknowledge your favor at once, and assure you that your warm (covert thrust at your patronymic) did thaw my "too, too solid" iciness; to dispense with cold formality and to greet you familiarly—though no whit less respectfully—as a friend for whom I entertain an affectionate admiration.

But the dread of boring you, as I am so frequently bored, checked me, and I concluded to "give you a rest," as the classic gamins say; to wait till I should have some excuse for bothering you with more of my "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" correspondence. (ASIDE. I will not swear that laziness had naught to do with my conclusions.)

All my prompt-books are prepared at last, and W—— has just published "Macbeth" and "Brutus," which I will send herewith.

See you now my "why" for writing? "It is the cause,—my *book* it is the cause!"

Do you consider me utterly idiotic for supposing that *Macbeth* refers to *Banquo's* gory locks when he says, "Thy hair, thou other gold-bound brow"? They and the "twenty mortal murders"—or trenchèd gashes! whatever it is—are ever in his mind's eye. May not the spectral kings bear upon their brows, as a spiritual birth-mark, so to speak, locks of bloody hair, to indicate their descent?

I have my ghastly super-kings so "boltered," but their distance from the spectators in the dark cavern destroys the (perhaps far-fetched) attempt to illustrate this *questionable* passage. Has this view of it ever been taken?

My wife makes mention of it, among other queer notions of mine own, in her memorials of my "mummery."

Oh!—she bids me thank you, ere I release you from this infliction, for your kind permission to quote your letter. Though frequently urged to do what she is doing, yours is the only *written* suggestion she has received; it pleased her so much that she expressed a desire to use it as an excuse for her follies should she ever "prent 'em."

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26, 1879.

DEAR "OLD FELLERS":

It me rejoiceth to know that you were tickled with the toys I sent you. If you derived from them half the enjoyment your silver spade affordeth me o' Fridays, when with it I shovel in the sheepshead, porgies, shad, etc., you must indeed have been pleased with them. . . .

Glad you enjoyed your 1st so sensibly, though I confess I should have liked just a taste o' that *snowjer* by way of welcoming the New Year in: mine was *water*.

I danced around and made calls (first time in my life), and have since then been "at home" Saturday evenings —in a dress-suit, playing the rôle of host to friends and other callers. I am getting used to it.

All right about the "*Lone Mountain*." . . . I believe an enterprising man could do well by those matches in these parts; all who see them want some. There is a chance for you. Fetch a Chinese "match-maker" with you, and set up a *match-ri-money-all* factory here. Our weather is delightful; just brisk enough to be encouraging; with clean, dry sidewalks, and sleighs in the roadway, it is really delightful to loaf the streets. I have sent for a sleigh, to give Edwina her first ride in the snow. She

and I take horseback exercise, twice a week — just under the place where you and I drank lemonade, near the park. It is a fine riding-academy now. . . . God bless you! Ted.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

68 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, Friday, 1879.

. . . What a ponderous shame it is that we have seen so little of each other. . . .

My time has been passed in "posing" for McEntee[1] from nine and a half until dinner-time, on every day that I have been able, and I have hardly had a chance to see my mother. . . .

You must not feel hurt, old *fel*, because I have been so *absent;* in the course of two weeks all the portraits will be finished, after which my time will be all my own; but before then I must see you. Don't stand on ceremony with Ted, but drop in as often as you can, and I 'll do ditto as soon as I can. Give my loving welcome to your wife, and both of you come here some evening, and have a smoke. Did you use the National Academy tickets? I expect to have some of the portraits I have been standing for here to-night; there are three more to be painted. Have n't yet got all my books unpacked. My library is still "litter-ary." Since I began this I have had my dinner — what d' ye think I had? Sheepshead. Do you remember our castles in the air? — one of 'em was at Sheepshead Bay, where poor old *Budge* longed to visit us. Heigho, "the merry days of youth!" etc. I send this to-day for fear I may be again prevented from calling at your house to-morrow afternoon, as I intend to do.

Adios. Ever yours, Ted.

1 The late Jervis McEntee, the celebrated artist, who painted my father's portraits in eleven Shaksperian characters, now the property of The Players Club.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

CHICAGO, April 13, 1879.

YOU DEAR OLD RIP:

I am appalled at your condux! You don't deserve a letter, but I must speak, else I 'll burst with my *indig.* How dare you? Here have I been planning airy, fairy fabrics for your future, and you go and plant yourself in a living grave among the sandhills. Knob Hill, indeed! 'T will be "one for his knob" in a different sense from that you 'd prefer when Kearney gets up again against you bloated Knob-Hillers. Look out! When the Chayneeze do go, you 'll be obliged to take in "washee, washee" for all your aristocratic Knobbery. Beware! . . .

For a few moments I seriously considered a trip to 'Frisco after I close here in May, but gave up the idea. Unless some extra inducement (in the way of comfort as well as coin) be offered, there is no reason why I should go so far. . . . I hope all your bank troubles will be more than doubly requited, and that some billionaire (that 's better than your million one) may want your shanty soon. . . . All I can hear of theatricals is poor, outside of the several "Pinafore" successes, in the larger cities. We all send love to you both. God bless you.

Ted.

TO THE REV. DR. F. C. EWER.

CHICAGO, April 27, 1879.

MY DEAR EWER:

I telegraphed (by proxy) my thanks for your kind congratulations on my escape; but I 'm under the impression that some mistake in your address occurred. I hope not. The shock of the lunatic's freak nearly laid M—— up; we

all were, of course, terribly shaken. . . . But we have received (thank God!) no further harm.

Be sure, my friend, that we are devoutly grateful to God, whose interposition saved me. Nothing in my eventful career has so profoundly impressed me with the nothingness of this little life, and the vastness of God's goodness. I hope my memory of this horror may never be entirely deadened, but that it will remain alive to sustain and guide me through the rest of this uncertain journey. I can tell you no more than what the papers have already published, except that I received to-day a scrawl from the madman (in jail), saying he would "drop the matter" for nine hundred dollars, or hurt me "til I dy."

The case comes up this week, and I hope that he will be safely cared for during the remainder of his earthly existence.

My daughter joins me in thanks to you all for your thoughtfulness in our trouble. With love, I am,

Ever yours, Edwin Booth.

TO E. C. STEDMAN.

CHICAGO, April 27, 1879.

MY DEAR STEDMAN:

I can give you no further information concerning the "Fool's Revenge" beyond that which the papers already published; I sent you one as soon as I recovered from the immediate effects of the affair. . . . Do not think that this implies a lack of appreciation of the horror which has been, by God's providence, prevented. No; my temporary self-control gave way after a day or two to a highly nervous excitement — a condition similar to that which I believe Shakspere illustrates by *Hamlet's* frivolity after the ghost is gone, and the terrible tension of his brain is relaxed. I have a ghostly kind of disposition to joke about the

affair which is hardly controllable. To-day I received a threatening scrawl from the fellow, saying the matter would be dropped for nine hundred dollars. . . . There was never a clearer case of insanity. I am told there is a phase of it called histriomania (such as crushed "tragedians" have, I fancy), and this appears to be his condition . . . The terrible shock prostrated us, and caused us all great mental suffering, but, thank God! no further injury is done.

I have not yet heard from Irving. . . . Accept our thanks for your timely congratulations, and believe me sincerely yours, Edwin Booth.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1879.

MY DEAR DAVE:

. . . Your letter of the 24th just received. Of course we have had a great deal of agitation since the terrible shock of that Wednesday night, but, thank God! no real harm was done beyond the filthy scandals which such events give rise to. The man is some poor lunatic, and thinks himself to be a great tragic genius.

I can well imagine the shock you and your dear wife must have felt, when you read the despatch about Ted, but my shock did not "set in" till a day or two after, when the nervous strain relaxed, and I began to realize the horror of my situation. Poor Mary suffered worse than all, of course, owing to her physical weakness, and, for several nights after, her dreams were all about me and bullets. Thank the good God, who has guarded me in so many hairbreadth 'scapes, we are all right again, and the mad man is in safe keeping. I have hopes to send him to an asylum, for he is dangerous, and at any time in the far future he may be tempted to repeat the act of

frenzy. I have since had a threatening letter signed with his name, and one from his cousin telling a plain story of the fellow's madness on the subject of acting, and appealing to my leniency in his (Gray's) behalf. My only object and hope is to have him safe from harm-doing, for I doubt if such a craze can ever be thoroughly cured. It is sad to know that little-souled things endeavor to throw doubt on this terrible fact, by calling it an advertising trick. I wish them no further harm, however, than just such a glimpse of what those bullets revealed to me. It might make them more charitable and serious in their thoughts and daily dealings. I have had some dozen deadly escapes in my time, but this one (perhaps because I 'm older, and have other lives to think of) has impressed me more sensibly than all the rest. Poor mother! Think of her, and all the horrid past reviewed by this event! She cannot rid herself of the sight of my lying dead, while all the miseries of her great sorrow are renewed by memories thus awakened.

But enough of this; it is of the past, though I shall never forget it, nor my gratitude to Almighty God.

I hope you may have many years of happiness in your new home. . . . I 'm pressed to death by letters and interviewers, and have to scratch at you in great haste. This is my father's birthday. I 'll never forget Shakspere's.[1]

Business not good — the first indifferent engagement I ever played here. Am I playing out?

Write me often and soon. My love to all who care for me, with loads of it for yourself and the *bride*. Bless 'em both. I wish they were in New York, though. Mary and daughter are out, and I am all alone to-day, but I know they will echo my words of love to your folks.

Always yours, Ted.

1 The lunatic, Mark Gray, shot at my father in the theatre on April 23, Shakspere's birthday.

TO MR. DAVID C. ANDERSON.

68 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, June 20, 1879.

DEAR DAVY:

Beshrew me for letting thee wait so wearily for a letter! Gadzooks! my brave, I knew not I was so at fault. Methought I owed thee *one* ("for his *Knob*"), and have oft of late reproached my procrastinating laziness for not writing thee; but I 've lost the run of time and circumstances lately, from no cause whatever, except downright laze. This very day I was thinking of thee, my Davy, and determined to write thee sure by next Sabbath (day after to-morrow); but lo! I must go visiting at Greenwich from this evening until next Monday night, therefore I scratch this hurriedly, as much as I can squeeze into an envelop 'twixt now and the hour of starting. Since I began, a lovely lady came in, and checked my rapid flight to thee, but now that she is gone "I 'm a man again," etc. . . . My dear boy, the shock, though severe at first, has left no trace of fear or nervousness. We are as clam as calms (or wisey worsy). As for any sound of woefulness from me regarding *biz*, do not heed what I may utter. If I sh'd squash as flat as a first-class tragic, I 'd not grieve longer 'n a inch o' time, at most. Do try to send your address whenever you write; I have to hunt over a barrel of papers when I want to find you. Hope with all my heart that your new venture (whatever it may be) may be a grand success.

In a couple of weeks we shall go to Saratoga. I have never been there, and the dry air, if not the waters, may benefit us all; we get too much of the *salt* here and at other places we visit during the summer. We are having most delightful weather; some days, indeed, are too cool for comfort in our thin garments.

The play of "Yorick" was acted here at Daly's, and subsequently offered to me. It failed, while it was generally praised, and I did not like the translation that was sent to me. I should think Barrett could make it go. . . .

I am not, never was, nor ever expect to be, at Tom's River; there now! You are another one! I hope the dear little old lady (ouch!) takes her usual good care of the pipes and thee, and that you are both happy and hale (I mean hearty) as ever, and that your knob is cozy, and just chuck full of home — which means all that is good and comfortable. Business seems to be dull hereabout, but I so seldom go to the theatres that I know little less than nothing of 'em. Now I must close and run. . . . A bite, and a jump for the train, and away we go. Adieu.

God bless you both! All well, and send love.

Ted.

P. S. Can't find your address, so send this haphazard to "theatre," in hopes that some one will get it and deliver it to you.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16, 1879.

YOU DEAR OLD MONSTER:

Why should your thoughts be scattered between New York and San Francisco? If you have such a dear little home, as I hear you have, stick to it, and be joyful, in spite of your reduced "inkum": be 'appy. "Enjoy the present hour, nor fear the last," etc. Yes; I shall try my British luck once more, though I have not much faith in the lottery over there; but if I win I shall, as you say, stay there doubtless a long time. I hope so. I 'd

dearly like to have you two old fellows with us, in our rambles—if we do ramble. . . .

I am jamming the Grand Opera House every night with "Hamlet," and may run it through the four weeks. It seems like the old Booth Theatre days; but of course, at the prices, there is not so much money as then. God bless you! Ever yours,

Ted.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1879.

DEAR DAVY:

Imagine "Ted" the pa of an eighteen-year-old darter. Whew! she did it yesterday, the ninth.

I don't know whether it 's your or my turn to write, but as I want a favor done I 'll waive ceremony. . . .

I 've had a head engraved, and I think it excellent. You must have a copy, but how to send it without injury I know not. The engraving was for some dramatic memorial work, but I bought it after letting them have an electrotype copy of the plate. I hope you are still comfortable and contented,—calm and 'appy; stay so! I have just closed a *terrific engagement* at the Opera House, and though the prices were less than on Broadway, etc., I received my usual share of plunder. The very best class of folks went there every night, while a "lower layer"—which I have never reached before—were there also in herds; could have filled the house two weeks longer.

In June next I expect, and hope, to sail on the *Gallia* for England. What will be the result? . . . We are having a perfect fool of a winter; 't would just suit your California notions of a "glorious climate"—warm and springlike, with only an occasional dull, damp

day. Give me the good old-time snow-clad buffer—that used to make us wrap up close, and shiver "round the hearth." But I forget my "18th daughter." I 'm getting old and "sere-y," and perhaps I should not care to have it too cold—as once I did. My health, however, is far better than it was. Dyspepsia no longer troubles me (maybe I 'll have it now for bragging), and I have—comparatively—but very few aches. . . . Do not think the *shows* are doing extra well, but know very little of them. Went last night to the Union Square—poor house, although the papers speak of the crowds, etc. . . . I shall loaf now till March, then go to Boston, and then to Booth's for a farewell *pop*. Shall I meet you on the Rhine?—Bingen?—or—or Bier? Zwei. . . . Give our united loves to the guid wife and her Davy. I have nothing of interest for you, else I 'd write a while longer, but I 'm empty, and dinner is in the air—I schmelle um! Myum! yum! Think of me in your prayers, if you ever remember to be holy, and write at length and often. I am kept pretty busy answering ——'s offers for the Frisco theatre. Adieu. Yours ever,

Ted.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14, 1880.

"Good morrow; 't is St. Valentine's day," with all the et cetera, my Davy! 'Oos a' wi' ye? Are you up to your ears in overcoats? We ain't! Warmish and wet to-day, after a heavenly week of weather. Our winters are milder than your barbarous spring tides on the slope. I forget if I told you I would send, or had sent, a portrait-engraving of my 'ed—Ed's 'ed. Did I? At all events, I ordered one boxed and mailed to Knob

Hill, and the framer says its receipt was acknowledged, so I suppose you have got it. Have you written me since? I forget. My brain 's all of a buzz, and has been so for weeks. There was no glass sent with the frame, for fear of breakage, but that you can *carbine* from one of your kitchen windows—when the old 'ooman 's gone to market. Bye-the-bye, boy, who does the huckstering? Do *you* go, and have you regular kidney feasts? Dost recommember how, in the hoary days of yore, we used to set our special days for a regular square meal of kidneys? "Ah, the merry days of youth! what a sin you could not stay!" etc., etc. . . . I see that Kearney has driven all the big guns from Frisco, and that all the wealthy ones are coming to settle here. You 'd better pull up stakes again; but wait till I get back from Europe. I have secured three passages by the *Gallia* for June 30; so, if nothing prevents, away we go across the blue and briny wet. . . .

The theatres are all doing well, and Mackaye,[1] at the Madison Square,—Daly's old shop on 24th street,—is successful, as he deserves to be, for a more beautiful theatre in every detail was never built. It is unlike all other theatres in every respect, and is supremely artistic and beautiful. I wish you could see it, and I wish I had one like it—about double its size. . . . Lunch is just announced and I am hungry. *Wait*-ah!-!-!-!-!

Feel better now. I suppose the good theatrical days of California are of the bygone memories now. . I have sent a standing "No" to several agents who have pestered me with offers from Frisco managers. I may make a fly thither after I get back from Europe. Irving has scored another grand ten-strike with "Shylock"; gave a banquet on the stage under a gorgeous awning to many nobby guests last night, in honor of its

[1] The late Steele Mackaye.

hundredth night; but maybe I may get an English pat on the back while there. I expect but little, scarce anything, and will not be grievously disappointed, as I fear my friends will be. I believe there 'd be a better show for me in Germany; p'raps I 'll try the Bingen.[1] Now, if you were there (on the Rhine) you might manage for me. I 'm not vastly posted on theatrical matters, and I suspect you care little for such chat; besides, the papers keep you advised of all that is going on. . . . Mother and Rose are about as usual—at the Grand Central Hotel, where the Winter Garden was. . . . Because I choose to "loaf and invite my soul" this season for needed rest in preference to working for wealth, which I don't want, the papers occasionally fling at me that illness and failing powers, etc., prevent my filling engagements. When I played the greatest engagement yet known at the Opera House they said I was on my last legs, and was doing fairly, etc. Now —— is there, and they all call him a grand success, and commend his acting at such house; so the world wags. Is n't it jolly? But, bosh! it does n't touch me in the least; I mentioned it to you merely to vent a growl for you to lecture on. Bless thee, Davy, and thy good dame! All our loves to you both. Live long and merrily. Would I were as young as ye! Selah!

Ted.

[1] The frequent humorous allusions to Bingen on the Rhine have reference to the poem of that name which Mr. Anderson recited in his younger days with much dramatic effect, and under happy circumstances known to my father and himself when together in California.

TO OLE BULL.

NEW YORK, 68 Madison Ave., Feb. 19, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. BULL:

Is it at all probable that you will be in this city on the fourth of March?

I intend to give a benefit for the Irish sufferers on that date at the Academy of Music, and your name would be a "tower of strength" for the good cause.

If it should be a serious inconvenience (as to come here expressly for that purpose would be), pray do not hesitate to deny me, for I fully appreciate the distress caused by innumerable demands of this kind that you are subjected to,—I have my share of them,—but if by any good chance you should be here, and would place your name on my programme, I will owe you a double debt of gratitude—bearing still fresh in my memory a similar kindness you once favored me with.

. . .

Edwin Booth.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

March 20, 1880.

MY DERNED OLD SANDLOTTER:

How d' ye? Have the Wigilantes moved your *Knob* yet? We have been wondering and worrying about you, Davy, all the while that Reverend Kearney and Dennis Kalloch have been shaking their fists against your aristocratic mansion on the Hill, and expecting to hear of y^r^ sudden reappearance on Broadway. To-day I closed my second week of a terrific engagement here. I regret it is only for three; it could run on to jammed houses for several more. I believe the box-office is to be *shut* because there is nothing left to sell for next

week — something unprecedented. I go next to Booth's (my old shop). Your reply to this had better be directed there, where I shall remain four weeks. I am glad to hear that peace is restored in Frisco. . . . This has been a good lesson to those fellows; there 'll be no more nihilism in Frisco. So you may sleep in peace. We have been having a great deal of *domestic* "socialism" here, in the way of teas and calls and visits. Daughter is in great demand, and the result has been a perfect flurry of agreeable excitement for her. While I am acting I have excitement of a different quality, and plenty of it. I think I told you that we expect to sail by the *Gallia* on June 30. . . . Barrett, Florence, Rankin, Raymond, Harkins, Mayo, and God knows who not, are all going to Europe next spring! We 'll Americanize the "koknees" yet. My hopes are more for health and recreation there than for professional success, though I am not at all indifferent to that, either; but I regard it as a secondary matter. . . .

Let me hear from you soon—if Kearney has n't Kallocked you. "K. K."—ominous letters. Ink 's out.

Ted.

NEW YORK, 68 Madison Ave., March 29, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. BULL:

Let me *bore* you once more. I promise you it shall be the last time—till we meet at Tysö.[1]

If you have not already written your autograph on the page that my wife left with Mrs. Bull, will you not give a verse or sentiment in your "birth" tongue, say from some old Norse saga, in addition to the bar of music she asked for?

[1] The late Mr. Ole Bull's estate in Norway, an invitation to which he had kindly extended to my father.

Now, then, I 've done. Break your fiddlestick (but not the magic one with its jeweled end) over my head. 'T will serve me right for pestering you so much.

We are not at all glad to be home again, for you Cambridge and Boston folks treated us so well that we miss you very much.

Edwina joins me in the very kindest regards to Mrs. Bull and yourself. Sincerely yours,

Edwin Booth.

TO WILLIAM BISPHAM.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1880.

DEAR WILL:

We are here, but hardly settled yet. The confusion of moving, while acting, has stupefied me quite. Hope soon to see you.

What night would you like to visit the play? Let me know a day or so in advance, that I may secure you good seats.

If my great-grandpa made a small spoon[1] (as my mother says my grandfather asserted), he — the elder — was at least fifty-nine years old when the latter was born. It might have been. Sorry the stamps on the large spoon are not decipherable. My sister has the debris of a small one, on which are a lion, a head, — as of one of the Georges, resembling those on old coins, — and two letters, either *B. C.* or *B. O.*, as nearly as I can make them out. But I am not so *spoony* as to care much about 'em either way, or really if I ever had any great-grandparents. It 's bad enough to know that I am here, howe'er I came. . . .

1 My father's great-grandfather was a silversmith. The spoon my father speaks of is now in my possession, a wedding-gift from my grandmother Booth. It bears the marks of my father's baby teeth, it having been his favorite pap-spoon when a child.

EDWIN BOOTH AS "RICHARD III."

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1880.

MY DEAR DAVY:

I have just closed my last engagement in New York before departure; but I have a week yet in Brooklyn — then pack up. Business has been splendid. I made no use of my "farewell," or it would have been still *splendider*. During the play, one night last week, M. came suddenly to me, and asked if I had heard of "Uncle Davy's death." By Jove! it staggered me! But knowing that if any such calamity had occurred, I would be one of the first to know it, I held myself together; several days past, no one else, save an actor or two, had heard such a rumor, and I felt relieved. It 's not so, is it? By Jove! old fellow, if you are gone I know you are high up in heaven with the good ones; but we can't afford to "let you up" yet. The news of Younge's death sets us all agog for more outrages in Frisco, and I dare say you are sick of "sich." I certainly would pull up stakes and come to a civilized place and root for aye. We are cozily settled in this hotel, overlooking Madison Square. The view is lovely, with the budding trees and young grass springing. Not like your dusty brown old San Francisco. . . . Mary has been very ill for some months past, and I am very anxious to have her o'er the sea, 'mid fresh scenes and pastures new, etc. Edwina continues well, and I so-soish; a heavy cold and weariness oppress me, nothing more. . . . Good night, old boy and gal. Hope I 'll see you both happily settled here before I sail. God bless you both!

Ever yours, Ted.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1880.

MY DEAR YOUNG AND LIVE DAVY:

So you ain't dead yet! Well, well, well! I thought not, for the papers did n't say so, and you know they cannot *hatchet*, though they do *hatch* many things what *ain't*. So, so; an' you 're still a-livin' — Sho! Ale B. C. — D. C. I mean; forgive the slip. You remember, maybe, there 's many atwix the jug and the lip, don't it? How 's Dennis? What 's a K(a-l-)lock, too? They 're skeerin' you hitherwards again, eh? Well, it 's the best word — any word in this town is better than Knob Hill at this "junkter."

Hope you will be here before we sail, June 30. I know no more of the testimonial than you do. It may not be; I care not. . . .

As to your acting again, you know when you were here I advised you to stay and get into one of the theatres here. You require some occupation, with your active brain and body, to steady you. Take an old hound's advice, and keep close with the pack. Tally-ho! Yoick's! etc. Keep in full cry till the last horn calls to quarry, and a whipper-in sends you to kennel. Don't dismount till you 're in at the death. Tara-ta-ta-ta! Mary is about the same. Edwina and I are wellish. Love to both. Ted.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

DUBLIN, July 15, 1880.

DEAR DAVY:

Arrah Galoo! Hooroo! mabokalush faleen sockdalergerwhack, me bye!

I 'm on the sod, wid a dudeen o' the rale ould bogwood in me jaw, acushla! One week ago to-night I left

the ship at Quanestown, and have been to Cork and Killarney in a fog, then spent a fine day in the cars, and reached here in the same old fog and rain, bad luck to 't!

Did yez iver come here? Don't! I did, but I won't again, mavourneen. Saving the antiquities and the foul weather, we can bate 'em in Yankeedom. Lakes and hills and all the beautiful scenery and sights they boast of are 'way behind us, so they are.

Anent ancientiquities, I am writin' wid a pen that 's mightier than the swoord — videlicet — a quill, from an old goose, or a hin, or else a fowl of some kind. A plume o' the weather, maybe; that 's *fowl* enough.

Three days here, and to-morrow we 're off for Belfast, stopping *en route* at several points of interest. Shall not reach London till latter part of August. Have had two offers from there, but not being what I want, I shall *wait*. Find friends and acquaintances everywhere; no trouble or inconvenience yet. Had a sort of canal-like voyage; no sea whatever. So far the trip has done us all good. Don't want to think of theatre; won't till my cash runs low. After a day or two at Belfast shall go to Glasgow, and see a little of Scotland, before going to England and Wales. After a week or so in London, go to the Continent. This day one month ago I was breakfasted in New York. It seems but day before yesterday. Poor mother is very sad and lonely now; I know that she misses me very much. God bless her! Wish you were here with me. Had a "jaunt in a jolting-car" to-day, from a place called Kingstown. Not any more in mine, I thank you. I like a trotter, when I sit astride him, but a sidewise bump up and down for an hour ain't handsome, not at all, sir! How doth your *bonne dame* (no; that 's not Irish) — how 's de owld 'ooman? An' how 's yersel', me darlint? I 'll write ye Scotch next toime, maybe. All our loves to yees, all of yees.

McCullough has secured the spring months at Drury Lane; got ahead of me there. Irving keeps his place, and the only other tragedy-shop has lost caste of late; so I 'm in the cold, as before. Clarke would let me in at the Haymarket, but *I've been there* onct before, ye know.

Good night, Davy. May the good God bless you and yours! Write me soon.

Ever yours, Ted.

TO E. C. STEDMAN.

LONDON, September 4, 1880.

MY DEAR STEDMAN:

My intention was to wait until I saw Smalley before writing to you; but it seems so far away before that event is likely to occur, and so very long since I promised to write, that I can hold no further restraint on my desire to chat, if only a few words with you. After a delightful, though rather fatiguing tour through Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, I came suddenly to London to settle the engagement with Manager G., of which you have by this time read something in the papers, and to prepare for our visit to Ammergau, whither we go on Monday next. We have been so busy and unsettled here that we concluded to keep "incog.," and see no one; therefore I have not sought out Smalley, on whom I hope to call before I see any others whom I hope to meet. I shall be permanently settled at the St. James Hotel, October 1, for at least three months. Well, as to the engagement. Before I landed I had telegraphic offers to act, but I held off . . . besides I have resolved to wait until the spring; but as I found that time at Drury Lane was promised to McCullough, and Irving preparing a new production, I accepted the offer made by G. to open his theatre, which is now a mass of ruins, in October, re-

modeled and renovated in every respect. So it stands. From all I hear, expectation is a-tiptoe, and we shall see what we shall see in a few short weeks from date. The company engaged for me is said to be an unusually strong one. They are all strange to me, and I must, of course, be guided by what others say; all agree as to its superiority. As Irving is blamed here, as I am at home, for having (with the Terry exception) a company of sticks, I presume I shall be credited with at least the desire to serve the Shaksperian cause, even if I fail in other respects. It is so very warm here that the theatres are nearly empty, and 't is an effort to sit quietly here with you; I 'm all sticky, fidgety, and "sich," but, blessed be Allah! there are no flies and no mosquitos. I passed nine months in a fog here many years ago, and of course saw nothing of London but her mud and melancholy; they have now a full-sized sun, which has been blazing at us all the week, and I agree with you and Winter that London is a delightful city; I never thought so till now. . . . Well, bye-bye. Mrs. Booth's cough has been the only interruption to our entire enjoyment; she is otherwise very well, my daughter ditto, while I am about the same as I have been for the year past — very well, I thank you. Remember us to wife, sons, daughter, and daddy. Will write you when I have seen Smalley. Adieu. Ever yours,

Edwin Booth.

TO E. C. STEDMAN.

LONDON, Nov. 13, 1880.

MY DEAR STEDMAN:

I 've been and gone and done it! The cable has told you all about it. I can but add that the feeling for me is warming every day, and the faint praises lavished by

the press have tended rather to increase than to diminish the interest. From various *high places* I have kindly words of great encouragement, and the vista looks lovely. After the programme is changed ("Hamlet" is so hackneyed!), there will also be a change of tone in the theatrical columns of the papers. The few attempts at *criticism* I have seen are very feeble and wishy-washy. Shakspere is yet a sealed book to those who sit in judgment on the actor. . . . Smalley was in Scotland my first night, but promised to see me last evening. The stalls I gave him were vacant, and I fear he was prevented from going to the theatre, which he wished to do, in order to send his letter to N. Y. to-day. The weather has been propitious, and despite a troublesome liver and domestic cares (my wife being still an invalid), I am in pretty good "fighting trim." But I could not act *Hamlet* the first night. All was confusion and anxiety. A new theatre, a new company (all, however, very kindly disposed), a rather chilling audience, despite their generous reception of me. . . . You may judge how unlike *Hamlet* I was on that occasion. But I made a mark that is becoming deeper with every performance, and when I write you next I am confident that I shall be justified in saying, "I am safe!"

Smalley is very good. I dined with him one Sunday, and met Huxley, Lady Gordon, and several other notables.

Kind remembrances to your dear ones.

Ever yours, Edwin Booth.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

LONDON, Nov. 14, 1880.

DEAR DAVY:

I went in, head first, as *Hamlet* last Saturday night. Since when the myriad English papers have been full

of me—all, with but a few exceptions, patting me on the back and endeavoring to damn me with faint praise. But the public is with me, and I received many cordial congratulations from high-jink nobs of Britain. As we used to say in the classic days, "Ye goose 'angs 'igh," etc., and in a few weeks I shall have had even the "crickets" chirping pleasantly. I dare say the cable has told you, long ere this, of my success—or *failure*, for it is a toss-up how it has been reported; variously, I presume. Set it down as satisfactory, at all events. I had to abandon my Continental tour because I saw no possible opening here for me in the spring, and this theatre seemed to be preparing for me especially. 'T is a very fine one, entirely new; not the best in London, though. The Haymarket is by far the very best in London now; you would not know it in its new shape and dress. You must write often to me, and not wait for letters from me, for I am just run to earth by the many cares and bothers that absorb all my time. . . . No news. Love to you both, Ever yours,

Ted.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

LONDON, December 17, 1880.

MY DEAR DAVY:

Since my début here I have received congratulatory letters and telegraphic greetings from various parts of the world, but not a line from thee. Now, this is not meant reproachfully, for I know there is not a heart that throbs on earth that doth more rejoice at my success than thine, my Davy C., but, nevertheless, would I be happier to have had a line of greeting to that effect. You would be surprised and pleased as well to know that actors of every rank from all parts of the kingdom have sent me letters of congratulation, and those about me have been enthu-

siastic and kind to excess. John Ryder — with tears — declares that I have toppled his idol (Macready) to the ground, and is as anxious of my success as a father may be — as *you* are; not the least sign of unkindness from any! My intention was to change the bill every two weeks, and so I took off "Hamlet" against the advice of every one but the paper-critics, who endeavor to damn me with faint praise, and brought on "Richelieu," which started even the "puffers," though some of them still fail to see in me more than mediocrity. But the *public* is with me; so is the profession, while from many high and nobby sources I daily receive the most encouraging marks of approval. . . . Titled folks that stand very near the throne have graced my dressing-room with their presence. The best parts of the house have been nightly filled with noted people, but the pit and gallery are not so well patronized, this being the worst season for such plays as I am giving them. I 've been fortunate in weather, very few fogs, and they slight; the nights are really beautiful — quite American in quality. I have met with the greatest hospitality — very like that of the ante-bellum, Southern sort, and the higher the host the more cordial and easy the welcome. Irving called over, but we had very little opportunity to chat. I have the greatest odds to battle with that an actor ever experienced, in spite of all the good in my favor that I have mentioned. A deep-rooted love for their idol, who certainly deserves his reward for what he has achieved for the drama here; an unpopular theatre, — that is, unpopular with the first-class element; for years a sort of "Bowery," given up to "Drink," "Streets of London," etc., — and a sort of "Cheap John" management, with a wretched company, and poorly furnished stage, compared with Irving's superior settings. Business at all the houses is only so-so; 't is what *we* would call

pretty bad, but in London it is considered fair, if not positively *good*, for this season. My engagement is but for three months, which terminate February 6; but the chances are that I will run along much longer. My health is good, and I 'm in pretty fair trim, but could do better if I changed the bill oftener, which can't be done because there is not a bit of stock scenery in the house. The next play will be "The Fool's Revenge," and then "Macbeth." I have acted just six weeks to-night. I find London very much Americanized, a really sensible set of people now. Twenty years ago they were very provincial, petty, old-fogyish, and hard. My sister is writing sketches of father and myself, to be published by Osgood of Boston, and while going over my past experiences I had to live over our ranch life, etc. . . . You may well imagine my feelings at this late day — taking our midnight rides to "Pipesville," and sailing the seas toward t' other side o' the globe. . . . My wife has been a great invalid for many months, and under the care of an eminent physician, Dr. Mackenzie. I am just here interrupted by an "interviewer." *Wait;* he 's gone. A charming man, Joseph Hatton, just returned from America, where they fêted him royally, and he is *with us* in feeling, as indeed are a great many Englishmen who formerly sneered at the Yankees. I found this kindly feeling throughout my tour of Ireland, Scotland, and England; not manifest in France; of Germanic feeling I could not judge, but I know they are very anxious to have me act there. Perhaps I shall do so. McCullough is to produce "Virginius" at Drury Lane in May, and of course will have all the papers with him — as elsewhere. He is so genial! I *ain't*, you know. John 's a good fellow, and I wish him full success. I am going to a matinée of "Agamemnon" in Latin (our mother-tongue, hog-latin) by the Oxford students. A Greek comedy is

also being played by the Westminster students which they say is remarkable; but as it occurs at night, I can't attend. I see the "Passion Play" is given up, much to my gratification. I did not relish the idea of Booth being connected with it, nor do I think (sinner though I be—Peccavi!) that such an outrage to religious sentiment should be tolerated. I did not approve it even at Ammergau, where the superstition of those bygone people seems to be an excuse for it. I fancy there will be no more plays at Oberammergau; the impression produced generally was that of a show, nothing more, and all that has been written of its awful and religious effect is bosh, though doubtless sincerely meant by emotional and inexperienced folks, who "weep like Tom Noddy and see poor Laertes run through the body." That 's a long-ago rhyme I read in babyhood.

Well, old padre, 'oos a' wi' ye, noo? Brawly, lad, I hope. Love to the wife an' bairns, all of 'em, and their good man and daddy. Adieu, with the good Lord's blessing for the Christmastide and wishes for many a Happy New Year.

From your old Ted.

TO THE REV. DR. EWER.

LONDON, December 19, 1880.

MY DEAR EWER:

So dazed have I been of late that I really forget to whom I have and have not written. At all events, I remember that you were among the first on my long list of friends with whom I intended to shake hands after my début. I 'll take it for granted that I did so after "Hamlet"; if not, forgive my negligence. Had that play been kept on, it would doubtless have pulled through the fog,

which "Richelieu" dispelled with his first breath, although many of the so-called critics still see me through a glass darkly, and sniff their learned noses knowingly. All goes well, but slowly. I did not expect a sunburst, as my friends predicted, nor did I expect such kindness from the public, nor from private sources, as I have received.

Your water-cure, hay-fever letter is not where I can put my hand on it just now ('t is after midnight), and therefore, without reference to it, I may be repeating what I said in reply to it. I hope you have entirely got rid of that vexation, funny as it appears to be at a distance, and that good health will attend your Christmas, with other blessings, a hundredfold. For the first time since childhood my sister and I will (D. V.) pass that day together. I wish our dear old mother could be with us. What a miserable existence is the actor's, especially if he is domestically inclined! Home is something denied to him. I 've tried to fix myself, to settle down a dozen times, yet always comes some stern necessity to break camp and travel. I 'd rather be at home, somewhere in America, quiet and secure from the publicity my profession brings, than be here fêted and applauded, and tired with what 's called fame. Bosh! It 's my liver, I dare say; the doctors tell me so. I suppose I 'd be dissatisfied with any other lot. I 'm a chronic growler, I fear. You may judge by this that I 'm not over-elated by my success here. If I had a "pitful of kings" to act for, I should not be so. Royalty (unless I except the Duke of Connaught) has not yet deigned to notice my efforts; but titled nobs, and several citizens of high standing, have shown me great kindness. To-day we met at dinner the poet Robert Browning, a charming man; and at the same house, on a former occasion, Huxley. The Dowager Marchioness of Ely, her Majesty's lady in waiting, and several lesser lights near the throne, have shone serenely on my Yankeeship.

Now is n't this enough to turn one's head? Yet, you see, I 've been so accustomed to the *purple;* with kings and cardinals have I hobnobbed so familiarly since my boyhood, that I 'm accustomed to these honors. . . .

I 'm inclined to think the Passion Play will not be given at Ammergau again: it has degenerated into a mere show. I 'm glad I saw it, although at the time I was disappointed. Would not look at it again, though it were presented within easy reach; but the scene of its performance —Ammergau — is worth a dozen visits, though so out of the way and uncomfortable.

This is about the stupidest letter that ever school-boy scribbled, and if you were not a holy man I 'd cuss it with a big, big "D," and burn it; but I know my next attempt would be no better, perhaps worse, and you sha'n't say "Ted has forgotten his promise to write me."

Edwina and I send loving remembrances.

Ever yours, Ted.

TO E. C. STEDMAN.

PICCADILLY, LONDON, December 24, 1880.

MY DEAR STEDMAN:

I know how "run to earth" you are, and therefore do not expect you to write me very often. I know what you feel for me, and shall be more than satisfied if I get but a line of greeting only when you wish to try a new pen. It was very good of you, my dear boy, to write me, tired and busy as you are, and I cordially appreciate it. Yes, "Richelieu" has warmed them up; but I believe the houses would have been quite as full if I had kept "Hamlet" on the bills. There is little change in that respect. The enthusiasm is greater, of course, for the theatrical situations of the former play compel it. I

hardly think the critics have shown me a kindly spirit, but they are very provincial and "little" in their views of art matters, and this prejudice is not confined to theatrical art, either. Outside of the *press*, however, I have had all that one's heart could desire in the way of courtesy and encouragement. To-night I finish "Richelieu," and rest till Monday (boxing) night, when the "Fool" will appear—not in a pantomime, as at other theatres, though. The Smalleys have been very kind; dined there twice. . . .

H. R. H. Leopold saw the play t' other night, and sent for my photo through Lady Ely, the Queen's lady-in-waiting, who has been very gracious to us. . . .

Your friend, Edwin Booth.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

LONDON, Jan. 9, 1881.

MY DAVY DEAR:

Some one writ o' the top o' your letter, "Can't you give us a little more in your epistles to Dave?" I don't know who, but there it is; and that is why I write you again so soon, because I can't give *more* than I do: I give a little often. Published accounts, even friendly ones, give no true notion of how matters stand. My success with the public, and with the *brains* of England, was assured from the very first scene of my first night, and *Hamlet* drew as well as anything I have since done; the applause was as great as ever I received in the part anywhere, and the play would have run for several weeks had I chosen to keep it on; but my wish was to change as often as possible, to do as many parts as I could, in the few months of my engagement. . . . Dollars are not plentiful, though the houses are full. What is termed

great business here we at home would consider small; but as I did not come for dollars, and expected a harder fight against prejudice than I have had, I am quite satisfied, particularly as I find the impression I have made is deepening and daily growing stronger. No; there is no prejudice here worth noticing. Among the very best we have met a most cordial welcome — no stiffness, and so little formality that we are rather more at ease than with folks of the same class at home; while with the "middlemen" and the lower classes I have found nothing but kindly feeling. I guess they have a wholesome respect for the Yankee nowadays. . . . My pronunciation and enunciation have amazed the English, yet cultivated Americans frequently criticize me. Irving has lately been very genial and attentive; he is a pleasant fellow. Yesterday he called, and we had a pleasant hour together. He gave me a fine copy of a celebrated portrait of Richelieu, and we are to lunch together on Wednesday at Lady Burdett-Coutts's. . . . She saw the "Fool's Revenge" last night, and seemed greatly moved by my acting. Unfortunately, my engagement, though it has been extended six weeks, lasts only until March 12, and I shall not be able to produce more than three more plays this season, unless some change should occur in the manager's plan. Think of only three theatres for tragedy in London, while farce and burlesque have thirty or more! The weather has been so delightful this winter that Parliament sits unusually early,— already in session,—and many who do not come to town before March are flocking hither. We 've had but few tolerable fogs, a little spit of snow, a good share of rain, but no really d—nable — I should say London — weather yet. The best effect that England has had on me is to reconcile me to the stovepipe hat and dinner-parties: I wear the one and attend the others regularly

every Sunday evening. I 'm dressed up now, waiting for the carriage to take us to dine with our doctor, who has been treating Mary for throat disease ever since we came here. Her great pluck keeps her up and about, but she is a very sick woman, having lost her voice and much flesh, and she suffers great pain constantly; yet people who do not know her can't believe that she is an invalid. I 'm awfully hungry, and my swallowtail is n't comfortable here; I love it not. Edwina has the best time of it, dining and dancing all the time. I hardly know what I shall do about the Continental tour; if I could have a fair swing at London, I could act at least two years steadily. For the Continent — or, rather, to act in Germany, which has long been my hobby — I would require a company, and the expense would be fearful. I shall soon begin to feel my way, however. I hear glowing accounts of splendid business from all parts of the States but Frisco. I am afraid our dear old ranch is played out, and I am sure you would be wise in getting rid of all your interests there and settling in New York. Actors are so scarce, I am told, that there 'd be little fear of your not having sufficient employment, if you needed it, in the city; for traveling companies leave plenty of vacancies in the standard theatres. . . .

Have just returned from "grub." 'T was very "swell," yet jolly enough, and I feel stomachically better than I did. Wherever I have been, Irving and his splendid scenery formed the chief topics of conversation. I think the theatre is talked of here more than with us,— I mean among the "upper crust,"— and I 'm sure that actors are received in society more generally. With us only very distinguished |ones are invited, while here I have met many of subordinate positions in the best houses. The Marchioness of Ely (the Queen's "right bower") and my wife have corresponded about me, and Leopold saw

"Richelieu," and sent for my photo. . . . A famous artist[1] is painting me as *Richelieu*, and after its exhibition at the Academy will give it to me. Full life-size! Now, ask that "feller" who said "give us more" if I have n't given enough this time. I like the pressed flower that comes occasionally from far old Frisco, o'er the seas; I try to keep them. The last is very pretty. God bless you both! Good night, with Christmas blessings and many happy New Years. Ted.

TO E. C. STEDMAN.

LONDON, March 27, 1881.

MY DEAR STEDMAN:

At last my *great* London engagement is ended. Thank God, a thousand times, again and again repeated! I never had such an uphill drag of it in all my professional experience, to say nothing of the many annoyances connected with the mean and tricky management of —— and ——. I 've had dyspepsia in its worst form nearly half the time, the result of intense anxiety on my wife's account. For two weeks now she has been confined to her bed, just hovering 'twixt life and death. You can imagine my interest in acting under such circumstances. On the whole, the critics have used me well. So Irving and I are at last to hitch together, but only for a short pull of four weeks at "Othello." Every seat worth securing is booked for the greater part of the brief term of our combination, and London is very much excited over it. Of course I live in dread anxiety lest my wife's death, which seems certain, may occur either at the beginning or during the engagement; and, to tell the truth, this fearful suspense makes me wish it was canceled and off my mind. I shall not be in

[1] Mr. John Collier.

trim for acting under any circumstances, unless a miracle should lift her up again. Poor Edwina bravely assumes the duties so new to her, but I have my fears for her health also. Our kindest regards to wife and family.

Ever yours, Edwin.

LONDON, May 8, 1881.

MY DEAR OLD GRANDPA:

I hope you like it. Love and congratulations for all hands, ahoy! Well, the event has "eventuated," as doubtless you have read by cablegram. All went well. The first week is over, and the change of parts begins tomorrow. Irving, his company, and the audiences treat me splendidly. This engagement may run till June; it is uncertain. The houses are jammed, the play well set and very well acted, and there 's no reason why it should not be kept going; but as I am only a guest, I do not like even to hint at a continuance. Don't see much of Smalley now. My wife's illness has upset everything, and perplexes me very much. Edwina has had charge of household and social duties, and is kept very busy. She is wonderfully apt, and does the work well.

I read with envy your account of "Paradise" among the cocoanuts and bananas. In my youth I spent some happy months at several islands in the South Pacific, and my fancy often floats me thither; but I had no such dinners as you had. I lived on fruits, pig, and poë-poë. Badeau was with me t' other day, and asked after Mrs. Bierstadt. I had forgotten your mention of her, poor little woman! I did not know of her ill health.

Yours ever, Edwin Booth.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

LONDON, June 6, 1881.

DEAR DAVY:

By the time this reaches you I shall doubtless be in New York — we sail on the 18th, where I will find your letter on my arrival, I hope. . . . My engagement with Irving terminates on the 15th. It has been in every respect very agreeable and *ponderously* successful; it could run several weeks, if not months, longer. I have made a solid mark here; but, as fate will have it, I must leave in the midst of my success, I presume. . . . But it does not make me miserable; my life has been so full of ups and downs that I calmly accept any rise or fall that may occur. . . . My best wishes to Lizzie,[1] poor soul! I 'm glad her friends stick to her, and hope all is clear for her to a happy old age. I wish your own affairs were easier, but you have the very best of all God's goods — a gay heart, happy companionship, and, I hope, good health. My dear old mother is nearing her end also: I think she feels it; her letters indicate it. Edwina, thank God! is well under all her trials. Everything has devolved upon her since Mary's illness, and it is surprising how well she manages social and household duties strange to her. I suppose I must now go into constant work, for a while at least; idleness would only intensify the sadness that is hovering over my domestic life.

I dined with Asia to-day — the first time I have seen her for nearly two months. Clarke is in Philadelphia, building a splendid theatre out of a shell set up in Broad street by the Kiralfys some years ago. . . . Took tea with *H. R. H.* t' other day — and met the lovely Langtry and other beauties. Hope you 'll go to New York, and settle there for good. God bless you both!

Ever yours, Ted.

[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders.

TO NAHUM CAPEN.

WINDSOR HOTEL, July 28, 1881.

DEAR SIR:

I can give you very little information regarding my brother John. I seldom saw him since his early boyhood in Baltimore. He was a rattle-pated fellow, filled with Quixotic notions. While at the farm in Maryland he would charge on horseback through the woods, "spouting" heroic speeches with a lance in his hand, a relic of the Mexican war, given to father by some soldier who had served under Taylor. We regarded him as a good-hearted, harmless, though wild-brained boy, and used to laugh at his patriotic froth whenever secession was discussed. That he was insane on that one point, no one who knew him well can doubt. When I told him that I had voted for Lincoln's reëlection he expressed deep regret, and declared his belief that Lincoln would be made king of America; and this, I believe, drove him beyond the limits of reason. I asked him once why he did not join the Confederate army. To which he replied: "I promised mother I would keep out of the quarrel, if possible, and I am sorry that I said so." Knowing my sentiments, he avoided me, rarely visiting my house, except to see his mother, when political topics were not touched upon, at least in my presence. He was of a gentle, loving disposition, very boyish and full of fun,— his mother's darling,— and his deed and death crushed her spirit. He possessed rare dramatic talent, and would have made a brilliant mark in the theatrical world. This is positively all that I know about him, having left him a mere schoolboy when I went with my father to California in 1852. On my return in '56 we were separated by professional engagements, which kept him mostly in the South, while I was employed in the Eastern and Northern States.

I do not believe any of the wild, romantic stories pub-

lished in the papers concerning him; but of course he may have been engaged in political matters of which I know nothing. All his theatrical friends speak of him as a poor, crazy boy, and such his family think of him.

I am sorry I can afford you no further light on the subject. Very truly yours, Edwin Booth.

TO COLONEL LAWRENCE.

May 15, 1882.

My dear Col. Lawrence:

Before I received your kind note of invitation, my daughter had sent our regrets at being unable to enjoy your hospitality, which I looked forward to with much pleasure.

I have had hardly an hour that I could call my own since I left the theatre, and the engagements already made will inconvenience me very much, being so pressed for time before I sail.

Believe me, I am very sorry to forego the pleasure you kindly offer, but hope that in the future I shall have the honor of being your guest.

On Saturday I expect to start for Pittsfield—just for a Sunday peep into "The Box," to see how the dear ones get on.

I wrote to Mrs. Bartlett from Newport, telling her that next Sunday is the only day at my command, but as yet I 've had no word from her. She was ailing from anxiety for her children when I last heard from her, and she was about going to Boston for a few days.

I sincerely hope that she and the children are well.

With kindest regards for you both,

I am very truly yours,

Edwin Booth.

TO MISS MARY L. BOOTH.

NEW YORK, May 25, 1882.

MY DEAR MISS BOOTH:

Ages seem to have passed since I received your kind letters, yet neither of them have I acknowledged. Forgive, and do not think me neglectful. I have been pestered and beset by numerous worries, on the heels of which came my poor girl's sudden and serious illness; these are my excuses for not answering either of your kind letters.

Edwina has been in bed eleven days with pleurisy and a slight attack of pneumonia, and her physicians say she must remain there and be kept very quiet for at least two weeks longer. This prevents our sailing next Wednesday, and I have deferred my London trip till June 14th; indeed, the engagement too may have to be postponed. By the date named, the doctor says, Edwina will be able to travel, but not before. This will embarrass my affairs in England very much, of course; for I have engaged a theatre (the Adelphi) and company, and other very expensive but necessary evils, to begin June 26th. With the best of luck I cannot be there before the 24th, which leaves no time for preparation. If Edwina is not perfectly well I shall put off the engagement altogether, for I will not risk her health for any consideration.

I am glad you liked my sister's book. She sent material enough for three such volumes, and I think very much of her most interesting matter had to be omitted. But Hutton did his very best, with great labor to himself; for she is inexperienced in the art of book-making.

Poor fellow! His was indeed a sad loss. The dear old lady was loved by all who knew her, I am sure. I hope to meet him somewhere in England. I urged him

to make an effort to go with me through Germany when I make my tour through that country. Haase, and other Germans of note, assure me that I shall be successful there, and my sole ambition now (so far as Europe is concerned) is to obtain the German indorsement. England has done for me all that she is likely to do, I fancy, and as for Italy, France, or Russia, which countries I am advised to visit, I have never entertained a professional thought or hope.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wright. I hope to see you both before I go; and with sincere regards for yourself, I am Truly yours,

Edwin Booth.

TO COLONEL LAWRENCE.

May 25, 1882.

MY DEAR COL. LAWRENCE:

Although Edwina is not permitted to see her friends, she cordially appreciates their many kind attentions.

Speaking of this to-day, she wondered if it would be very improper to ask Miss Gertrude to play for her when it is clear enough for her to call again. I do not hesitate to ask this favor, knowing that it will please you all to confer the kindness. But if it should cause any inconvenience, pray do not hesitate to decline it.

Edwina is improving rapidly, but her doctors say that she must remain in bed at least two weeks longer, and be kept very quiet.

I have deferred my departure until the fourteenth of June, in consequence of her illness. By this delay I shall not arrive in London till the 24th, and my engagement begins on the 26th — rather a "close shave."

Launt has been quite ill of late, and is going to Wilton with his brother for a few days' rest.

I do not know when I shall have an opportunity to make my calls; my time is so occupied that days fly by like minutes. If you should be passing the hotel any day about four or five o'clock, I hope you will waste a little time with me.

At all events, I must see you all before I leave the country.

Present my compliments to Mrs. and Miss Lawrence, and accept for yourself, as well as for them, the kind regards of

Yours truly,

Edwin Booth.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1882. (Friday.)

DEAR DAVY:

To-morrow I 'll taste your *gravy*. If it 's just the same to *you*, we 'll "lap" that Irish *stew*, and after, with pipes and *beers*, loll in easy *cheers*. Wha' d'yees say, my *dears?* About five, I believe, is your hour. I 'll be on hand, and if the stew 's not ready, we 'll set it for Monday—after I get back from Philadelphia. I go there Sunday. Sail Wednesday, 3:30, I think. Hope this will catch you early. Ted.

ON DECK, 8 Bells, June 20, 1882.

DAVY, AHOY!

I 'm afloat, you old bloat! I 'm afloat! Six 'n' 'arf days by the log, you old dog! And a glassy sea as we sail, nary a gale, as we sail, you old whale!

Oh, by the by, *en passant*, to spare the precious spoons of Galveston, I ordered a set of (plated) silver, solid and shiny, to be sent you for the kitchen. They 'll do till I

get back. I hope the rooms I want for mother will be ready for her, and that she will take them. Be on the lookout for others for yourself, if after the winter you do not like the ones you have. Edwina much improved. Bad food and bad rooms; had to change Edwina's. Will mail this at Queenstown; expect to reach there Thursday (day after to-morrow) evening.

Love to you both. Write soon.

Always, Ted.

P. S. Who do you suppose is on board? A stout, gray-bearded, fat-voiced English-looking party, named ——! The chap who was so donkeyish over Laura at Melbourne. He spoke to me the first day out; has his wife with him—pleasant sort of body. Says he has lived all these years in England. Asked after you, and there our conversation dropped—my fault, I suppose. Also in the company is a man whose name I know not; knew us both in Australia and California; was on the police force in Sydney or Melbourne (do your ankles ache?), and knows everybody in Frisco, especially actors, etc.

We are scudding along finely, rolling stupidly in a quiet sea. Sky is clouded, and the breeze is invigorating.

Everybody writing letters. To-night will be a show of some kind for the Liverpool Sailors' Home. Why Americans should always be called upon for this charity, I cannot see; they never do anything for the American sailors on these vessels. They expect me to read. I won't, because I "carn't," else I would.

LONDON, July 3, 1882.

DEAR DAVY:

Till now I have not had a chance to write since I left Queenstown, whence I mailed letters for you. Reception *great;* business English; papers kind; weather too good

for theatres; audiences fashionable and very enthusiastic every night. Edwina getting on splendidly. Saw Louisa[1] once or twice last week; she was wild with bouquets with the Yankee colors, and threw them to me and Mrs. Pateman, at which the papers marveled, for they don't do such things here except for prima donnas. After I close here I shall take a trip to Switzerland, and get back for rehearsals first week in September; then start for the tour till Christmas; after which for Germany.

Abbey has Langtry this fall and Irving next. Takes all the company and scenes, and wants me to play at the Lyceum, which he takes during Irving's absence of about six months. Irving was with me last night till 2 this A. M. Winter, Aldrich, and Barrett came a few days ago, and we all dined together last night. Saturday, after the play, we "chop" with Irving. Headache Sunday. Edwina joins me in love.

God bless you both, my boys! Write soon and often.

Always yours, Ted.

LONDON, July 23, 1882.

DEAR DAVY:

Your delightful letter, with its inclosure, reached me duly. It seems a month ago, but I 've not been fit for letter-writing lately—tired, and overrun with callers and *inviters*, etc. . . .

The lakes of Lucerne and Geneva are liquid heavens. I could n't think of beer at either place. Wrote to Edwards anent his proposition for a tour. I must try somehow to get in huge lumps of loaf in my old age, and act only now and then—just to vary the monotony of leisure. But how to do it when there are no regular companies! I hope you have obtained a home job; don't

1 Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, the actress.

dream of traveling any more, but plan little *sprees*, and pass life easily. I dare say Louisa will be home by the time this reaches you. My love to her. She 'll give you a full account of "Yurrup," for she saw in her short stay more than most Americans do in a year. I write now because it may be a long while ere I get another chance, as I shall be busy and weary after I get to work. Both our loves to you both. God bless you, too! Adieu!

Always and ever yours, Ted.

ROTTERDAM, Aug. 3, 1882.

DEAR DAVY BOY:

Here we are in Dutchland, on the Maas,—the most interesting place we have seen since London. Brussels and Antwerp are too modern, and in a few years, I fear, this city will have lost its interest to the tourist, they are "going ahead" so fast. (I wish they would improve their pens.) Clean, sober, and polite are the people, and many of them speak English perfectly. Cigars are excellent, and cheaper than at home. Have n't yet tried their pipes, but their beer is bully! I am full of it now! I am afraid I shall not get my letters regularly; 't is difficult to state the exact place and date for their transmission.

I shall try to send a greeting to you from Bingen as we go up the Rhine. This tour is Edwina's, and I go as she directs; but I notice that I pay all the bills! Have you ever been here? 'T is unlike all other places (just a smack of Venice, perhaps), and I could spend a month here in full enjoyment of it — specially the beer! The beer is bully! I 'm glad you find your rooms a refuge from the broiling heat. We had it pretty warm here to-day, but yet we wear our winter underclothes, and sleep under blankets.

Have met American tourists everywhere, and of course they talk of me to all they can talk to; consequently I am

pretty well known as I go. We have a good courier who speaks several languages after a fashion of his own, and he saves us a deal of trouble in traveling and sight-seeing; in fact we have none. He is a descendant of the great Van Dyck, and he is very proud of his name, and therefore I call him Vanderdeken and Van Tromp, Van Winkle and Van Tassel, and he thinks it my mistake, of course. He is my valet also, and looks after me like a "Dutch uncle." His phrases are very funny: one of the most frequent is "dem sort of kind" for "that sort of thing." I like the Dutch. The women are pretty, the men affable, and the beer is bully! Here 's your "goothel"! We are all well, and if we had *six* instead of *one* month, would be happy. The nightmare of my provincial tour in England still haunts me. If I had a decent pen I 'd write more nonsense, but the only one I have doth beat the Dutch, and they are hard to beat, specially on their beer — their beer is Bully (with a big B this time), and don't you forget it! Here 's your goothel unt your family's, yaw!

Ted.

Skeeters abound, but, as they 're Dutch, I like them.

BINGEN, August 17, 1882.

DEAR DAVY:

Take this greeting
From a distant friend of thine:
A friend in far-off Bingen —
Your "Bingen-on-the-Rhine."
Its praise I 've heard you singin'
With many a tipsy tear,
But, Dave, I 'm disappointed
With all, except its *beer*.
In the midst of these rich vineyards,
I prefer the poor hop-vine,

Lest I get "boozed" at Bingen —
At "Bingen-on-the-Rhine."
Yes, still to *beer* I 'm clingin'—
And, David, it is fine! —
Altho' not brewed at Bingen,
'T is safer than its wine,
Which sets my wits a-wingin',
Puts my plummet out of line:
Were *you* ever "boozed" at Bingen —
(Hic!) "Bingen-on-the-Rhine"?
If you come again, I 'm thinkin'
You 'll be so on its wine —
I 've drunk all the beer at Bingen —
Beerless "Bingen-on-the-Rhine"!
Confess, now (hic) — no shinin'—
If "Ya" (hic) don't say "Nein";
D — n the odds! at Bingen —
(Hic) "Bingen-on-the-Rhine"!

Edwina has gone to bed weeping over this pathetic effusion, tho' she thinks there 's more poetry (!) than truth in it. She received Aunt Davy's letter, and enjoyed it very much, and sends love to you both. We had to skip Amsterdam on account of the dampness of Holland, Edwina suffering from it. So we started for the Rhine at once, and here we are at Bingen, as you perceive, full of romantic notions and sich. From Cologne to Coblentz the trip is very monotonous, the scenery too "samey," flat, and uninteresting; but from the latter place to this, in spite of a heavy storm all day, the shores on both sides are filled with delightful views. We enjoyed it hugely. In acknowledgment of the leaf Edwina received, she sends the inclosed "boquet." To-morrow we go to Heidelberg, and if possible will take a peep Sunday at old Nuremberg, one of the most interesting spots in Germany. One night

our "guide" had no room (the hotel being crowded), and the maid had two beds in hers. He proposed to "but zum skreams[1]" around her bed, and take the other, but she objected, although he promised to lay "kerviet as a shile" all night. He 's a character! Had a letter from Edwards anent the proposed tour; no more tours for me, I hope. Will write him Sunday. I am full of aches — caught a severe cold in damp Dutchland. Am very sorry to lose Amsterdam, the chief city of Holland. How I should like to tour Europe at my leisure! But I 'm thankful even for the mere glimpses I get of the various places we visit. Good night. God bless you both! Mother seems to be happy under the new order of things. Thank God! She won't move to town till October. Best love to you both.

Ted.

SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND, Sept. 20, 1882.

DEAR DAVY:

Here 's your snowflower, with a list of the tour. Yours in acknowledgment of my Bingen epistle just come. After a smoky week at Sheffield, and a delightful day at York, we arrived here yesterday — a charming place. Just on the beach of the German ocean stands a grand hotel, at which I am now; a splendid house, but rather too fashionable. I opened to full and fashionable house last night; but the theatre is so small that very little money is received. The weather is gloomy, and that is better for business than if it were fair. It must be a heavenly place when the sun shines. We had a stroll about the quaint place and on the beach, and found the air, in spite of clouds, very soft — more so than at Newport. Yes, indeed, my Davy; I wish you and I

[1] Screens.

could go back a few years and tramp about old Bingen and Heidelberg. I could enjoy a month in nearly every town I have visited in Germany and Switzerland, and there are many in England that are, to me, full of interest and homely feeling. After we cast our slough, and the feathers sprout, we may be able to *wing* our way about the dear old places; but then we can't indulge in beer! No; I did not visit the brewery, but all the other spots you speak of I did.

This is only a "shake"; Edwina is going to write "Aunt Davy," and send her a slip of heather—not from "Bonnie Scotia," but from near the Duke of Devonshire's place out of Sheffield, I believe: I get mixed at times about details. Our united loves to you both. I am happy that you still enjoy your little home; wish I could "lap" with you to-day. The vision of you two in the kitchen makes me hungry. Bless you both!

Yours ever, Ted.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

HULL, Oct. 26, 1882.

DEAR DAVY:

This sickly looking paper is all I have at hand, with no envelops.

Yours, with mother's, bouquet from the Branch came t' other day. She also wrote an account of your good welcome, and she seems to enjoy her new home, but is very tired, she says. I fear the Boston work won't be worth the trouble; don't be risking your precious health in such weather as our falls and winters bring, particularly in Boston. . . .

My tour continues successful, so far as puffery and enthusiasm go. It is pleasant enough when the sun shines, which is n't every day. For three weeks I have been in

ointment and bandages. A *dogan* stuck me on the stage one night, and in consequence of my own doctoring I inflamed my blood and reproduced the old poison-ivy effect, though the doctors called it erysipelas; they know nothing of our hellish weeds in this country. Both arms have been swollen, and given me torture by incessant itching; but I have got pretty well over the trouble now.

. . . My girl is well and happy, and sends love to all of you; "me too." This is a dirty, busy town, and quite small. The audiences are quiet and appreciative, applauding warmly and "in the proper places, too." But the men all keep their hats on. It looks jolly queer. Next week I shall spend in Leeds, where I am told the theatre surpasses any we have in America. I go to Dublin from there, but I do not like the idea of even a short sea-trip at this season, as the Channel is generally rough and the winds violent. Two weeks there, and the worst part of my tour will be ended. I thought of spending a few weeks' vacation (before going to Germany) in Rome, but the journey there, and then to Berlin, would be too fatiguing, so I shall go to a few near-by places in England, and fetch up in Paris for a rest. . . .

Ah, my boy, I wish I could hop o'er the sea and stew a bit wi' ye, but I have Yorkshire "poodang" for dinner, and carn't to-day.

In York they never heard of "Yorkshire pudding"! and a "Welsh rabbit" in Wales is a stranger! Dinner 's ready! Bye-bye! Ted.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

LEEDS, Nov. 4, 1882.

DEAR DAVY:

. . . We start for Dublin to-morrow, 7 A. M., and cross the Channel in a storm, I fear; for it has rained,

and hailed, and howled here all the week. A most dismal place, with the grandest theatre I ever saw anywhere, except the Paris Opera House. It is superb and *empty* all the time: had what they call here a good house last night, but — !

What a lucky *burn* the Park Theatre was for Wallack; better for Langtry, too, as it has turned out. Mother writes cheerfully, and is much pleased with her doll-house.

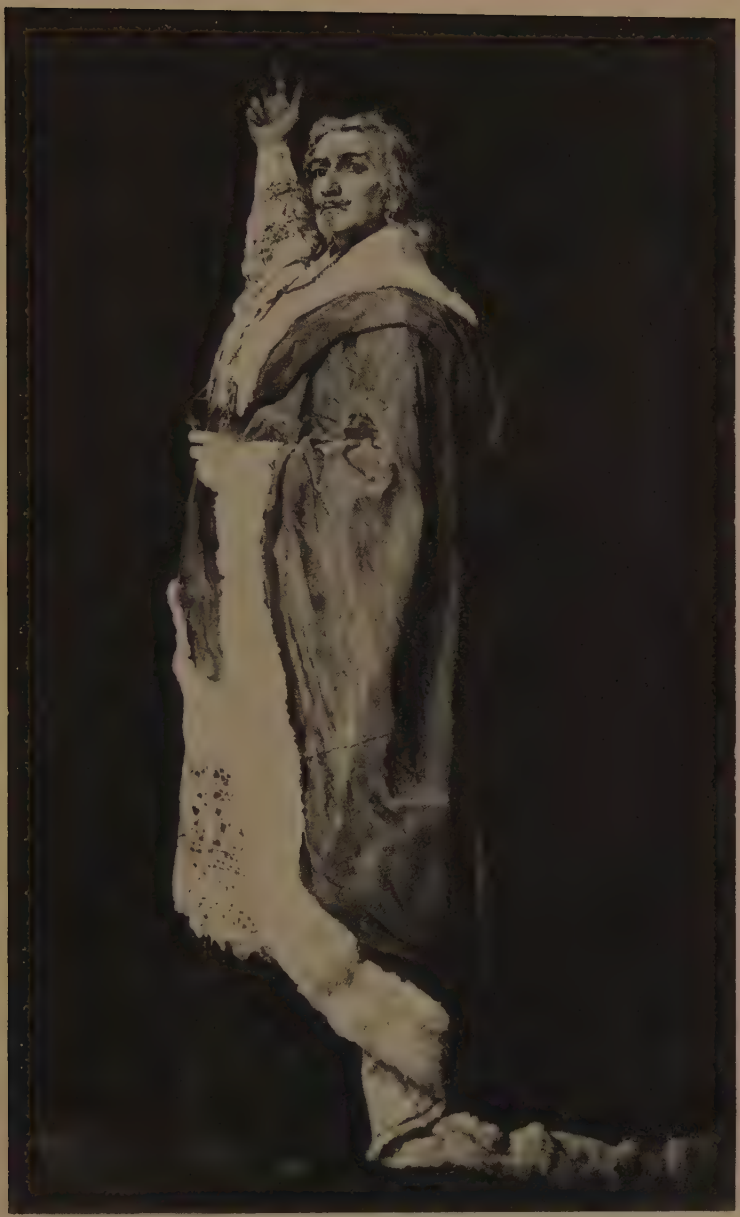
Feel *measly* to-day, and expect to be dreadfully seasick to-morrow, for I am bilious.

God bless you! Ted.

MANCHESTER, November 26, 1882.

DEAR DAVY:

Yours, just after your return from the "provincial tour," caught me here the day I arrived — last Sunday, just a week ago. Business, like the weather, very bad until last night, when *Richard* drew more money than I have taken any night on the tour. A good *one-night* stand is Manchester. I am mighty glad of your success in Boston, and am glad, too, that you were not tempted to quit your little "snuggery" for "the road," or even the killing climate of Boston. Since we met I have become a "forty-niner," as you doubtless know. I touched that notch in Dublin, my beauty. You and I were in Melbourne on my twenty-first birthday! I did what they call *splendidly* in Dublin, two weeks, and left to increasing business. The boys in front were quiet enough during the play; spoke to me once or twice, I believe, but I did not experience any of the old-time fun I have heard and read about. In this hotel we have the best cooking and a greater variety of food yet found in England. A fine, busy city, beautiful theatre, and



EDWIN BOOTH AS RICHELIEU. FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN COLLIER, R. A.

excellent hotel; and I shall be glad to get away from 'em all! The weather has been beastly. It always is here, they say; it 's called the "watering-pot" of England. After three weeks I shall have a month's rest, but don't know now where we 'll go. Have had several invitations from big folks here—one from John Bright's brother Jacob, to pass this day at his place near by. But I was too tired to go, and declined all the courtesies offered me. Did you get a Chinese journal from me while in Germany? It contained just such reading as you 'd enjoy by the range, behind your pipe. I wish Abbey had a permanent berth for you in New York, but not at his Park. Will he rebuild? . . .

Now it is drawing close to my girl's "twenty-firster." Think of it! She joins me in love to you both. God bless you! Don't "lap" all that stew; I 'm coming. . . . Adieu. Ted.

LONDON, Dec. 21, 1882.

DEAR DAVY:

It seems so long since I heard from or wrote to you that I forget when. I know that I intended to send you a Christmas card, and did n't; so here it is, though it be late, not untimely, nor yet unwelcome, let me hope. . . . Next Wednesday we start for Berlin by easy stages, and expect to arrive by January 1; then as soon as possible my rehearsals will begin, and continue to the 15th, when I *open*, and *shut*, too, perhaps. It may be a startling fizzle. Saw "Much Ado"—the finest production, in every respect, I ever saw. Terry is *Beatrice* herself; Irving's conception and treatment of the part are excellent. It 's worth crossing the *sea* to *see*, D. C.

Keep dat hash hot till I git dar!

Mother says she has not seen you often of late; I fear the dear old soul would be lonely anywhere. . . .

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

BERLIN, January 29, 1883.

DEAR DAVE:

Yours announcing your appointment as treasurer came some days ago. By this time you know all about my success here; 't is solid. Glad you had happy Christmas and New Year's. So had we, in a measure; but since then we have had a gloomy sort of time. . . . Yes, Davy, take the Den and keep it—I hope mother will do likewise, if she likes her quarters. She told me of the pleasant evening you all had. . . . There 's a howler (female) on this floor with us—yelling now. Glad you are rid of your cold; I am suffering with a terrible one now, and feel hardly able to get through this scrawl. The death of the emperor's brother has upset my "Royalty" business. I would have been presented to the "Imperials" at a fête that some *nobs* were getting up, but the court is in mourning now, and will be till I leave Berlin. Next week I shall play *Iago* and *Othello* a few nights, and wind up with *Hamlet*. I shall be glad when I get through with this tour—it is terrible work, as I have mentally to recite in English what the Germans are saying, in order to make the speeches fit.

Our love to you both. Ted.

HAMBURG, February 18, 1883.

DEAR DAVE:

Tell mother that as Edwina has just written to her, I will let mine go over to next "Sonntag," and what I may chance to say that Edwina has not, you can repeat to her. My success is, if possible, increased here; the people (and, I am told, the press) seem wild over me. The stage-

director (77), your very counterpart (I call him "Uncle Dave"; he played *Polonius* with me, too), who was pupil to Ludwig Devrient (Germany's greatest tragedian), hugs me, kisses my hand, and calls me "*Meister.*" The manager, who saw and well remembers Talma, does the same, and both declare me their equal. Much for two old fogies to admit. The actors and actresses weep and kiss galore also, and the audience last night formed a passage from the lobby to my carriage till I was in and off; yet I was nearly an hour in the theatre after the play ("Lear"). Having had a surfeit of public applause,—for it seems as though I had it through father, being with him so long,—the most is but as little to me; but this personal enthusiasm from actors, old and young, is a new experience, and still stimulates me strangely. I feel more like acting than I have felt for years, and wish I could keep it up here in Germany for six months at least; but alas! my time is limited, and the old man waxeth weary in his "j'ints." You 've heard ere this about the silver wreath and the press testimonial in Berlin; had to make my *usual* speech. Think of acting five acts of tragedy without a *hand!* . . . merely a subdued "Bravo!" now and then; but when the drop falls, call after call and "Bravos!" by the bushel make it up. I dare say applause (if I ever get it) in the midst of a scene will confuse me hereafter. A son of Carl Formes, the once great basso,—now in New York,—is my *Grave-digger* and *Fool*, an excellent actor, the best in this company. I play here to-morrow and Wednesday only (four performances), and then go to Bremen. . . . Tell Edwards that I received his letter, and congratulate him sincerely, but that I have such a load of correspondence, and am so fatigued, and have so little leisure, that I can give him no further acknowledgment than this. Love to "Aunt Louisa" when you see her, and tell her Edwina and I both thank her "heaps"

for her Christmas "kurds." This is a lovely and most interesting town, something like Geneva, and the hotel is first-rate in every respect. Food is excellent, and the air is doing us both a deal of good. Our love to you both and all the dear ones. I am afraid I will lose Vienna; the theatre *bust*, and time at others is filled. I may have to go to Frankfort, where I gave "Two thousand ducats" that "Jessica" stole from me.

Gute Nacht. Ted.

HANOVER, March 8, 1883.

DEAR DAVY:

Only a few words of "how d'ye do" and God bless you; I am tired and full of aches to-night. Can't remember when I last wrote to you or had a letter from you, but mother tells me you are both well, and that 's comfort. Success continues, but no more silver wreaths since Bremen, though flowers, laurels, and ribbons galore. I stop here a week; then, after several days' rest, go to Leipsic; another two weeks' rest, and then for Vienna, where I close what I regard as the most important engagement of my life. I wish I had a full year to revisit the places I have been to, and to play other parts, but I must rest satisfied with what I 've got, though the managers are all asking me to return. Cold and clear, with an inch of snow, after two or three days of sleet and slush.

Love to you both and all my folks. . . . Write long, and tell me all the news. I 'm in the dark here; can't read Dutch, and seldom see other papers. God bless you both!

Ted.

VIENNA, April 9, 1883.

DEAR DAVY:

You see I have not lost Vienna after all. My first two rôles did not seem to take the critics fully, although the people were enthused, and I had many private commendations sent me; but as *Lear*, Saturday, the crowded house went wild, and all the papers yesterday and to-day are full of my triumph, and even begin to hint at a repetition of *Hamlet* and *Othello*. It seems the impression left by those parts was stronger than they at first realized. The result is a renewal of my engagement, and all the tickets are gone for to-night. I shall not stay longer than a week, however; for I want rest, and have little time to visit the places I have promised Edwina that she shall see — old Nuremberg, particularly. Poor old Judah![1] She must have been very old; I remember her from my earliest days. The Easter cards are lovely, and came on time — blessings in return for them. Hope you are both well and relish your victuals again. The climate of this beautiful city is worse than ours; snow and heat of summer, rain and cold winds, during a single day on several occasions.

Have seen some excellent comedy and domestic acting; but tragedians are on leave of absence, and I shall not have a chance to see any of the great ones. The operas are splendidly done in every particular; we have heard Lucca three times, and to-night she comes to hear *me* sing (!). Did you ever? You oughter, if you have n't. . . . Love to the dame. God bless her and her Davy! Edwina, of course, joins me in all kind messages; she 's well. Our loves to all up-stairs. Dinner is served, and I must leave. Adieu. With love,

Yours forever, Ted.

1 Mrs. Judah, a well-known actress.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

PARIS, April 27, 1883.

WELL, DAVY:

Here I are! All my sojer clothes in London, stored away till I sail, June 9. Believe me, my boy, I am jolly glad to have a little rest after so much hard work and excitement. My wind up at Vienna was a triumph, and they urged me to remain longer, but I had accomplished all I could do there, and decided to quit. We stopped at quaint old Nuremberg, at Frankfort, and at Metz, to ease up the long trip from Vienna to this city, where we arrived at about eleven o'clock Wednesday night. Found lots of letters at my banker's, one from mother and your paper she sent.

I wonder if Salvini is aware of the proposition he is said to have made me? Had just ten minutes of dear old Bingen—to change tracks—after we left Frankfort; then we left the Rhine and followed the Nar through a beautiful country till after dark. All that I have seen of Germany is beautiful. All that I have seen of France, except Paris, is otherwise; the country is flat and uninteresting; perhaps in the south it may be "La belle France," but not where I have been. I see that the scenes and "props" of *Booth's* are sold to some up-town show-shop, and that May 1 will terminate the theatrical career of my "Folly." . . . Have declined all offers for next season in England and America—don't know what I shall do until I get settled in some sort of a house in New York. . . . Paris is now very full and gay; the season is just begun, and the weather is—or was—delightful ('t is raining at this moment). All the hotels are full, and we have pretty little rooms about as big as yours, but not so cozy and clean, facing the Tuileries

Garden: there is very little left of the old palace. We had the same rooms last year, after our tour in Switzerland. Bernhardt has just stopped acting, and there is nothing important at the theatres, so I shall do very little in that line. . . . This is a mean sort of letter, but I am very tired, and 't is the best I can do for you to-night; 't is full of our loves for you both, however, so take it kindly. Will write to mother Sunday, as usual. Dear love to her and the family. Ever yours, Ted.

TO MISS MARY L. BOOTH.

36 East Twentieth street, June 2, 1883.

My dear Miss Booth:

Forgive my delay in thanking you most cordially for your kind congratulations and heartfelt welcome home. I have hardly had an hour's rest since my return, and have been only occasionally in town. When we decide where we will settle here, in October next, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing both you and Miss Wright. For the present, can only renew my sincere thanks. In great haste. Faithfully yours,

Edwin Booth.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

Newport, October 5, 1883.

Dear Davy:

. . . I 'll tell you before I go to roost that the lovely little slippers for my "petites tootsenfootsens" arrived just as I started for Boston—whither daughter and I went for a couple of days to look at our new home and to

settle the particulars of sale, etc. We are both delighted with it; so am I, and Edwina too. It is very jolly here with the old Franklin ablaze, on either side of which we (Edwina and I) sit and plan and spin fairy webs of future happiness. Poor little girl, she has had her full measure of pain for one so young and fragile, and I hope that from this henceforth her life will be a gladsome one. . . . We are packing, and will start for New York Saturday instead of the 20th, as I told you; it is better to have at least three weeks in New York before I act. A terrible storm here during our absence damaged the parlor and bedrooms on that side; had I been here—!

Mother tells me it is very cold, but that she will stay ten days longer. . . . Good night; love for both.

Ted.

P. S. *There!* I never said "Thankee, marm" for the *slickers.* Mean cuss! Muchee dankee allee samee. They are lovely and little; I can get nearly all my toes in them; but they polish the floors with all their soles. Sleepy. Goo' ni'. Kugznrrrrrrrr!

TO MRS. F. C. EWER.[1]

42 EAST TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, Oct. 28, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. EWER:

Although I have been silent on the subject so sacred to us all, believe me, my sympathy is as profound and sincere as that which has been proffered you in words.

The sudden departure of my dear friend so soon after the loss of my poor brother, and other sad experiences of late, confused me so that not till I received by chance infor-

[1] Widow of the Rev. F. C. Ewer, to whose kindness I am indebted for the above letters.

mation of the fund about to be raised for yourself and children could I think of the sad happenings of the past few months with other than selfish feelings.

I trust that you will not deem me indelicate or officious in offering you some little assistance in your present embarrassment — the only aid that man can give to those who receive in full abundance the consolation which I know you have from Him who alone can heal the wounds that His wisdom inflicts.

While subscribing to the fund, I desire also to render some immediate assistance to those so dear to him who was dear to me, and I beg that you will not deny me the privilege of doing for you what he would have done for mine in similar circumstances.

With profound respect and sincerest sympathy, believe me, dear Mrs. Ewer,

Faithfully yours, Edwin Booth.

TO WILLIAM BISPHAM.

BOSTON, November 18, 1883.

DEAR WILL:

. . . I have had a splendid engagement, and the close promises to be great, but I 've had to endure the tortures of dyspepsia all the while until to-night; to-morrow, when I resume work, I shall, no doubt, be again in agony, but I am very thankful for this day's respite. I lunched at Aldrich's to-day, and gorged my first square meal since I left home; and as a doctor told me to be cautious in my diet, no doubt I shall regret my indiscretion. [Matthew] Arnold, [Charles Dudley] Warner, [Mark] Twain, [Oliver Wendell] Holmes, and [W. D.] Howells were the party, and the feast was royal, as you may suppose; I both listened and ate my fill. . . . I expect to dine at Pittsfield Thanks-

giving,—turkey-day,—and, if I can, will run over to Boothden before my return to York. . . .

I am fifty since I saw you, so old Time declares, but I don't believe it. Maybe I will, and I did,—under the pressure of indigestion,—but at this writing I feel fif-teen, not fif-tee. We have had lots of life here, and it does the daughter good in every way. . . .

Our kindest regards to your wife and Miss Wood—you, too. I shall be very glad to see the studio you speak of.

Good night. Yours ever, Ned.

TO MRS. F. C. EWER.

29 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON, June 8, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. EWER:

I was greatly pleased with the very welcome letter, and such interesting views, you kindly sent me, and for which I am sincerely thankful. Edwina and I both regret not seeing any of you before we left, but everything was so hurried and confused with us for several weeks prior to our departure that calling was deferred from day to day, until, as is usually the case, all opportunity had passed; consequently our friends were unavoidably slighted.

I found your son's card on my return to my rooms one evening, and fully intended to say good-bye to you, if to none else, the next day; but did not, although I felt it all the same.

I cannot think of our dear and noble one as absent. I would not if I could. A fine photograph he gave me a few years ago stands on the shelf in my bedroom, where I cannot avoid seeing him each night when I retire, and every morning when I rise. His love for me was very true and deep, and its memory is as dear to me as are the "ruddy drops that visit my sad heart."

Any little precious trifle that my friend may have frequently used — his pipe, for instance (if not too dear to part with) — would be prized most tenderly by me. I mention the pipe because of the happy smokes we had together; but anything that you may prefer to give me I will be grateful for.

I hope your new home is a comfortable one, and that it may be for many years the abode of happiness to you and your children.

Edwina sends her dearest love, and when the many cares that for the time oppress her have become less absorbing, she will write to your daughter, if she has not already done so.

With cordial friendship,

Yours faithfully, Edwin Booth.

TO WILLIAM BISPHAM.

BOSTON, 29 Chestnut street, June 20, 1884.

DEAR WILL:

Your wife and Edwina have corresponded on the sad occurrence of your recent affliction, and her letter (Edwina's) was as from us both to both of you. 'T is a terrible blow to the poor mother, whose grief you all share, and for whom my profoundest sympathy is excited.

I have not had energy enough to answer your last, deferring it from day to day until now, and now I have nothing to say in response, except that I hope Miller got through without my help, and that the *cooler* is as cheerfully presented to mama as to her boy and girl. I hope it will be a service and a comfort to the old lady; my respects to her, to your wife and your blessed old self. Good night. Yours ever,

Ned.

TO MRS F. C. EWER.

BOOTHDEN, NEWPORT, R. I., July 13, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. EWER:

I had no opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of the precious package you kindly sent, and which reached me just as I was leaving my Boston house for a visit to Sag Harbor, Greenwich, and New York, before coming hither. I was obliged to place the articles in a convenient drawer, and hurry off to catch my train. I looked at them with satisfaction, took your letter with me, and, after reading it, put it with several others in my pocket, where it remained untouched until I overlooked my apparel, after getting things in order here.

I shall not be able to smoke the pipe or read the book till I return to Boston, when I shall enjoy both to my heart's content, I am sure, and the little wallet shall take the place of one that I now carry. I am happy to know that you have such consolation in the friendship of those who loved the dear one gone before, and you must be sure that your own virtues have bound them the firmer to you.

Edwina has been considerably fatigued and not at all well the last few weeks, but we are now settled at home by the sea, whose breezes already begin to show their beneficial effects on her. She joins me in sincere regards, and sends her love to both yourself and your daughter.

With renewed thanks for the souvenirs of my dear friend, I am, faithfully,

Edwin Booth.

TO WILLIAM BISPHAM.

BOOTHDEN, NEWPORT, August 25, 1884.

DEAR WILL:

Thanks for your recipe, and for your good advice also, neither of which, however, have I lately had occasion to use. Nevertheless, both seem to have cured me.

I hope both Mrs. Bispham and you will come, and come before it is too cold to sail. I have bought a lovely and a lively little yacht, and to-morrow I 'll go with her to the pier [Narragansett], where we have a charming little Hungarian friend who was with us last week, and whom we accompanied thither last week. Now, if the sky is clear, and we have a breeze, we intend to surprise her by an unannounced "call."

I expected Jefferson to-day, but he can't come until Wednesday, and his stay will be curtailed, and my anticipated pleasure of fishing and picnicking with him and his folk is dashed.

Edwina is in excellent condition, and we both wish often that you were on the yacht, and could stay for ya'ars and ya'ars.

Good night. Both of our loves to both of you's.

Yours ever,

Edwin.

TO WILLIAM BISPHAM.

NEWPORT, October 12, 1884.

DEAR WILL:

We missed you at the "corner-stone" yesterday. It was a great success; about one hundred were present, and when the bishop suggested a collection for the completion of the building, the amount needed, some five or

six hundred dollars, was subscribed. Mrs. King and her sons gave most of it. Edwina will give a window, and I believe there are two others promised. It was a lovely day, and after the ceremonies about twenty folks, with the bishop and two clergymen, came to our den and lunched. I wish you too could have been with us. I was surprised to see myself announced for Berlin to the day; wonder if I 'm going? One has to consult the papers nowadays to ascertain his private intentions. I hardly think this report is true, for I think I shall be acting somewhere *en route* to Boston at the time stated—February next.

Daughter joins me in love for you both.

At last we have rain; the earth is parched, yet my place has been green and fresh through it all.

Ever yours,

Edwin.

TO WILLIAM BISPHAM.

BOSTON, November 23, 1884.

DEAR WILL:

Early and late rehearsals and hard night work have prevented my writing to you since the receipt of your letter anent Ficken and the notes and queries. The former is of more importance than the latter just now. I know that he is busy, and he may defer the design till too late; I believe the church will be ready early in the spring. If it is likely to be a bother ('t is such a comparatively unimportant thing), and interferes with his greater work, it had better be sent elsewhere. Of course I 'd rather he 'd do it, but I don't want to bore him with such a small job.

We are settled, and feel at home and cozy. Have just returned from a little sociable at Mrs. James T. Field's, where we had a very pleasant evening.

Hope you will be coming this way soon, and will

"pipe" here. Thursday I 've asked some folks to turkey with us,—the Aldrichs and others,—and hope to hear that Hutton will fill the "left" stool at table.

Edwina joins me in dearest regards for you both.

Ned.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

Monday.

DEAR FURNESS:

A sleepless night caused me to keep my bed till after one o'clock, and I am drowsy still.

I sent my dresser to explain and leave my apology about noon. Am really sorry to miss my usual chat with you. To-morrow we dine with your brother. Shall I call on you first?

If the weather is at all decent, and you care to see a portion of the play to-night, I will be happy to see you at "Dunsinane."

Inclosed are tickets for Polly's box, and full of old Daddy Lear's love for her.

Adieu. Tiredly yours,

E. B.

TO DR. THOMAS W. PARSONS.

Thursday.

MY DEAR MR. PARSONS:

Pray forgive my negligence this morning when your card came. I was very busy, and I told the bearer to excuse me to the sender, without looking at the card. Some time after I did look at the card, and was mad enough to kick myself for my stupidity.

I hope to see you, as I always do when I come to Boston; but to-day I will be busy with a rehearsal, and afterward I go to some reception with my daughter.

Scrawled in great haste, but with sincere regards, by

Yours faithfully, Edwin Booth.

TO W. H. P. PHYFE.

BOSTON, April 30, '85.

W. H. P. PHYFE, ESQ.

Dear Sir: First thanking you for your book, which has interested me, let me correct your impression that I am well acquainted with the principles of the art of pronunciation. I am *not.* But I can see enough in your skilful treatment of the subject to appreciate its value and to indorse your work as a most serviceable aid to all who wish to speak our language correctly.

Yours truly, Edwin Booth.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

29 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON, May 12, 1885.

MY DEAR FURNESS:

Ever since I left you I have been pacing the "Rialto," my gaberdine wrapped about me,[1] but with eyes fixed on the "Sagittary." In other words, I have been thinking more of *Iago* than of *Shylock.* In Act III I made some remark regarding *Desdemona's* boldness which, I 'm sure, does not express *my* opinion of her. I was *Iago* when I wrote it, not my cold-blooded self; *his* opinion of the "guinea-hen" influenced me when I said "she was bolder than her father supposed." My own notion is that in the very extravagance of innocence she exclaimed impulsively, I *wish* "that Heaven had made *me* such a man," not appreciating the dangerous nature of her words; and even when she said, "if I had a friend that loved her," etc., it was in courtesy — not inconsistent with the paddling of palms,

[1] At Mr. Furness's desire, my father had aided him in compiling his Variorum on Shakspere's plays, by explaining many subtle points in his own interpretation of Shaksperian characters.

which was a common custom of the time, and thought innocent—except by *Iago*. I think that *Othello*, as guileless and impulsive as *Desdemona*, mistook her meaning for his "cue," or "hint," to speak. I am sure, too, that she burned with shame when she realized what she had unconsciously done in the way of wooing, and maybe cried herself to sleep that night; but for all that she did not refuse the suit of him whose mental beauty was affined to her own. She saw *Othello's* visage in his mind; had she not been similarly endowed she might have been fascinated, as school-girls are by actors, preachers, and the like, asked for his autograph, giggled, and said "Yes"—to repent at leisure. She never repented her love and marriage, not tho' it killed her father: even in her own death she was firm in her devotion to him to whose "honors and valiant parts" she had consecrated her very soul. (I might say something here anent the "marriage of true minds," but I forget the passage.) She was not the darling "daisy" we see upon the stage, in white satin of the latest cut, and wax pearls, gabbling the precious text by rote; but a true woman, with a mind of her own, a deathly devotion to the man of her choice, and as pure and artless as a baby. 'T is absurd for me to say this to you, who know more of Shakspere in a moment than I 've learned in thirty years; but that note of mine (or rather *Iago's* comment on it) distresses me, and I want you to understand me rightly. I am slow at expression, and get awfully mixed at times, frequently conveying the very opposite idea to what I intend, and often forget the very gist of my subject. But this you will understand and believe of me: if my notions concerning the two characters of Shakspere that I have given any thought to "have any power to move you" to the pursuit of your great object, I am happily rewarded, and ask "no doit of usance" for my twaddle in the form of commendation, other than

your own, privately given, proud as I would be if merely glanced at in the progress of your work. Now 't is daylight, and I am going to bed, with my gaberdine about me, and will cuddle up with *Shylock* till I lose him in sleep. I wish I could describe to you the white-lipped, icy smile, the piercing glance at *Othello's* half-averted face, and the eager utterance with which my father spoke the lines, "Ay, there 's the point: as to be bold with you," etc., but I cannot; and if I could at any time, I would not attempt to do so now — I am too sleepy.

You made Edwina happy to-day. I think she wrote her acknowledgment of your beautiful gift. My love to "Polly, the dearest craft in the world," and to her papa and big brother. Present my compliments to Miss Logan, I prythee, and believe me ever and for aye,

Thine own, Edwin Booth.

P. S. Though I have failed to mention, I have not forgotten, your good brother and his wife, to whom my kindest regards.

TO MISS J. L. GILDER.

29 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON, May 27, 1885.

MY DEAR MISS GILDER:

Some weeks ago I was rash enough to promise you that I would consider the suggestion you then made relative to my undertaking a literary effort in the way of a preface or introduction to some dramatic work you are about to edit.

I have considered the subject thoroughly, and am more convinced now than ever before that my little talent lies not in that direction, and that it would be the height of folly in me to attempt it. Believe me, if it were possible for me to produce the least tolerable article, you should have it, and I would be vainer of its acceptance

by you than any theatrical success has made me. But, alas! I must plod along in my beaten, narrow path, nor turn aside to gather other bays than those within the limit assigned me by the mimetic art. This, I am sure, you are convinced of, and will forgive, I hope, the weakness which prompted me to promise that I would even consider the possibility of my undertaking a task so entirely beyond my ability to accomplish.

Forgive my delay in communicating with you on this subject. I have recently had many distractions, which have prevented me from many important duties. Trusting this may cause no serious inconvenience, I am

Sincerely and with great respect
Very truly yours, Edwin Booth.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

NEWPORT, June 30, 1885.

MY DEAR FURNESS:

. . . Since Edwina's departure, I have been somewhat depressed, of course, although I have received frequent assurances from her that she is well and very happy, and many friends have, by visits and invitations, done much to distract my thoughts — too much, indeed, for I have not had an opportunity to give any attention to *Shylock*.

I fear that I can be of no service to you in dealing with the "Merchant." Somehow I can feel no sort of inspiration or spirituality in the atmosphere of that play. *Shylock* seems so earthy that the little gleams of light that I have perceived while acting some other parts are absent, and I can see no more than what is clear to the "naked eye." However, I will tug at him during the summer; in the mean time let me be assured that you are bravely and cheerfully "pegging away" at "Othello."

For the first time in several weeks I am alone; a batch of guests left me this afternoon, and for three days I shall be free to answer a vast number of letters that have been accumulating till they "dread" me.

Give my love, with a kiss, to the dear little girl, and to your father my sincere sympathy and condolences.

Affectionately yours, Edwin Booth.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

NEWPORT, August 12, 1885.

MY DEAR FURNESS:

For many days and nights your neglected letters have glared reproachfully at me, as I have sat listlessly at my desk, promising to answer them "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." In vain have I endeavored to conjure up the spirit, though I have long longed to write to you. Many guests and many visits have deprived me of the quiet dream-time I hoped to have this summer, consequently I have not been able to do anything for *Shylock*. I must be in "harness" for that sort of work. But I 'm really afraid that I can render little service to you in that part. I 've had no "fancies" while acting it. I may, perhaps, be able to give you a few traditional bits of "stage business"—nothing more.

Of course I forgot to erase "Montano," and give the line to one of the gentlemen, as you supposed.

Your note on father's reading of the passage in the third act is excellently put; and what you say of the pain *upon* my forehead is decidedly correct; one would not say a pain *upon* his heart. I must use a different tone of voice and gesture from what I have employed for that line. After "I 'll not believe it," I have spoken what follows very tenderly, or sadly, rather, until (after

leaving her as going to the dinner within) "Come, I 'll go in with thee," when my voice and manner change, showing the fullest confidence, etc. In the other instance I fancied that my emphasis got me out of the difficulty: "Not *knowing* what is stol'n . . . let him not know it," etc. But this may be grossly wrong. I thought, too, that the repetition of a word was of frequent occurrence in Shakspere. I like your "missing" better than "lacking," but anything rather than "wanting." I am glad that you are progressing so bravely with "Othello." Do as you please with my notes, and don't consider me in the least in any way. I am only too happy to know that I have rendered you the little aid which you so generously acknowledge; that 's all I hoped for, and you have amply repaid me. . . .

Please give Walter my loving thanks for his valuable and interesting gift, which all who have seen it covet. Did not Mrs. Furness publish her "Concordance" to the Sonnets, or were they printed merely for private circulation? If the former, where can I get the book? Give the "Tomboy," from me, more kisses than the birds she bagged, with a father's "God bless her." My own darling sends frequent and loving messages, and promises to be home by September 20. I long for her return.

What you say of your father is very beautiful; pray remember me most kindly to him.

To thee and all thy household, peace and benediction.

Yours ever, Edwin Booth.

P. S. I wish you could be here for a few days with me.

NEWPORT, September 9, 1885.

MY DEAR FURNESS:

On my return from Greenwich, yesterday, I found the "Concordance" and two notes from you. Thanking you

most cordially for the former, I hasten to answer the queries of the latter—so far as I am able to do so; the chances are that I will make a worse mess of the matter than as it stands at present.

Act I, scene III—I think it better to omit the scene, as it is given in my prompt-book version of the play. Only a few lines of it are usually spoken by the *Duke*, but at Booth's Theatre I introduced all the dialogue between the senators, in a front scene, for the purpose of setting the senate-room behind; but since then I have omitted it and dropped the curtain at

"Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be."

I am afraid that the prompt-book is confusing, for, if I remember rightly, there are several transpositions; I have no copy with me to refer to. The setting of the stage, Act III, *is* meager according to prompt-book; but I rely upon scenery, furniture, "props" that each theatre may afford. Sometimes the scene is elaborately set: at Booth's the stage was filled with appropriate articles, such as bales of goods, a cannon, flag-staffs, etc.; for there I played the scene in front of the castle, simply because I wished to save stage waits, and really had no time to construct a proper interior. I have changed all that. I emphasize "*cause*"; but I agree with White[1]—it is a puzzling line, to me at least.

I think *Roderigo* should be disguised, and at Irving's theatre the actor did wear a beard after the first act. But as reference to it is omitted in the acting versions, and as *Cassio* and *Roderigo* do not meet except in a drunken quarrel (they do not carouse together), and as *Iago* says, "*Cassio* knows you not," the disguise seems unnecessary; but it should be worn, for I think his threat to make himself known to *Desdemona* refers to that. I

[1] The late Mr. Richard Grant White, the noted Shaksperian scholar.

had forgotten Gould's reference to father's use of the handkerchief; all I can say of it is — G. is *wrong:* father never did anything of the kind. *I* formerly did, and G. got confused, supposing I followed my father's business closely. I reminded him of several points which had escaped his memory (some of them, too, were the most striking) in more than one play. Since Gould has noted this point so particularly, it would be better to let my "note" pass out, I think. I must have been very much mixed in the last scene, if I said the *noise* refers to the street fight. I think it means the noise of *Desdemona's* struggle with *Othello*, and their voices during it (Irving referred it to *Emilia's* knocking). "Shall she come in?" She (*Emilia*) must have heard *Desdemona's* cries and *Othello's* angry voice — "The noise was high," etc.

I'm glad you changed "ottoman" to "divan"; I could not think of the proper word. As for the fight between *Cassio* and *Roderigo*, I am in a snarl: I did not think of the danger to *Iago* that *Roderigo's* trial would cause. He disabled *Cassio* to aid *Roderigo* in killing him; he was the most important obstacle to be removed from his path, and he "took the chances" to be rid of *Roderigo* later, if *Cassio* failed to kill him. *Iago* is determined that *Cassio* must die that night, but it seems to me that he regards *Roderigo's* case of less importance — as something to be disposed of afterward. This is all that I can do to wriggle out of that difficulty, and I 'm afraid I 've made the matter worse.

I 've had little opportunity this summer for thinking of serious affairs, having had a succession of visitors when not making visits; whenever a calm occurred, I was too weary to read or write — indeed, I have answered most of my correspondence by telegraph, to spare myself the labor of writing letters.

I can well understand how much you must have suffered all this while. God bless and comfort you!

Shylock haunts me like a nightmare: I can't mount the animal — for such I consider *Shylock* to be.

I made an effort to get at him through G. F. Cooke's notes on his own acting of the part, and was surprised to find how he was influenced by tradition. He acknowledged having followed Macklin in much that he was praised for in this part, and I 've no doubt that Macklin followed his predecessors — I mean those who performed *Shylock* before it was made a farce of by Lord Lansdowne, or whoever it was that doctored the play. My effort was a vain one. I will try again before the "call-boy" summons me to work.

I hope you will have remembered to send me the phototype you kindly promised for the "Concordance" — I shall prize it very dearly. A son of Dr. Francis who had Cooke's skull — you may remember — sent me a tooth of the great George Frederick, which I shall have set in the frame of an ivory miniature which Cooke had painted for old "Bobby" Maywood, who, as you know, was an early manager in Philadelphia. His daughter gave it me many years ago.

My love goes with this for you and all who are dear to you. Forever thine, Edwin Booth.

TO MR. BENJAMIN C. MIFFLIN.

28 EAST 19TH STREET, Jan'y 5, 1886.

DEAR SIR:

Pardon my delay in acknowledging your favor of Dec. 26. I appreciate your kindness, and thank you for sending me the article.

The editor's remarks upon it were very just. I deserved a kick for torturing my friend with Miss C——'s contortions.

Please present my compliments to Col. Bartlett, and believe me, Very sincerely yours, E. Booth.

TO COLONEL LAWRENCE.

February 15, 1886.

DEAR COLONEL LAWRENCE:

I regret not seeing you. I found your card with no address, and therefore have not been able to acknowledge your call (I never dream of looking in the directory till some one suggests it); having obtained it from your brother, I now apologize for my seeming indifference, and ask your aid in forwarding the accompanying letter to "little" Launt. I have not his mother's address. I have not seen or heard of Launt for a very long time — not since the summer when he visited me at Newport.

I was delighted to see Mrs. Lawrence and Gertrude in Boston, but regretted that I could show them no hospitality, or even the courtesy of calling on them, my time being so occupied and my daughter so unwell.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you before I leave the city. Truly yours,

Edwin Booth.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

29 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON, March 23, 1886.

DEAR FURNESS:

I send with this the volume containing my dear friend Ewer's story of "Spiritism." Mrs. Ewer sent it by her son the day after my arrival in New York, but he would not leave it with the servant. Not receiving it, as according to her note I should have done, I wrote her again, fearing the book was lost. I received it here, and have read the story; it may not be of service to you, but I send it at all events. Will you kindly return it to Mrs. E., New York, and charge me expressage?

I 'll pay you when we meet again. Mrs. E. says that her husband deeply regretted what he termed a young man's folly in dealing so unjustly with so good a man as Judge E. It may be of use.

Give my love to dear Polly, to W., and their papa, with compliments to Miss L. Yours ever,

Edwin Booth.

TO ——.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 30, 1886.

DEAR N.:

I received all your letters—three; but as I have been flying about from town to town, living in a trunk, as it were, I thought I would wait till I reached Chicago, where I shall be fixed for two weeks, before I began any correspondence with any one except my daughter, to whom I write often.

I am very happy, dear N., that my little aid[1] was so timely, and I thank God that you came foremost to my mind as I read the fearful news. Had I dreamed, however, that my letter would be published, I would have worded it more carefully; but I know you did it for the best, and perhaps the publicity of it induced others to "chip in." . . . God grant the danger and trouble are past!

This hotel ink and paper are vexatious; if my business continues good I 'll buy some better material. My tour thus far has been very agreeable, and my health is good. I have some thirty-five weeks yet to fill, and a vast deal of travel before me.

Give my love to wife and family, and believe me, dear N., Sincerely yours,

Ned.

Sorry I can't get near Charleston on my tour.

[1] The "little aid" above referred to was a check for $1000.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 27, 1886.

DEAR "POP" OF "POLLY":

I do not intend this to be an answer to your letter, but merely an acknowledgment of your bag o' nuts, which, barrin' the wormy ones, were a toothsome feast.[1] I hope Polly is resigned to her fate, and has learned to like her school, and that the travelers are home again — dogs and all.

My tour has been tediously successful, but I suspect that my New York engagement will break the monotony of full houses; I am not so much of a novelty there. Hard work is doing me much good, but a wretched cold has bothered me for many days.

With thanks to Miss L., and affectionate remembrances for you all,

I am "fondly thine own," E. B.

TO OLIVER I. LAY.

BALTO., Jan. 20, '87.

MY DEAR MR. LAY:

From a conversation with Mr. Bispham, who was with me yesterday, on his way to Washington, I learned that he greatly admires your portrait of myself. Wishing to gratify him, and at the same time to be of some slight service to you, if you will permit me, I inclose my check for the picture, which, if not already disposed of, I request you to send to his address, No. 12 West 18th St., with my compliments. I have not said a word to him of this, and would like to surprise him on his return home.

1 This refers to a bag of chinquapins, which Mr. Booth said he had not tasted since his childhood in Maryland, and he longed to revive the memory. As we had several bushes at Wallingford, Miss —— gathered some of the nuts and sent them to him.

The amount inclosed is more than he mentioned as the price that you were willing to let him have the picture for, but I trust that you will permit me to set the rate, which is still much below its true value.

Sincerely wishing you success and good health,

I am truly yours, Edwin Booth.

(After the play) Sat. night,

BALTIMORE, Jan. 22, 1887.

MY DEAR WHITRIDGE:

Your very kind note of invitation to lunch or dine with you and Mr. and Mrs. Smith was handed to me just as I was leaving the house to make some calls, long overdue, and I did not get a chance to read it till on my way in the carriage. The two performances to-day and this evening kept me too busy to acknowledge your kindness, which I now do, having just returned from the theatre, very tired. I regret that I shall be far on the road to Pittsburg to-morrow, instead of at your table. I leave the city at 9 o'clock A. M. Pray present my thanks and sincere regards to your son and daughter, and believe me

Truly yours, Edwin Booth.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

CINCINNATI, January 31, 1887.

MY DEAR FURNESS:

Hold on! The *Jew* came to me last evening, just as I was leaving Pittsburg, and stayed with me all night, on the sleeping-car, whence sleep was banished, and I think I 've got him by the beard, or *nose*, I know not which; but I 'll hang on to him a while, and see what he 'll do for me. I 'll have his pound of flesh if I can get it off his

old bones. I 'm jolly tired to-day, having had no sleep (not even my nap) since Saturday night.

The business in Pittsburg was immense, and bids fair to be the same here.

I send you all the itinerary I have left — a dirty one: but I give thee all; I can no more.

Love to Polly and all your dear ones; kind regards to Miss L., and a hug for yourself. Otway says, "I never liked these huggers" (or words to such effect): no matter, give us a shake. By the by, how did you enjoy the Elephant's hind legs? Made they a feast of reason, and sich? Well, well, well! However, I can't blame a Shaksperian for fleeing from Cibber to "'way down in Dixie."

You see I had my eye on you, even from far-off Bosworth Field.

Adieu; and may Christ be before thee, behind thee, and round about thee!

Yours ever, Edwin Booth.

San Francisco, March 13
(Midnight), 1887.

Dear H. H. F.:

Ages ago — from Memphis, I think — I sent you a marked prompt-book of "Merchant of Venice," together with a learned lecture on the character of *Shylock*. Did you get it, and was it of any use? I suspect not. I have just returned from a visit to two Chinese theatres, where I hoped for a solution of the *Hamlet* problem — or, at least, to gather points for my next attempt at that knotty part. But the Pee-kee-wee-kins failed to elucidate, and I am still in the mist. They were, however, quite as clear as many of that dismal gent's critics are.

Now, don't wince; your withers are unwrung. Some years ago I passed several days and nights in a lunatic asylum—as a guest only—of my old friend Doctor K——, and eccentric as the gabble and antics of the patients were, they afforded me more edification than did these playfellows of mine give me this night. First the tragedy theatre, then to the comedy house. I could not decide which was the more doleful and ludicrous. The noise and stench of both were barbaric in the extreme, but their costumes were gorgeous. I and my party mingled with the actors on the stage, and smoked (as did the large audience) while the play was in progress. From the stages of each theatre we went below, to cellar under cellar, and entered their opium-dens, kitchens (which, strange to say, were clean), and I was amazed to see the filth and the mere closets, with no ventilation, in which these animals lived. No women, except the family of half a dozen which occupied a side box of the one tier above the pit. Then to several gambling-holes.

I shall smell of opium and horrid odors till I get rid of my clothes; 't will require more than an ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination. I "topped off" my night's debauch with some delicious tea in a respectable and finely decorated Chinese restaurant, where some fine heads and handsome faces greeted us politely, while we boorishly gaped at several groups at dinner.

How would we like a set of foreigners to intrude thus on our privacy! I mentally d—d myself the while, and doubtless our victims cursed us aloud during our visit: they certainly were very animated in conversation, but smiled graciously. No more Chinamen in mine, I thankee.

I thought it my bounden duty to see my brethren of the sock and buskin at their work, and am quite satisfied that they do these things better in France and elsewhere:

at the Baldwin Theatre, for example, where my horde of mummers disport to the detriment of Wm. the Shaxper.

My tour through Texas, in the private car "David Garrick," was, on the whole, very pleasant. The towns are well worth a visit as embryo cities of wealth and beauty; the theatres excellent, hotels ditto, and the audiences very cultured and in full dress.

A superb mirage (of water and islands and snow-capped mountains) rendered the long trip over the hot sandy desert quite interesting. Cow-boys, cactus, and greasers are plentiful thereabouts; but from what I saw of them, I should say the cactus is the most dangerous of the three nuisances.

Great crowds greeted me at every place, and I was showered with flowers (and begging letters) wherever I acted. My great wealth and unbounded munificence had preceded me; but I was treated royally.

Here, the nursery of my professional babyhood, the enthusiasm is *tall*, 'way up, and it makes me wonder whether I 'm a *diva*, and don't know it, or a mere mummer.

"Hamlet," all last week, packed the theatre at larger prices than ever paid except for opera, and they want more of it, in spite of my antique appearance as the "youthful Prince." I must go back to Denmark after this week. Is Shakspere dead? Is the drama utterly depraved, or overwhelmed by the high jinks of variety-shows and the maudle of society plays? Nein, my littel fre'n'; nein, ag'in, nine times ofer! Now, don't think the Chinaman's tea has diseased my wit.

Good night. Love to your loved ones, et vous.

E. T. B.

TO MRS. ELIZABETH SAUNDERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1, 1887.

DEAR 'LIZ'BETH:[1]

Since you 're 1887 years old Monday, I just thought I would leave behind me a little birthday reminder for you, you dear old party!

Hope you 'll have a long lifetime of just such happy months as you say this has been, and then, when I return next season, I shall find you just as young and chipper as now you "is." Affectionately,

Ted.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

LYNN, June 28, 1887.

DEAR FURNESS:

At last my house is empty, scrubbed, and locked, the keys in the office of an agent, who will sell the property for me, and I am here for a few days with A——.

The pipe, dug up on the site of the "Mermaid Tavern," and sent to me by a friend in London, so delighted me that I could find no vent for my feelings save through the medium of my forecas'le pun, which so mystified you. The precious relic is a joy to me. Of course it 's genuine, that I know; the darling "mermaid" is no *meerscham* (ouch!). Although 't is but a bit o' senseless clay, I 'll treasure it as something rich and rare.

A double-headed grandad sends his blessings and congratulations to you and your dear children — my love to them; I sent yours to mine, who are well and happy at Newport. Thanks for the Seybert report; it is very amusing. Now for a blast from the *spirits* for you.

[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders, one of the oldest actresses in the country (now retired and living in California), and one of my father's earliest friends.

EDWIN BOOTH IN 1889.

I 'm glad you found something useful in my notes anent *Shylock*.

Have you read Irving's paper in the "Nineteenth Century"? I liked it very much, and am pleased (and amused) to find his idea of *Shylock* accords with mine, as expressed in a brief reference to the character, toward the close of his article, and quite different from the opinion formed by Mr. C—— from I——'s performance of the *Jew*. I was in Philadelphia three weeks ago, for a day only, to see my brother-in-law C——, who is in this country on business.

Daughter has purchased a house (formerly H——'s) on Beacon street, and I shall return to New York, where I own a "flat," and there reside when not "on the road."

About the 19th of September, Barrett and I start together for an extended tour of the South and West, repeating my last season's trip, visiting Philadelphia, of course, when we hope to have a séance with you. I coaxed A—— to taste some buttermilk to-day, and he wryly exclaimed, "'T is like kissing a baby!" Is n't that as good as Thackeray's remark about the American oyster? Now I 'll let you up. I have punished you enough for your bad conduct. With a kiss for Polly and love for you all, I am always yours,

Edwin Booth.

Have you ever heard "enow" used in modern talk for "enough"? An old Yankee "gent" was here yesterday, and so pronounced the word. I never met it (eno') out of blank verse.

TO OLIVER I. LAY.

HOFFMANN HOUSE, Dec. 26, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. LAY:

I have heard that some of my friends among The Players desire to compliment me by placing a portrait

of myself (in character) on the wall of the club reading-room as a surprise for me on the opening night, and that your *Hamlet* has been suggested for that purpose.

On some other occasion I could not decline such a manifestation of good feeling, but under present circumstances — while the house is yet my own, to be presented by me to others — I shrink from the indelicacy I should be guilty of were I to permit any conspicuous portrait of myself to be exhibited. Therefore I request your non-compliance with the wishes of my over-zealous friends, who, no doubt, will consider me morbidly sensitive on the subject. I may be so, but 't is my nature, and no effort of mine can overcome my aversion of anything suggestive of self-glorification which a prominent portrait of myself on such an occasion would evince.

Since the secret has "leaked out," and I am no longer a stranger to their diabolical (!) plot, I shall request the gentlemen who are interested in the well-meant compliment to spare my blushes till some future time, when the property will be theirs to decorate as it may please them best. I have written to acquaint you with my feelings on this subject, which I am sure you will respect.

Very truly yours, Edwin Booth.

TO COLONEL LAWRENCE.

THE PLAYERS, 16 Gramercy Park, Jan. 4, '89.

MY DEAR COLONEL LAWRENCE:

I want to see and chat with you, but am so pressed for time that I cannot set any hour for that purpose.

This will be my abiding-place in New York for all future time that may be mine, and I hope to see you here as a member of The Players. Why not? I 'm sure you 'd like it. I leave town Sunday A. M., and till

then I have engagements every hour. We must defer our chat till my return to New York, when I hope to find you one of us.

I hope your family and Maria are well. I owe her a letter.

Have not seen or heard of Launt for many months.

Adieu. In great haste. Yours truly,

Edwin Booth.

TO MISS TOPHAM.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 8, '89.

MY DEAR MISS TOPHAM:

I am much to blame for not acknowledging your former letter, which reached me duly, but which I somehow lost or destroyed, in the hurry of frequent packing and moving from one end of the continent to the other so often. Until now I 've had to defer response to your second, of December 27th, so busy and weary have I been these many months. The absurd report anent my grandson's eyes[1] has no foundation whatever; both children are perfect in every particular — full of health, beauty, and baby charms. Edwina is still delicate, but is as happy and as well as, I fear, she will ever be. She has a cozy little house on the Charles River, fronting on Beacon St., Boston, and a pretty cottage at Narragansett Pier. I am again a resident of New York: The Players Club is my home. I trust that Miss McComb is restored to health, and that you all are well at dear old Baywood. When I go to Greenwich to visit Mr. Benedict, I find it very difficult to leave his piazza, except to sail with him about the Sound, and consequently I neglect my "neighbors," visiting no one; but next time I hope to call on

[1] A sensational report had been in circulation that my little son, Clarence Edwin Booth, had been born blind.

you, Miss Jeannie, and Madge, of whose success I am very glad to be informed.

My poor sister's[1] death was a relief to her. She had been a great sufferer from gout for many years.

With thanks for your sympathy, and kind regards for you all, I am Very truly yours,

Edwin Booth.

TO MRS. WILLIAM YOUNG.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., August 7, '89.

Dear Madam: I must express my happiness in being so greatly honored by the ladies of Belair. I can only say that I most gratefully thank you all for what I consider *first* of the many favors that Fortune has bestowed on me.

To associate my father's name with Belair, his loved home, by some substantial memorial has long been one of my dreams. Although the generous action of your committee has made the son the recipient of that honor—the fact that the name established by the sire will be so nobly perpetuated more than realizes my ambition's dream, and makes me doubly grateful.

You have my full consent to use my autograph for the benefit of your bazaar, and I regret that I have no portrait, save a few photographs made some years ago. Gutekunst, of Arch street, Phila., may have photographs of more recent date. I will write to him on the subject.

Apologizing for my delay in acknowledging the gracious action of my Hartford friends,

I am sincerely your grateful servant,

Edwin Booth.

[1] Mrs. John S. Clarke.

TO —— THOMAS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28, '89.

MY DEAR MR. THOMAS:

I was surprised to learn that your engagement with Mr. Barrett is terminated, and am sorry for the cause, altho' I believe the result will be to your advantage. Your chances for promotion will be better in a company that is not confined to so limited a repertoire as mine, in which so few opportunities occur for the proper exercise of youthful talent. A frequent change of rôle, and of the lighter sort,—especially such as one does not like forcing one's self to use the very utmost of his ability in the performance of,—is the training requisite for a mastery of the actor's art.

I had seven years' apprenticeship at it, during which most of my labor was in the field of comedy,—"walking gentleman," burlesque, and low comedy parts,—the while my soul was yearning for high tragedy. I did my best with all that I was cast for, however, and the unpleasant experience did me a world of good. Had I followed my own bent, I would have been, long ago, a "crushed tragedian."

I will, as you request, give you a line to Mr. Palmer, and I hope you may obtain a position that will afford you the necessary practice. With best wishes,

Truly yours, Edwin Booth.

TO MRS. YOUNG, *Prest.;* MISS SPICER, *V. Prest.*

THE PLAYERS, 16 Gramercy Park, N. Y.,
Sept. 17, '89.

Dear Ladies: The precious souvenir of my birthplace which you kindly sent me was an agreeable surprise on my return to the city yesterday. I thank you for it most

sincerely. The tree was planted by my father, and my earliest memories are associated with it. The selection of the panel, with its appropriate device, was a happy thought of the artists, and its decoration a delicate and generous one on the part of the ladies who have so favored me—no other token of appreciation of my slight service could have pleased me so much. It shall be placed beneath the portrait of my father which now faces me, on the wall above my desk, as a constant reminder of my happy association with those who cherish his memory.

Congratulating you on the result of your undertaking, and with cordial wishes for its entire success,

I am respectfully yours, Edwin Booth.

TO WILLIAM BISPHAM.

CINCINNATI, April 9, 1890.

. . . My heart aches for poor Lay. Let the inclosed go toward helping him toward his home; it should have gone yesterday. I hope his case is not so desperate. . . . So hot yesterday I put on my summer duds, and was uncomfortably warm in the shade; to-day it is all shade, and too cold for open windows—so I 've had it for several weeks; in St. Louis I had the heaviest snow-storm and the hottest day of the season in one week. Edwina has got as far as Washington, and has concluded to remain there till she goes to New York instead of stopping in Philadelphia. To-day her boy is three years high; the girl touched four in St. Augustine two weeks ago. "Darling, I 'm growing old."

Barrett is now at Nice, will go to Stuttgart for a few days, and then to the German baths, which open on the 18th. He complains of weakness, but is cheerful, and hopes to be with us on June 1st.

EDWIN BOOTH'S DRESSING-ROOM, BROADWAY THEATRE, DECEMBER, 1889.
Drawn by Arthur Jules Goodman.

Have no news for you. Business and *me is* well, but both are somewhat tired; we pick up toward the close of the week, I notice.

Your and Harry's club reports delight me. "Would I were with thee o' Ladye Daye"; tell the girls my heart 's among 'em, anyway. I 'm too bashful to appear in "propy-persony." Adieu.

Love for all at home. Nedwin.

DETROIT, April 15, 1890.

DEAR WILL:

. . . You have done nobly for poor Lay, like the dear, noble old boy that you are—"you know you are." Bless thee! I do hope the club will buy the picture; it would complete his happiness in that respect. The "Burr" is a superb picture, and would always be a feature in the Century. Put me down for whatever the deficit may be in the $2500 you hope to get for it. I return Warren's letter and the telegram. . . .

Heavy rain and thunder about 3 A. M. brought winter. Monday I *friz;* since when it has been lovely, crisp, and just such weather as I 'd choose for all seasons. You just wait till I make a world and see. When will "Cent. Dic. 3rd" be out?

Love to you. Adieu. Yours ever,

Ned.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

16 GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK, June 28, '90.

MY DEAR OLD RELIC:

So many eons have passed since your precious fist lost my eye, that I was quite staggered by it last night—it came so "round-about-ly." Your note to B——, dated

May 27, had somehow been delayed (he 's in Europe), was opened through mistake by one of his family, and sent to me last night, June 27 — a month from Eighteenth street to Twentieth street! The latter is my permanent address, and whenever you wish to catch me *quick*, send to No. 16 Gramercy Park, which is allee samee East Twentieth street, and "don't you forget it!" Is it possible that you let dear little "Polly" go to Europe? And if you did, you surely came here to kiss her off; and if you did, why did n't you come to see The Players? Heartless one! If I 'm wrong in this, I forgive you.

I 'm afraid that the portrait has escaped me; if so, I 'm sorry, but 't is a mistake to advertise it as "the only portrait of Booth before his nose was broken." I have *two* (*Richard* and *Hamlet*) by the Tom Sullys, father and son, and C—— has one (*Brutus*) by Nagle, Sully's son-in-law, and my brother J—— has a *Richard*, by Shoosmith of England, from which the engraving in my sister's sketch of my father was taken. I never heard of Robert Sully until some months ago, when I received a letter from a gentleman of that name (in Chicago), stating that a mistake had been made in crediting his uncle Thomas with the portrait of my father now in the club, and that it was painted by his father — Robert. He was thinking of the portrait (*Lear*) of which you write. The *Hamlet* by Thomas the Elder *is* a masterpiece, a superb work, and has a history associated with our war — at the fall of Richmond.[1] The one I have of *Richard*, by the younger Thomas, is not so good.

There is another Sully — Booth in *Richard* (before the broken-nose period), which I failed to see while there, three years ago — which I was informed had little merit.

[1] During a raid upon the house in which my grandfather's portrait hung, one of the eyes was injured by a saber-thrust. This my father had repaired most successfully by his friend Eastman Johnson.

Notwithstanding, I 'd like to get the *Lear*, and will write to the auctioneers about it.

Many thanks and much love to you. Bless thee!

Edwin.

TO WILLIAM BISPHAM.

BELOVED WILL: July 3, 1890.

If you get here before I do (for I 'm going a-sailing), why— "you 're welcome, welcome, *Gramercy*, welcome!" all the same. (That was the burden of one of poor Ned Adams's Irish songs; do you remember it?) Y'r letter came this A. M. I go for my annual sail on ye Sound with E. C. B——. . . .

Will return on Monday for a few days, then to the Pier, when you shall have Carryl all to yourself — either here or at No. 12, "as you like it." That "play" on the *play* is made "by cause" both *William* and Charles are characters into it. Blessings on thee and all yourn!

Edwin.

TO MR. MAURICE LAUPHEIMER.

DEAR SIR: BALTIMORE, Nov. 15, 1890.

I have so many people to care for that I cannot assist all for whom I entertain sincere sympathy, L—— among the number.

You once mentioned a subscription among his friends, to which I will gladly give my aid, but the demands upon my purse are so numerous and so urgent that I cannot alone render him much assistance.

Please send the inclosed to him, as I have not his full address. Truly yours,

Edwin Booth.

(The inclosed above referred to was a check for $500.—M. L.)

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

BOSTON, December 5, '90.

DEAR HORACE:

Thanks for your remarks on the Garrick "Hamlet"; I did not find 'em till I got here.

Apropos of your reference to the "dram of Eale"—has e'il (for evil) been suggested? I forget, and have no Shakspere with me. Mr. A. W——, who sent me a copy of his "Baconian Facts," is under the belief that 't is original. Is it? Consult the Furness Variorum, and let me know, please. Hope you 're all well. I 'm much better. Love for all. Ned.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

THE PLAYERS, NEW YORK, April 24, '91.

DEAR HORACE:

God bless you for your solicitude in my behalf! Your letter did me good, and it should have been acknowledged without delay, had it not been for the confounded inertia which overmasters me at times, and renders me incapable of even so little exertion as the mere writing of a letter. Much as I 'd like to see you, and have you see our club-house, I would not have you come so far for a mere peep at us, knowing how busy you are; and I am almost half mad at B——'s scaring you anent my ailing: he is over-anxious, dear fellow, especially since poor Barrett's death, about my health, and tries all methods to lift me up: but indeed his fears are exaggerated; I 'm steadily gaining strength, and, having canceled my next season's engagements, shall devote my entire time to "playing" off the stage, after so long a frolic on it.

So don't be alarmed in the least concerning me, but when you have leisure to pass at least a couple of days in New York, do come and loaf a little in the quiet of Gramercy Park with your "Players."

Yesterday was our third annual fête—"Ladye Daye"; and, as usual, the house was given up to the ladies and flowers and ice-creams, and all the other sweets that this blessed season brings. Here I 'm interrupted by my daughter, who has just returned from Florida, where she has passed the winter with her babies, so I must leave you for the present.

Give my respectful regards to your good father, my compliments to the ladies—except "Polly," to whom, and her blessed pa, I tender my tenderest love.

Yours ever and everly, Nedwin.

Fame.

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in Fame, though not in life."

OUTLINE DRAWING BY OTTO BACHER OF BACK OF MEMORIAL TO EDWIN BOOTH. DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE.

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